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# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



## AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE

Published for the Edification and Amusement of Book Collectors,  
Historians, Bibliographers and the Discriminating General Public.

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- I. Biography of a Child, 1768-1778; Life of William Granville Petty, by Arlene P. Shy.
- II. J. Francis Ruggles, Ye Bibliopoloexpert of Bronson, The Career of One of the Book Trade's Remarkable Eccentrics, by Tom Nicely.
- III. A Sufficiency And No More, A Graphic Description of the American Kitchen of the 1850s, edited by Jan Longone.

Departments: Commencing a New Series: "The Ewing Papers"; New Light on the Matthew Clark Sea Atlas; Joel Munsell On Biography; Harpoons At Eight Paces; Confederate Music in California; Visit to Purgatory with a Military Prayer as an Anecdote; Christopher Blundell; Excursions to the Virginia Springs and Jersey Shore; Diving for Treasure; Food for a King; and Recent Acquisitions.

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## *Biography of a Child, 1768–1778*

ARLENE P. SHY

Everyone loved William. He had a talent for happiness. All innocence, he was an amusing, bright, curious child with that special capacity for life that makes some small boys so engaging. He had a remarkable ability to learn—from books, from tutors, from paying attention to the adults in his world. But his energy and robust complexion belied a fragile constitution. More susceptible than most to childhood illnesses, William, at ten years, died from an acute intestinal attack which eighteenth-century medicine could not diagnose, much less treat.

Childhood is difficult to reconstruct, for ourselves or the past. Emotions tend to make memories unreliable. Often, the written evidence for a young life is no more than a parent's occasional reference in correspondence and diaries, or scraps of lessons saved, perhaps drawings, and a few sentences with an oversized signature that once passed for letters. Fortunately for his biographer, William Granville Petty recorded his own childhood in a remarkable series of letters. Written in a round, child's hand, precocious, charming, poignant, they are revealing on two levels. As family history, they reflect the British aristocrat's world, where great landed wealth created great social privilege and political power for an elite few. They are the letters of one young son to his father, the second Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805), written within the context of a unique family. One of the most controversial men in late eighteenth-century British politics, Shelburne was notorious for his radical views on Parliamentary reform, religious toleration, economic liberalism, and Anglo-American unity.

As children are wont to do, William tells family secrets, unwittingly describing the private life of a politician notorious for his enigmatic public behavior. As intellectual history, at the level where ideas become reality, William's letters are the product of a concept of education. Based on the Enlightenment's faith that environment shaped human behavior, and the Dissenting belief that freedom of conscience went beyond religion to all learning, William's education was designed to create a mind for a specific role in society—an independent-thinking, informed, politically responsible citizen.

That his letters survived at all, two small volumes, in a mass of family manuscripts dating from the seventeenth century, is testimony to his life as a beloved child. The letters, addressed to "My very dear Papa," are now part of the Shelburne Papers at the Clements Library.

For William, the world had always revolved around his dear Papa. William's mother had died tragically young, January 5, 1771, less than two months after his second birthday. Surely, he had no memory of his parents together. Theirs had been an unusually happy marriage, measured either by affection or family wealth. Both were the heirs of great landed fortunes but from quite opposite ends of the English aristocracy. Shelburne's title and wealth were Irish in origin, the result of a genealogical accident that transferred the vast estates of Sir William Petty (1623–1687), who made the first accurate survey of Ireland, to Shelburne's father,

John Fitzmaurice, first earl of Shelburne (1706–1761). The Fitzmaurice family had been lords in County Kerry since the thirteenth century, local tyrants, who had consistently fought in rebellions against the Crown. Their English peerage was new, created in 1760.<sup>1</sup> William's mother, Sophia Carteret, had a long, impeccable Whig lineage. Her father, John Carteret, Earl Granville (1690–1763), a genius in languages, diplomacy, and House of Lords oratory, had made himself indispensable to the first Hanovarian kings. As Horace Walpole predicted for the Shelburnes, "Their children will have the seeds in them of some extraordinary qualities."

William was Shelburne's second son. His brother John, Lord Fitzmaurice, had been born three years earlier. Much of what can be known about William's infancy must be inferred from his parents' correspondence describing his brother. Even for new parents with a first-born son, their intense love for "dearest Manna" is remarkable. Much less is said about William. Sophia's diary shows that she was an attentive mother, perhaps more than most women of her class, who tended to leave early child-rearing to domestic servants.<sup>3</sup>

At eight I rise, dress and take the child without his nurse one turn round the shrubbery before breakfast. Immediately after, I go out with him again till a little after eleven, when he sleeps. I then read my chapters in my blue dressing room below stairs . . . then go to see Lord Fitzmaurice dine, and teach him afterward to spell words, till it is time to dress for my own dinner.<sup>4</sup>

When John first showed symptoms of the ear disorder which eventually led to his deafness, she consulted doctors, and followed their treatment closely. But her household accounts show that, like most aristocratic mothers, Sophia had hired a wet-nurse for her son.<sup>5</sup>

One explanation for the seeming lack of attention given William's birth on October 15, 1768, was that a great deal else was happening at that moment. His father was the target in a political crisis that threatened to bring down the faltering Chatham Ministry. For over a year Shelburne had struggled to hold his office as Secretary of State for the Southern Department against the maneuvers of his Cabinet colleagues. Four days after William's birth, Shelburne resigned. It had been a nasty fight. He had struggled to preserve Chatham's policies, as mental illness stripped the great minister of his ability to lead. But Shelburne had no personal following within the Cabinet. As the King negotiated with leading politicians for the support he needed to save the Ministry, it became clear that Shelburne would have to be removed. He had become a liability; too independent and contentious to cooperate with any faction, he had alienated himself from the Cabinet on every issue—he opposed their coercive measures in America, their willingness to let France take Corsica, and most embarrassing, he refused to support the King and Cabinet in the furor that was mounting over the removal of the popular demigod John Wilkes from the House of Commons.<sup>6</sup>

As William grew from infant to toddler, his father was involved in yet another crisis. For almost ten years, Shelburne had been playing for increasingly higher stakes in East India stock speculation; as a bullish market pushed prices to higher

levels, Shelburne committed himself, through a dubious agent, to large stock purchases. When the crash came at the end of 1769, Shelburne had lost nearly sixty thousand pounds; both his public reputation and his family's future financial security had been seriously jeopardized.<sup>7</sup>

During these same years, William's parents were establishing their position in London society. The most visible means was to buy one of the great houses being constructed in Mayfair's fashionable squares. Virtually private palaces, constructed on a grand scale, lavishly furnished, these houses were built by ministers, and often were associated with a particular set of politicians. Shelburne House, on the south end of Berkeley Square, was the work of Robert Adam; its neo-classical facade became a landmark in mid-Georgian architecture. It had been built originally for Lord Bute (1713-1792). But its extravagant cost had become part of the vicious gossip that surrounded the King's favorite, and Bute decided to sell it, unfinished, to Shelburne. Adam modified the plans to meet the new owner's taste and ambitions, creating at the center a grand oblong gallery connected at each end to a rotunda thirty feet in diameter; here Shelburne intended to create a collection of classical sculpture and contemporary paintings "that will make Shelburne House famous not only in England but all over Europe."<sup>8</sup> He would succeed, both in collecting art, and in creating one of the finest private libraries of rare books, contemporary works, historical manuscripts, and maps in the eighteenth century.

In time, Shelburne House would become the center, not only for one political faction, but for a fascinating international society. Many liberal aristocrats from France and elsewhere on the Continent—the same intellectuals, artists, and scientists who circulated through the brilliant salons of Paris—would find their way to Berkeley Square. But in the summer of 1768, when the family moved to Shelburne House, two months before William's birth, Sophia wrote in her diary that masons were still working on the central staircase; the dining room, although finished, was without chairs or curtains, "which makes it very doubtful we can ask the King of Denmark for dinner." In another entry, Sophia recorded one day's "shopping":

We first went to Zucchi's where we saw some ornaments for our ceilings, and a large architecture painting for the antichamber . . . from there to Mayhew and Inch where is some beautiful cabinet work, and two pretty glass cases for one of the rooms in my apartment . . . From thence to Cipriani's where we saw some most beautiful drawings and where Lord Shelburne bespoke some to be copied for me, to complete my dressing room . . . from thence to Zuccarelli's where we also saw some pictures doing for us. . . ."

The cost was staggering, and privately, his closest friends urged Shelburne to slow down and put his finances in order.

For all their ambition, Lord and Lady Shelburne moved in a rather narrow circle, one set by old family connections. Lady Elizabeth Montagu (1720-1800), an acquaintance of both sides, had drawn the young couple into her Friday evening club, precursor of the famous "Bluestocking" salon. Her guests were mainly writers, intellectuals whose interests ran to literature, history, or theology, among them



2nd Earl of Shelburne (1737–1805)

the famous Dissenting minister Dr. Richard Price (1723–1791).<sup>10</sup> For Shelburne, and ultimately his sons, this was the beginning of an invaluable friendship. Throughout his life, Shelburne would be an outsider in high Whig society—too gauche, either unctious or arrogant, but always wrong-footed with his social peers. Much of his reputation as a devious politician came from Whigs who found his manner insufferable and were ready to put the worst construction on his behavior in Parliament. Shelburne would find his friends, instead, among his social inferiors, men like Dr. Price, who had ideas, information, and explanations, which satisfied his great need to know and eased his insecurities about his own education.

Both Shelburne and Sophia had found deep contentment with their marriage. Perhaps much of their pleasure in each other and their young sons can be explained by the fact that neither had had an easy childhood. Sophia's mother had died in childbirth and she had been raised in her maternal grandmother's household, a serious, pious, obedient young woman. Shelburne's memory of his childhood in remote Kerry was of his grandfather's tyranny, his parent's neglect, and his tutor's failure to teach him anything useful. Only his aunt Lady Arabella Denny, "whom I loved because she loved me," took care to teach him to read and write, and to learn self-discipline.<sup>11</sup> His letters, often written when the business of Parliament called him away, reveal a young husband who survived the social pressure of a London Season only because he had his private life to sustain him: "You spoil a husband by treating him too well," he wrote Sophia, "all the ladys of the age will remonstrate against you for it."<sup>12</sup>

Sophia's sudden death was devastating for Shelburne. "It's a melancholy thing at 33 to begin to see everything through a different medium, to have new habits, new motives to action and an entirely new system to look out for."<sup>13</sup> At times it was more than he could manage and grief gave way to overpowering depression. Again, it was Lady Arabella's compassion that made a difference:

True love for her you think of will make you do anything that can be an advantage to those very dear pledges she has left you. Tis generous to work for the absent, and there is a secret joy springs from the hope of our meeting our friends in a state of eternal felicity . . . Resolution is as necessary for you now as in the field of battle. My dear Lord, endeavour to collect yourself, gratify yourself by talking of the beloved object. It will be a means to free your breast from that bitter woe which, if stifled will burst the frame that confines it.<sup>14</sup>

Gradually, over the next two years, as Shelburne began to reconstruct his life, he turned to Lady Arabella to mother his children. She brought to the family, living at Bowood, their Wiltshire country estate, the same energy, the confident piety, and the talent for order that made her work among Dublin's poor—the Magdalen Asylum—a model charity. For Shelburne, she was more than just an affectionate aunt; she was a tough-minded advisor on money matters. She urged him to establish a "sinking fund" to protect himself and his sons from debt and to end the bitter dispute with his mother that encumbered his finances.

The Dowager Lady Shelburne had become estranged from her son over the terms of her husband's will—her insistence that Shelburne, as eldest son, had not inherited Bowood, the great Wiltshire country house, but must buy it from the family's settled estate. He retaliated by refusing to let her see her grandsons, John and William, even for a brief visit. Lady Arabella urged Shelburne, for the sake of his "two lovely children," to settle his differences, "to be that guide to your promising children, which you lament you had not in your youth." In the meantime, she agreed to take charge of "young Lord Fitzmaurice and Mr. Petty." It is from her letters to Shelburne, when business took him to London or he escaped to Paris, that we get the first glimpse of William's personality:

I have brought Mr. Donaville to take 4 guineas a quarter for teaching Mr. Petty to dance and he begins this day. I am sure it will be a great service to him. The asses milk agrees very well with Lord Fitzmaurice. They are this moment eating their supper and with their mouths full of strawberries, are begging me to present their humble duty and love to you, and to say they hope you will not stay long from home. A saddle is making at Chipenham for Lord Fitzmaurice and a fit horse is got for him, which is a vast joy to him. He has been four times on horseback. Mr. Petty told Mr. Donaville when he first took him out to teach him, "Sir, you'll find I shall perform very awkwardly I fear," and to his nurse he says, "I know I shall dance like a cat." Yet, he is exceedingly delighted at being taught.<sup>15</sup>

By mid-summer, 1771, Shelburne began to make more permanent arrangements for his sons' education. Early in his bereavement, he had found comfort in Dr. Price's sermons; now he asked his help in finding a tutor. Although Shelburne was nominally an Anglican, he was attracted to Price's ideas on education. They were in the best eighteenth-century Dissenting tradition. A student should be taught classics, philosophy, history, politics, law, mathematics, modern languages, anatomy, as well as applied sciences—mechanics, statics, optics. The goal of this broad, even modern, curriculum was to teach man's relation to God. Science demonstrated God's order for the universe. Knowledge was a means of understanding God, and clear, critical thinking was a religious duty. But education was also a form of civil liberty. Men had a right to participate in government, according to their own conscience and knowledge, their own independent judgment. "The end of education is to direct the powers of the mind in unfolding themselves. . . . its business should be to teach how to think, rather than what to think."<sup>16</sup>

Thomas Jervis, the young minister Price recommended to tutor John and William, was a particularly fortunate choice. He had been educated at the Dissenter Academy in Hoxton, and had a year's experience teaching mathematics and classics before he came to Bowood. At the age of 21, Jervis had the energy and patience to deal with two small boys. It was his responsibility, as their tutor, to supervise not only their lessons, but their manners, their exercise, to monitor their health and report to Shelburne, whose anxiety for his children did not make this an easy job. But Jervis was a kind and sensitive man, as well as an intelligent one. In him, William and his brother had a tutor completely devoted to them.<sup>17</sup>

At nearly the same time Jervis arrived, Shelburne began negotiations, again through Dr. Price, to bring Joseph Priestley into his household as librarian and advisor on his sons' education. Priestley's reputation as a scientist was growing, both in England and on the Continent, with the publication of his work on electricity and optics. Priestley would be the first of a group of scientists and intellectual innovators to come under Shelburne's protection. When the offer came, Priestley was at first reluctant. He feared he might be exchanging his own independence for Shelburne's patronage. But the terms were generous: an annual salary of 250 pounds, a settlement for life, and two houses for his family, one in London and one in Calne, near Bowood. Priestley accepted. Shelburne's patronage gave him a base from which he carried on his scientific work—leisure for experiments, money for apparatus, and an entrance into the intellectual elite of Paris salons, where he met, among other scientists, Lavoisier. The seven years Priestley spent at Bowood were the most valuable of his scientific career. Here he conducted the experiments on "dephlogisticated air," later identified as oxygen, and wrote his important *Disquisition Relating to Matter and Spirit*, (1777).<sup>18</sup>

Although Jervis continued to have the daily responsibility for William and John, Priestley had a strong influence on the household. He too was the product of the Dissenter curriculum; he had taught at Warrington Academy for twelve years, and it was his reputation as a "singular genius" in the "management of youth" as much as his scientific reputation that attracted him to Shelburne. Priestley brought his own well-developed method of teaching to Bowood, which blended informality and openness with a demand for high standards. In practice, this meant William and John were expected to listen to him lecture, but they were also encouraged to ask questions about what they heard. Scientific experiments, charts, models, gardening, travel, play acting, even cards and dancing were used to instruct.<sup>19</sup>

Dissenter academies were often extended families, and before long, the household at Bowood was organized into the "College." At the center were William and John, Shelburne, Priestley, and Jervis, but its ex-officio membership included two others, Shelburne's closest allies in the House of Commons, the eminent lawyer John Dunning, and the colorful politician Col. Isaac Barre. The "College" was designed by Priestley to give William and John a liberal education. As heirs "of the greatest rank, fortune and influence," he wrote, they would some day "take the lead in all affairs of state." If they were to be able statesmen, they must understand "the true sources of wealth, power, and happiness, in a nation." In short, they must understand how men lived, both in the past and in the present. An essential part of their education was "observations" written by Priestley for the benefit of the



Bowood, country house of Lord Shelburne

College. His letter to William, then six, written from France in the summer of 1774 is a typical exercise, the model for questions John and William were encouraged to ask about their own world:

Dear Mr. Petty,

As your curiosity is not less than your brother's, I shall endeavour to gratify it. . . . At Lisle we saw every where the finest cultivation possible. . . . It seemed to be much superior to the generality of English husbandry; but we have yet seen no inclosures, and hardly any grass or meads, cows or sheep; these being fed in places where the soil is not so rich. . . .

Though you are not a man of gallantry, yet, as you are an observer of human nature, I must tell you what has struck me most relating to the women we have seen. Many of them, even those who are well dressed, walk the street in slippers, without any thing to cover the heel; so that, except the toe, the whole foot is seen as they walk, which to me, who never saw the like before, looked slatternly and indelicate. . . .

At Lisle, you, as having a military turn, would have received great pleasure from what was not only irksome, but the cause of a good deal of pain to me. This was the review of a regiment of French soldiers in compliment to your papa. They did not fire, but they performed a variety of new and very useful evolutions lately introduced by the King of Prussia. The pain that I felt on this occasion did not arise from any

consideration of the mischief that this new discipline might enable the French to do us in any future war, but from a cold that I got at the time . . .<sup>20</sup>

The Bowood College functioned both as a nuclear family, and a daily exercise in self-government, albeit one limited by Shelburne's paternalism. (He was no democrat, at home or in Westminster.) Jervis, in writing to Shelburne in November, 1775, shows how life within the College was lived:

The Lawyer [William, age seven] is at present, busily employed in considering the nature and punishment of the several descriptions of Treason. The College wishes very much to have your Lordship's opinion in Council on a question of great importance, whether there be any old Law in force that prohibits the exchanging of the old College newspaper, the Middlesex Journal, for the London Evening-Post? Such a motion has lately been made in the College, and is gone through the House without one dissenting voice, but cannot pass into an Act without the sanction of your Lordship's approbation. The newspaper has an account of the death of General Putnam, if it be true, the Lawyer is anxious to know whether it will be taken notice of or, if he should put on mourning.<sup>21</sup>

William, like most small boys, had his heroes: one was the American rebel leader, General Israel Putnam, who had a talent for creating his own legends. Whether William admired him for his prowess in killing wolves, fighting Indians, or leading the Americans at Bunker Hill, William accorded him a singular honor by naming his horse "General Putnam."

April 27, 1776, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

General Putnam's back is a little sore and I have ridden my Brother's horse. I will tell you of a fall which happened to me. I should have said a tumble. Whilst I was coming home singing Bobby on a gentle gallop I tumbled down. It wanted about ten minutes of 2 o'clock. The Day was Friday. Please tell Mr. Dunning that he being a great person, his name took up a great space in my last.

Another was his brother John, whose opinion he obviously valued:

April 20, 1776, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I think it is my duty to inform you of news which although it is disagreeable is useful. More than fifteen fine young trees were broken down, some of which were Ash and Beech. My Brother advises that a Centinel should be placed near it with a loaded gun.

My compliments to colonel Barre and Mr. Dunning. And please to ask the latter whether he will return with you to Bowood.

William's other hero was John Dunning whom he paid the high compliment of imitation, by styling himself the "Great Lawyer Spin":

May 11, 1775, Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I received your kind letter on Thursday last with a great deal of pleasure. Please to tell Mr. Dunning that he being a great personage, I do not wonder that his horse fell under such an immense weight.

By 1776, when revolution in America dominated British politics, the Bowood College was at the center of opposition to the North Ministry's American policies. Both inside Parliament, as Chatham's spokesman in the House of Lords, and outside, among British Radicals, Shelburne was a vocal critic of the American war. Price and Priestley, since 1772, had been leaders of the new Radicalism, developing in London's "Club of Honest Whigs." Dissenting clergymen, "friends of liberty and science," they had first been drawn together by their interest in education, philosophy, mathematics, and affection for liberal political ideas. Priestley and Benjamin Franklin had often met there to discuss their work on electricity. But as the Government's reaction to American resistance hardened, the Club of Honest Whigs became the center of Radical support for the American cause.

The Government determined to save the British empire by suppressing the American rebellion, and the Americans determined to preserve their fundamental political liberties by declaring independence. The Radicals were committed to preserving both the Anglo-American empire and American liberty. Initially, they worked for reconciliation, and cheered American victories. But as the war continued, and all hope of reconciliation ended, they were forced to choose between loyalty to the empire and devotion to the principle of liberty; Price and Priestley became strong supporters of American independence, but Shelburne, never as liberal as Price or as radical as Priestley, continued to hope for some Anglo-American union, until the realities of making peace in 1782 forced him to accept American independence.<sup>22</sup>

William clearly paid attention to all the arguments and ideas he heard being discussed by his father and his colleagues. When George III opened Parliament on

October 31, 1776, in a speech justifying the War in terms of American treason, Shelburne accused him of conducting a "war to enslave three million British-born subjects," then attacked the speech, point by point.<sup>23</sup> A copy of the King's speech was sent to the Bowood College for consideration. William, age eight, responded in Latin:

*Mi pater charissime  
Collegium dei tibi gratias  
pro oratione Regis qua est per  
summa emendationem antiquitatem  
et pro libris quos misisti  
hic ex oppido Londonie inter  
quos erat vita licentia  
a. M. D. C. C. LXXVI*

*filius tuus pius  
Johannes Petty  
Bowood Park  
Nov. 2. 1776*

November 2, 1776 Bowood Park

Mi pater charissime

Collegium dat tibi gratias pro oratione Regis qua est pessima omnium unquactaram et pro libris eis quos misisti hic ex appido Londino inter quos erat vita Ciceronis a Middleton quodam.

filius tuus pius

Gulielmus Petty

[My dearest Father,

The College thanks you for the King's speech which is the worst of all ever made, and for the books which you have sent here from London, among which was the Life of Cicero by a certain Middleton.]

As the Americans invaded Canada, then were driven out in 1776, Shelburne was kept informed by Thomas Carleton, serving under his brother General Guy Carleton; he had written from Montreal in June that "Canada is retaken without firing a Shot," adding, "this Country is very beautiful. I hope to have the pleasure of travelling over it one day with your Lordship, Lord Fitzmaurice, and my friend William." For his part, young William followed the war closely. When newspapers reported the defeat of the American fleet at Valcour Island under General Benedict Arnold, at the end of October, William took the news philosophically:

[undated] Bowood Park

My dear Papa

I was very sorry to hear the defeat of The Provincial fleet at the lake of Champlain. However there are two things to be considered viz. first that the Americans were not beaten through want of valour and next that Ticonderoga is strongly fortified.

Carleton later sent Shelburne details of the battle, telling him that the campaign had ended for the season but the Americans would undoubtedly bring fresh naval support: "I am heartily tired of the war. . . . I am sure there's no knowledge to be acquired in fighting against armed peasants." At any rate, he remembered his "friend William" with affection:<sup>24</sup>

December 7, 1776 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,

I was very much obliged to you for your affectionate letter and that of Colonel Carleton which vindicated the honour of General Arnold, shewed him to be a man of skill, address, valour, and resolution, and in short, fit for his station. It pleased the College exceedingly, and revived their hopes.

As 1777 began, William, age nine, was absorbed by his own surroundings. Like his father, he was a compulsive gatherer of information, and, following Priestley's example, delighted in sharing his own comments on the passing scene:

February 1, 1777 Bowood Park

My dear Papa

I am very glad to hear you are well. As it seems by your letter, that you have heard of the fire at Bristol, I must inform you, that one day, as we were riding out we saw a criminal taken up for sheep-stealing, going to Devizes goal, and heard from the men who guarded him, that a man, who with two others had broken open a house at Calne was taken.

William's letters, now frequently written in Latin, record the progress of his singular education. Priestley had continued to make his own work an integral part of John and William's instruction: "My experiments are more in the way of chemistry than before. I shall probably go deeper in this business than ever, in consequence of having undertaken to teach philosophy to Lord Shelburne's children, and having a noble apparatus for that purpose." Priestley was at this time continuing his work on optics as well, and in the fall of 1777 brought John Waltire, a Birmingham scientist, to Bowood to demonstrate his recent work:<sup>25</sup>

October 4, 1777 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,

I hope you arrived safe at London. Yesterday Mr. Bull and Mrs. Priestley came to see a lecture on the solar microscope, by Mr. Waltire, which lasted for 2 Hours. And the same gentleman entertained us today with a very curious lecture upon the Eye.

<p><i>My dear Papa</i>  <i>I am very sorry for</i>  <i>the late loss of General Arnold. I wish</i>  <i>both the former was very advantage-</i>  <i>ous to General Howe. But</i>  <i>it is fully recompensed by the</i>  <i>surrender of the eloquent and</i>  <i>humane General Burgoyne.</i></p>	<p><i>For Mr Priestley desires his</i>  <i>compliments to you.</i>  <i>Love, my dear Papa, your ever</i>  <i>affectionate Son,</i>  <i>William G. Perry</i>  <i>Bowood park, Decr 1<sup>st</sup></i></p>	<p>William's lessons were interrupted a few weeks later with news of the shocking surrender of the British General Burgoyne at Saratoga; the grand strategy to isolate New England with a slash by British forces from Canada had failed. While his father joined the Opposition charge, hoping to bring down the North Ministry, William made his own assessment of the situation:</p>
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December 6, 1777 Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I am very sorry for Washington's defeat, and Arnold's death, the former is very advantageous to General Howe, but it is fully recompensed by the surrender of the eloquent and humane General Burgoyne. Dr. Priestley desires his compliments to you.

Throughout December there was speculation in various quarters that a new ministry would be formed with Chatham at the head and Shelburne conducting the

war as Secretary of State. At the same time, Franklin sent an emissary to London, Major John Thornton, to arrange aid for American prisoners held in England at Forton Prison, near Portsmouth, and Old Mill Prison at Plymouth. Thornton (soon to become an informant for the British) met with Shelburne, Price, and several other Radicals who decided to raise a subscription for the American prisoners.<sup>26</sup> William also did his part:

December 27, 1777 Bowood Park

My Dear Papa,

I hope to see you in a few days. Mr. Jervis, Dr. Priestley, and myself intend to make a small subscription for the poor American prisoners at Portsmouth. The College are very much obliged to you for the Gazette.

A month later the College was absorbed in drama of another kind. Shelburne had recently become engaged to Miss Frances Molesworth. But the young woman suddenly fled. According to gossip, Shelburne had been angry "to lose 40,000 pounds and so pretty a wife, but put a good face upon it." Some described her as timid, others as cunning; one explanation was that he "never entertained her with anything but politics."<sup>27</sup> But William does not appear to have been too disappointed:

January 24, 1778 Bowood Park

My dear Papa,

I am very much surprised to hear that the match is broke off, but I hope it is for the better. I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from Mr. Dunning, which I intend to answer on Monday. Mr. Jervis desires his most respectful compliments to you.

I am, My dear Papa, your ever affectionate Son.

William G. Petty

Four days after writing this letter, on January 28, William died. The circumstances of his death would not be known except for Jervis' anger that a spurious account had been published by a Wiltshire clergyman, nearly forty years after the event. This told a maudlin story: William had become ill during the night, the result of a chill he had received while horseback riding; the family doctor had been called; as he approached Bowood, in the moonlight, William appeared before him on the road, then vanished. Reaching the house, the doctor found the child had died a few minutes earlier. Not content with fabricating this ghost story, the clergyman added an account of a dream William had supposedly confided to Joseph Priestley a few days before his death, in which he journeyed "without his feet touching the ground" along the exact route his cortege would take.

Jervis felt compelled to set the record straight, and published his own stark account: William, Lord Fitzmaurice, and Jervis had spent the day together horseback riding. William had shown no signs of illness until, during the night, he complained of "internal pain." By morning, "inflammation soon ensued" which was "so violent and so rapid in its progress" William died less than twenty-four

hours after the first symptoms appeared.<sup>28</sup>

Shelburne never entirely recovered from his loss. When Richard Price was struggling with depression following his wife's death, Shelburne, then late in life, urged his friend not to give way to his grief: "It is not from want of tenderness for [William], as my tears sufficiently witness while I am writing, but painful as it is to me to recur to the subject, I cannot help doing it to warn you, my dear friend, against incurring a disease which you may find at first a melancholy comfort, but in the end you'll find lowering and incapacitating to a great degree."<sup>29</sup>

The life of William Granville Petty, in the simplest terms, is a human interest story, with pathos, set in England, in the distant past. But on another level, it is one brief case history, added to the mass of evidence being compiled by historians studying eighteenth-century patterns of childrearing, family relationships, and social class behavior. Like most of the evidence social historians consider, William's biography raises difficult questions: what conclusions are to be drawn? How does his experience fit into the broad question concerning the change in patterns of family relationships in the last half of the eighteenth-century from an authoritarian to an affectionate nuclear family? What attitudes and behavior can be defined as "aristocratic," the prerogative of an elite whose social power and wealth could command the service of even a Joseph Priestley? How much in William's life can be explained by purely personal factors—simply by being Shelburne's son?

William's life, as evidence of early childhood in a noble family, is striking both for its conformity and its challenge to accepted patterns of aristocratic behavior. There was much in William's childhood that was predictable. Shelburne understood the basic fact of aristocratic life—the family's survival depended on his sons understanding their responsibilities and duties as members of the ruling elite. He was not unusual among noble fathers in taking seriously everything that would impinge on their social position, in using his wealth and prestige to insure its continuity. He lived in a hierarchical society, and expected the deference and obedience of his inferiors—including his sons and the men he engaged to teach them.

Historians studying late eighteenth-century English families, notably Lawrence Stone, have led us to expect to find aristocratic children raised on Lockean principles, treated with affection and compassion, respected for their individual qualities. Increasingly, aristocratic families chose to have their sons' early education conducted in the relatively permissive surroundings of their homes. Had he survived, William would undoubtedly have followed his brother to Westminster School. But it was not unusual for Shelburne to have delayed the harsh realities of public school life.<sup>30</sup>

What is remarkable in William's childhood is how his father chose to raise him. Shelburne's approach to parenting began with a deep sense of his own childhood neglect. There is a neurotic quality in his concern for his sons that goes beyond the anxiety one would expect to find even in a young, widowed father. His memory of being unloved was translated into what one family intimate described as "excessive fondness" for his children. Shelburne's notions about education during William's life were still vague, drawn largely from his own negative experiences and the lessons he had learned from Lady Arabella Denny.

By the 1780s he would have read widely in enlightened theories of education and worked out his own scheme for training the children of his Irish tenants and destitute Wiltshire weavers, but when Shelburne asked advice of Price and Priestley for his sons, he was educating himself. Shelburne's association with these two leaders of radical Dissent, more than any other factor, distanced him from his social peers. At a time when Dissenters were excluded from Oxford and Cambridge, and Dissenting Academies were challenging aristocratic control of education, Shelburne adopted both their method and curriculum for his sons. It was the Bowood College that shaped William's understanding; its values are expressed most clearly in Thomas Jervis' memorial to his pupil:

The Hon. Mr. Petty was, by nature, adorned with the most promising parts, with a most lovely and engaging temper. He was endued with a sagacious, active, penetrating genius and discovered a justness of thought, a solidity of judgment, truly astonishing. He possessed a wonderful faculty of distinguishing, and a power of selecting and arranging his ideas that was rare and uncommon. He had a singular tact and discernment, and was peculiarly happy in his choice of the most simple, pertinent and expressive language. He was blessed with a most feeling, tender and benevolent heart, in the highest degree susceptible of refined and generous emotions, capable of the most liberal and steady attachments. There was an innocence in his mind, a beautiful simplicity and artlessness in his manners that commanded general love and esteem. He was uniformly actuated by a lively sense of duty and religion, by a principle of strict honour and unshaken integrity, by an inviolable love of justice, liberty, and truth, and was ever animated by a bold, manly, enterprising spirit in the cause of virtue and humanity. In short, he had such extraordinary resources both of the understanding and the heart, not occasionally dawning in his mind but shining with a bright and permanent lustre, that it is scarcely possible not to regard him almost as a prodigy in human nature. He exhibited those early indications of a virtuous and elevated mind, which might justly be considered as strong presages of future greatness and extensive usefulness; and which will reflect more lasting honour on his memory than all the distinctions of his noble and illustrious descent.<sup>31</sup>

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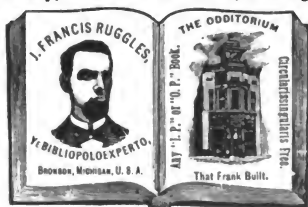
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## J. Francis Ruggles, *Ye Bibliopoloexperto of Bronson*

TOM NICELY

Follow Route 12, the old two-lane Detroit-Chicago Pike, westward as it rolls gently through rural southern Michigan. From Ypsilanti and Clinton the road traverses the Irish Hills area, with its small-scale tourist attractions (Prehistoric Forest! Giant Jungle Rapids Waterslide! Dwight D. Eisenhower Presidential Railroad Car!), and the small towns of Somerset Center, Moscow, Jonesville, Allen, Quincy. More than half-way across the state and angling closer to the Indiana border, the road passes through the Branch County seat of Coldwater. And finally, twelve miles further, it brings us to the tiny village of Bronson.



Michigan's most remarkable bookseller was born in this village on April 22, 1848. His name was J. Francis Ruggles, and for some forty years, from about 1871 until his death in 1911, he amazed neighbors and far-flung customers alike with his erudition, showmanship, and genial eccentricity. He built a strange and wonderful edifice, which he usually called "The Odditorium," in the village center; sold in-

print and out-of-print books and exhibited his collections of curios; traveled to the West and South in search of customers and artifacts; wrote for local newspapers and several national free-thought journals; used inventive word-combinations, dialectal spellings, and recondite terms to explain and promote his activities; and compiled three thick scrapbooks which contain a printed record of his business, his village, and his enthusiasms.<sup>1</sup>

This "famous rustling, hustling Bibliopoloexperto, professional Book Hunter, Curio Fancier, Antiquarian Literarian and Bibliomaniac Extraordinary" was the only child of James Ruggles and his third wife, Eliza Salona Pixley.<sup>2</sup> James, who was again widowed when his son was an infant, had settled in Bronson in 1837, and for some years he operated his large house to the west of the village center as an inn or "public house" (J. Francis dubs it a "caravansary") called the American Exchange Hotel.

James later married again, and the Ruggles household came to include four surviving younger half-brothers as well as his stepmother, Aurelia Parish Ruggles. It was here, at 22 Chicago Street, that Ruggles presumably lived while receiving a "common school education," although in his late teens he spent two months at the Chicago branch of the Eastman Business College. In this same house the budding bibliopole set up shop in six second-floor rooms, while still in his early twenties.

The best source for these early years is a series of "Bibliopological Reminiscences" that Ruggles wrote years later, in 1894, for the *Bronson Journal*. "In 1871,"

he recounts, "while clerking for C. & H. Powers, I ordered from London, Eng., for my own reading some philosophical works, and then hungering for more but lacking the necessary funds for their procurement, concluded to advertise for sale, in a Boston paper, these and some other crumbs from my literary table."<sup>3</sup> The advertisement produced duplicate orders; and soon Ruggles was circulating a manuscript list and then a printed broadsheet catalogue. The issuing of the catalogue, or "Circularissingularis" as Ruggles, with his characteristic love of word-play, named it, quickly became a yearly (usually fall or late summer) event.<sup>4</sup> Featured in the publication were an Annual Message from the proprietor, lists of new and out-of-print or rare books for sale, testimonials from satisfied customers, a "Books Wanted to Purchase" section, and a melange of quotations, notices, and poetry, all embellished with a fanciful variety of printer's ornaments, display types, and curious cuts.<sup>5</sup>

In addition to issuing the early catalogues, which probably relied on mail order responses, Ruggles in 1874 "Turned [his] back forever . . . on all salaried positions," by adding the job of canvasser to his repertoire. At twenty-six he took to the road—a periodic occurrence in later years—selling newspaper subscriptions and framed chromolithographs entitled "Cute" and "Sunbeam" from publishers of *The Fireside Friend*; a subscription book, T.S. Arthur's *Woman To the Rescue*; and related sundries such as rubber erasers and glass ink stands. He also represented an area bookbinder and a job-printer. It is recorded that he subsequently sold about 200 "Illustrated Weekly" chromos and many frames in an "efficient canvass" of Ann Arbor, but within a few years Ruggles had resolved to handle only books, which he would sell "on the road, through the mails and in my own store."

What kind of store was it, on the second floor of the large Ruggles house? A nice description is provided in *The Book Fiend* (Minneapolis, ed. Leroy Clark) for January, 1888, in an article titled "Romance of Bibliopolism. A Peep Into 'ye' Bibliopole's Sanctum": "Up a flight of rickety stairs, through a narrow, winding, dingy hallway barricaded with book stock . . . we are ushered along into what might at first presentation be taken for a wizard's den, cavern of curiosities, or reclusive retreat of some studious hermit . . . occupying altogether six cosy little rooms." This narrative is amplified in an earlier article from the *Bronson Index* (Leroy Clark, ed., Minneapolis, Minn.), which describes a stroll "into the extensive book mailing establishment, old curios-



The Odditorium

ity shop and philosophical sanctum of J. Francis Ruggles, the Great World-Renowned, International Bibliopole." After noting the stuffed animals and walls covered with paintings, engravings, and mottoes, the writer continues: "... The collection of books is a rare one. . . . In Americana Poor Richards' Almanac puts in an appearance. . . . 'Ulster Co. Gazette,' 1800. . . . Also some of the early anti-slavery papers. . . . Among the archives we find hundreds of autograph letters. . . . Now come curiosities in archaeology, geology, mineralogy, conchology . . . flint arrow heads . . . postage stamp albums . . . old play bills . . . Confederate bonds . . . rare coins . . . stereoscopic views . . . and souvenirs of eccentricity . . . till the curiosity seeker is wearied, and the tired brain cries for rest."

Ruggles continued in this location for almost twenty years, and doubtless would have remained had not a disastrous event occurred while he was canvassing out West. In the early morning hours of February 20, 1889, a fire destroyed the Ruggles homestead, and with it the shop and all its contents. Ruggles grieved, in poetry and prose. But armed with the pluck that he admired, as well as \$3,000 from the insurance company, he determined to "phoenixize" in a marvelously grand manner, and within the year had constructed a two-story building that was the wonder of the village. Arising just one or two doors west of the main four corners, on the south side of Chicago Street, this remarkable combined shop and residence is described at some length in Ruggles' 18th Annual message to his customers:

"The front is made of Grand Rapids white brick with panels of Philadelphia Peerless pressed red brick, the joints are penciled in blue, and the smiling countenances of two portraits in clay, representing probably a pair of some ancient twin brother antiquarians, are seen to beam forth. The front doors and windows of both upper and lower story are of extra polished plate glass, with selected colors of stained glass for transoms. Above the center bay window, in the cap thereof, is a 'coat of arms' composed of pens pendant and ink stands militant, inlaid in gold, while over each of the side bay windows stands out in bold relief the Latin inscription, 'Lux,' indicating that the physical light, the earth's source of warmth and life, enters the window to be metamorphosed into intellectual illumination. . . . The gable of the cornice has an embossed figure of an open book with front page blackened as if by fire, the newly turned leaf pure white, but from both of which shine forth in brilliant radiancy the gilded figures, 1889, while underneath appears in golden letters the cognomen of the Bibliopolexperto.

"The corner block is of Buckeye sandstone and has this inscription, 'Curioso Bookery. J. Francis Ruggles,' which signifies that it is not only a place where books are sold but a depository for peculiar bric-a-brac and the abiding place of a virtuoso as well. Entering beneath a welcoming arch we find ourselves in the salesroom, filled with elegantly hand carved, mahogany veneered and glass door book cases, stored with tempting volumes, which are thus kept secure from the ravages of dust and therefore always appear fresh, clean and inviting. Sandwiched between these are cabinets of specimens in numismata, philately, currentia, autographiana, etc. . . . thence . . . we ascend a short flight of stairs and seek entrance to the . . . Sanctum Sanctorum . . . [and thence] upward a few steps into 'Bachelor's Hall,' (so lettered in Greek on the glass panel of the door), which we find in reality to be a miniature art gallery of statuary, portraits, etc. Opening a door to the left and we

are in the magnificent 'Drawing Room' from whence we get a glimpse of the 'Kleiderschau' and 'Lavatorium,' then up a longer flight to the 'Observatoire,' [cupola] which is a reading room, recuperatorium, and studio all in one. Now slipping out at the rear entrance, down stairs, we wend our way into a veritable 'Cave of the Winds,' which is the one and only well equipped tornado grotto in the state. . . .

"Various nations and localities have contributed materials for our 'greatest show on earth,' and all the departments are sufficiently light, airy and spacious, as sunshine and ventilation are among our 'best ridden hobbies.' . . . The business office . . . is finished with luxurious Georgia pine, the packing room in wavy, quarter sawed sycamore, the reception parlor in sumptuous black ash, the store proper in sturdy red oak, the bath room in southern gum wood, the wardrobe in anti-moth red cedar, the single man's lobby in durable hard maple, the cellar in lasting hemlock, the cyclone cavern in Wolverine granite and swamp oak, the white-bricked. . . 'Necessario,' in native water elm, while the towering 'owl's nest,' (being intended for taking bird's eye views), to make the sentiment and finish harmonize, is cased up with costly bird's-eye maple, decorated with carved heads of the 'God of Wisdom,' etc. Other rooms are also ornamented with fine wood carvings . . . while the ceilings are painted in all the hues of the rainbow. . . . The apex of the 'Observatory' is surmounted with a huge ball, upon the surface of which are painted the subdivisions of the earth. . . . This emblem is not intended to signify that we desire to possess the whole planet, but simply that we traverse the entire globe in the sports of the chase of book hunting and aspire for the extension of our territory for customers from pole to pole. Above the sphere, streaming in the breeze, is Uncle Sam's banner, surcharged with the characteristic inscription, 'Bibliopolotriumpho,' . . . So you see, indulgent reader, that everything is artistic, emblematic and brim full of sentiment, from the inception of the building to the last stroke of the painter's brush."

The Odditorium, sometimes called the "Bibliocuriozeum," or "Bibliocurioidealorium," or other combinations thereof, held its grand opening on November 19, 1889. Thereafter—with additions in decor (fifty styles of carpet, over 100 wallpaper patterns, a self-heating bathtub) and subtractions in time (visitors were eventually limited to an hour's free tour, but "the private curio collections are reserved . . . for those who . . . help sustain our institution . . .") — Ruggles presided over the apogee of his dreams and labors. Inside, visitors were often most impressed by his magnificent 159-compartment folding desk. Outside, the colorful building-signs announced to all that this was no ordinary retail establishment. One of these signs was reproduced and described in the *Bronson Journal* and is pictured in this article. Another Ruggles sign was later acquired by the Battle Creek rare book and autograph dealer Forest Sweet, according to Clements Library Director Randolph

ANY

GETABLE BOOK,  
WHERE PRINTED, IN  
LANGUAGE, ON  
SUBJECT, BY  
BODY, AT  
TIME, FOR  
PRICE, SUPPLIED!

Adams in the Autumn 1936 *Colophon*, "to use on his own house, but unfortunately, the builder put it in such a position that the face is buried in cement."

Inscription on East side of sign above the Odditorium



This is the pliz of the Xcentric man,  
Who sells you a book whenever he can,  
And whose "gray matter" studied out the plan,  
Of the peculiar store that Frank built.

*John J. Francis Ruggles,*

"I walked around presently to the hotel entrance. Within, sure enough, with its back against the clerk's desk, was the chair. Its top was embellished in gold letters, 'J. Francis Ruggles.' A small, pale, little man, dressed in black, came quietly along and sat down in the chair. I backed off and pretended to be studying a railroad map, but was really, of course, looking over Mr. Ruggles. . . . He wore a brown straw hat having a brim, perhaps, half an inch wide. He was smooth shaven, with the exception of a tiny bunch of carefully nurtured chin whiskers. His clothing was absolutely spotless, and seemed as if it were worn with constant brushing. His black string tie . . . ends . . . were brought across each other. . . . His boots had split leather tops, and were polished in the economical, spit-but-once-in-the-box style. This man's general demeanor suggested a meek and humble 'follower of the cloth.'

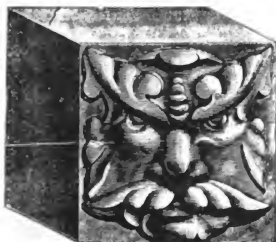
"After a while, I walked over to Mr. Ruggles and introduced myself. His greeting was cordial, and we were soon engaged in pleasant conversation. 'Some of those signs on your building are rather unusual,' I ventured.

The most remarkable fixture of the Odditorium, however, was the owner himself. What was a visit with him like? There exists one delightful, extended account, in an 1898 book called *Mr. Eagle's U.S.A.: As Seen in a Buggy Ride of 1400 Miles from Illinois to Boston.*<sup>9</sup> Arriving towards evening in Bronson, and observing the Odditorium and its signs, the author asked the hotel stable attendant who this "J. Francis Ruggles" was: "'Darndest cuss you ever see!' he replied, and stopped short. As this information did not seem much more definite than some of the signs I had been studying, I pressed for a little further enlightenment. 'Just git at the critter, 'n talk to him. That's the bes' way to git the facks o' his case.' 'But where does he stay?' 'Well, he gits his meals at the hotel yere, 'n roosts in thet there coop o' his'n cross the street. He's got a cheer out'n the hotel bar-room he sets in that no body else aint 'lowed to tech. He's good natured 'nough, 'n ef ye was ter shy 'round there now, I reckon ye'd find him.'

THE STORE THAT FRANK BUILT.



This is the store that Frank built;  
Nothing like it ever before on earth;  
And it was built with money all made by Canvassing.



This is the big Who-ist?  
Who looks down from above on all that visit  
The fantastic store that Frank built.

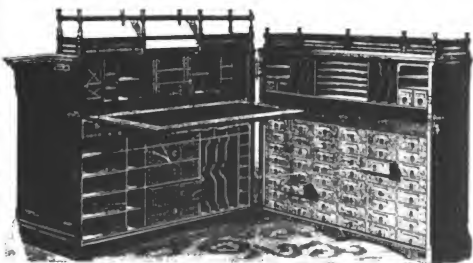
"'Yes,' he said, 'I know when I had them put up, I agreed to pay the painter so much for the lump job, and he come near striking on me when his work was about half done, as he said he didn't contract to paint words that would reach clear down into Indiana.' . . . On the matter of books, to which we finally drifted, I found him possessed of really remarkable information, and regarding rare editions, and curious volumes, his knowledge was profound. We talked until late in the evening. . . .

"[Next morning] we entered the sacred portals . . . [and] I began to see that the proprietor was

one of those who have a 'place for everything and everything in its place.' . . . The order in which Mr. Ruggles' private library, ledgers, and odd trifles were arranged would have told, if nothing else had, that the proprietor was a bachelor. No woman could have endured such miraculous method. Her very soul would have been inspired with the desire to break in here with mop and pail.

" . . . As we [returned from the 'Refuge de Tornado'] I said, 'Mr. Ruggles, you certainly have everything here but a wife. Why don't you hustle around and ensnare some one of these pretty girls I see in Bronson?' 'Not much!' he answered with venom, 'I've worked like a slave to get this palace built, and if I got a wife, she'd be running the Odditorium herself and want to have me out there in the tornado cave, feeding me through a hole in the roof. No sir, I know when I'm well off. I want no female help about this institution!'

If Ruggles avoided the women, and perhaps vice versa, he did seem to enjoy children. Mrs. Helen Bowker Smith of Bronson, now in her eighties, remembers visits to the Odditorium with her father: curious odors, a big stairway, tables covered with books. Mr. Ruggles showing her stones, snakeskins, a trap-door for valuables, and "the smallest Bible in the world," or urging her to take some hard candy from a wooden pail under his desk. On one occasion Ruggles asked the young girl if she wanted to see a real bat. When she said yes, thinking he would produce one of the flying order Chiroptera, he led her to a brick (covered with carpet, and probably used as a doorstep) upon which he had placed a small sign that read "BAT." That, said Ruggles with what we can imagine as mock solemnity, was his brick-bat. She also remembers



This is the Bureau Literario and "Office King,"  
That has a right place for every thing.  
And thereby content and order doth bring.  
In the systemized store that Frank built.

the bookseller as he walked quickly across the street for his noon meal, frock coattails flying, and the people who often arrived by train and walked up to the shop.<sup>10</sup>

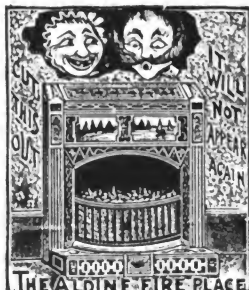
The shop's proprietor had other decided but not unbearing opinions, which he seems to have come to early in life. Ruggles was a total abstainer on personal grounds, traceable to an innocent imbibing of hard cider as a child, and politically he was an "independent voter or Mugwump."<sup>11</sup> He was, moreover, a "radical thinker" or believer in Rationalistic Agnosticism at a time when Robert G. Ingersoll popularized this metaphysical stance, and he wrote pieces for such journals as the *N.Y. Truthseeker* and *Boston Investigator*.

In this trait he followed in the footsteps of a freethinking father. At the elder Ruggles' funeral, which was reported in detail in the local newspaper, there was neither a clergyman officiating nor any reference to God in the commemoration. Not coincidentally, the first extant catalogue of the younger Ruggles highlighted in-print "Free Thought" titles by authors such as Bradlaugh, Paine, Büchner, Herbert Spencer, and Swedenborg, and a book called *Modern Thinkers* (featuring Haeckel, Paine, Adam Smith, Fourier, Swedenborg, Comte, Spencer and Bentham) was touted in Catalogue No. 8 as "the religious-philosophical literary event of the season." In later life Ruggles even tried out some of the more mysterious "sciences" for what they could tell him (and his readers) about himself: his head was read from a photographic portrait by the phrenological Fowlers, his penmanship analyzed by Expert Graphologist Henry Rice of New York, and his Astrological Horoscope cast by Prof. Edison.<sup>12</sup>

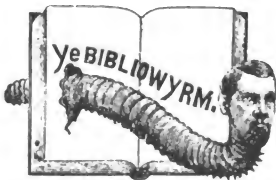
Above all, Ruggles saw himself as participating, through his business endeavors, in the great cause of education and enlightenment. "Mr. R's ambition," said the *Bronson Journal*, "seems to be to acquire the requisite knowledge and ability to supply any book ever published by anybody anywhere, and he goes about the matter philosophically by first forming a bibliographical library containing the titles, sizes, prices, dates of issue and publisher's addresses of every work of which

any printed record has been preserved since the origin of printing. Mr. R. is also the inventor of a 'Great Original Panoramic System of Bibliopolism by means of Pictorial Diagram Tablets' on which the U.S. Government has granted him a copyright. Believing that humanity's only salvation is in education and moral suasion he is an enthusiastic advocate of cheap literature for the masses."<sup>13</sup>

Ruggles' "Copyrighted System of Bibliopolism" seems to refer in particular to a "new departure in sample showing" which lightened the



This is the grate that works like a charm,  
And keeps the sanctum nice and warm,  
Heats one's face, his shirt and toes,  
And makes him forget his pain and woes.  
When in the cheerful store that Frank built.



This is the radical worm  
That digs down to the germ  
And likes to learn the contents of  
The volumes contained in  
The up with the times store that Frank built.



These are the men  
Made as happy as ten  
By perusing live books, when  
They order from "the den"  
Of the none-such store that  
Frank built.



This is he who cannot see  
Just the books with his senti-  
ments to agree,  
Then why not wise be  
And send or flee  
To the rare store that Frank  
built.

lionobituary!," a poem written right after the 1889 fire, he had deeply lamented the loss of "My Leypoldt, Lowndes, Trübner, Lowe, Whittaker and Roorbach,/My Thomas, Kelly, Brittanica, and poor 'Old Bohn' alack!" And he liked to show off volumes of the exhaustive *American Catalogue*, the forerunner of today's *Books In Print*.<sup>15</sup>

In the broadest sense, finally, Ruggles may have considered the numerous special forms and colorful partly-printed letters that he devised for his own business correspondence, and the various advertising labels which he affixed to the paste-downs of much of his book stock, as the truly innovative component of his "great original system."<sup>16</sup> All this was not a notable departure in the trade. It did, however, convey to the customer a sense of enjoyable mystery, and emphasized Ruggles' enterprising business methods and progressive ideas. His claim of being able to find any book, "though others have failed," has a particularly modern ring. Ruggles tried to offer what today's antiquarian trade journal *AB Bookman's Weekly* describes as the ideal "full-service" bookshop.<sup>17</sup>

The "phoenixized" shop in its village-center location continued for over twenty years. Like most rural or "by appointment" bookstores, it probably wasn't bustling, but kept filling up with more and more books and curios. We can guess that a good percentage of the on-hand stock was "used & rare," since new titles, though prominent in Ruggles' catalogues, could be supplied on order, and a rural village would probably not have provided enough walk-in customers to justify a large investment in new publications. Ruggles' interest in rare books was evident from the beginning. His earliest extant catalogue includes a small section listing seventeenth-century imprints under the heading "Early Literature." He handled at least one incubulum, a 1483 *Epistulae* of St. Cyprianus.<sup>18</sup> He offered comments to

canvasser's satchel while on the road, but what form this took remains unclear.<sup>14</sup> The reference is broader, however, when Ruggles writes, in the same article, about his "great original system of special Book Hunting for . . . Rare O.P. Works." Here he may simply refer to his use of the "tools of the trade" familiar to antiquarian book dealers: other dealers' catalogues, subject and author bibliographies, advertisements in the trade journals, circulated "want lists." Certainly he was very proud of his reference library. In "Bib-

## IMPORTANT!

My Book-Loving Friend:

Have you not been for years looking for some choice volume that thus far has eluded your possession? Ordinary book-sellers say, "out of print," yet this signifies but little as to its procurability when diligently searched for by a Book Detective and Literary Expert. If any man in America can furnish any book ever seen, heard or thought of, it is J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, Great International Bibliopole, Bronson, Michigan. Books by mail post-paid. Old, Rare, Scarce, Curious, "O.P." Works a specialty. List for stamp.

## To All Freethinkers, Greeting!


SANCTUM OF J. FRANCIS RUGGLES,  
BIBLIOPOLE, BRONSON, MICH., 1875—6.  
MY PHILOSOPHICAL FRIEND:

Thoroughly impressed with the importance of a closer acquaintance and consequent stronger co-operation between the Friends of Freedom of all climes, we resolved, four years ago, to plunge into the arena and open up new avenues for gospel propaganda. With this idea in view our International Book Establishment was launched forth to the world. Since then we have had worthy imitators and co-workers, while our own humble efforts to gain readers for Liberal and Philosophical Books, Tracts, etc., that embody the thoughts and opinions of the true "salt of the Earth," have been crowned with a success as marvelous as gratifying. From ocean to ocean has the nourishing manna of Freethought found welcome. Although so satisfactory in the past, yet we desire to greatly extend our operations in the future. We want to secure our patrons from every town, city and hamlet in the land, and to do this our announcements must reach the public eye through "big dailies" and high-cost weeklies as well as in our own presses, and be made to penetrate regions where even the existence of our literature now is unknown. And all this not so much for pecuniary remuneration as to assist in gaining a hearing for the noble cause of Rationalism that numbers among its apostles and disciples the ablest, purest, grandest minds of the century.

To successfully carry out our plans we need the earnest, practical co-operation of every unfettered thinker. Friend, will you not help to spread the gladsoome tidings of Truth to the superstition-smothered souls around you? We appeal for your support, confident that it will not be withheld.

We ask no charity offerings, but shall give you "value received" for your money.

Your immediate patronage is solicited; please do not defer to be neglected and forgotten, but write at once for Catalogues, Circulars, Cards, Envelopes, etc., which will be sent free, and then favor us with an early order, however small.

For any book you ever saw or heard of, send to us. Old, rare, scarce, curious, "O. P." works a specialty! Anything published on either Continent promptly supplied. In conclusion, we cordially extend both  of fellowship, and remain,

Enthusiastically Thine,

J. FRANCIS RUGGLES.

the press on the *Book of Mormon*, describing the original edition as "one of the scarcest issues in American literature . . . [bringing] in the market \$25 and upwards."<sup>19</sup> He also wrote about a locally owned 1730 *Geography Anatomized* and surveyed rare free-thought titles for the *Truthseeker* magazine.<sup>20</sup>

The older books were also what impressed many visitors: "The walls are lined with cases containing books both old and new, rare and common, one cabinet being devoted exclusively to old schoolbooks . . . . Underneath the shelves drawers containing thousands of magazines, pamphlets, catalogues, etc., some of them very valuable . . . and what took our reporter's eye the most, a number of old newspapers . . ."<sup>21</sup> While it is probable that there were never any fabulous rarities in Ruggles' stock of books, nor indeed more than a few titles to excite the big city dealers of his own era, there was enough to provide a glimpse of the broader continuum of knowledge and scholarship in a community mostly concerned with contemporary practicalities.

And of course Ruggles' strange and wonderful Odditorium was much more than a bookstore to the local visitor, the farmer in town to buy supplies, or the wide-eyed school children who crossed

its threshold. It was a captivating museum of curiosities gathered during Ruggles' American and English tours over the years: from Texas a sample of mescal and fragments of the skull of a hapless Black man, Jim King; a 55 1/2 foot Japanese panoramic scroll from London reportedly valued at \$235,000; a facsimile of "an epistle purporting to be in the handwriting of the notorious 'Mr. Beelzebub Satan'"; and a mammoth peach "left on exhibition" at the Odditorium.

Despite his travels, Bronson's best-known bookseller was apparently never tempted to relocate. Early in his career he wrote: "We have been urged by city friends to remove to New York, Chicago, etc.—but here is our birthplace, our business, our home and our friends."<sup>22</sup> As time went on, Ruggles began sending reports of his travels back to the local press, and became something of a cultural interpreter for the village. The village, in turn, seems to have been proud of, if also sometimes nonplussed by, the accomplishments of their resident virtuoso. Ruggles

probably enjoyed both reactions. On a larger stage he would not have found the audience he needed, nor they an actor with such an interest and stake in the community.

If Chicago or New York was beyond Ruggles' orbit, writing his own obituary certainly wasn't. Write it he did, and had it printed, perhaps several years before his death. Never of robust constitution, Ruggles succumbed to a fever in his sixty-third year, on September 14, 1911.<sup>23</sup> Funeral services were held at the store, and, as Ruggles had specified, his obituary peroration was read "by some person other than a minister of the gospel."<sup>24</sup> A small, simple stone marks his burial spot, flanking other family members, at the local cemetery.

What happened to the books and curios is something of a mystery. Some residents think there may have been a general sale, and some of the stock may have been taken over for a time by a local merchant. The building passed through various hands and uses. Today, as the offices of Walter Wohlers Real Estate, the cupola and protruding upper bay windows and lower columns have vanished, and all that remains to readily identify the Odditorium are the second-story flat, square "gargoyles" (or "big Who-is-its") in red clay, and the cornerstone to the left of the entrance.

Bronson itself remains for the most part a quiet, pleasant southern Michigan village. But recently, as NBC-TV "Today" show weatherman Willard Scott announced, it "made the Guinness Book of Records for the world's largest stuffed sausage."<sup>25</sup> P.T. Barnum, who was mentioned by Ruggles several times in print over the years, would have loved it. And so would Bronson's own native showman, J. Francis Ruggles, truly *Ye Bibliopolo Originaloextraordinario*.<sup>26</sup>

#### NOTES

1. The scrapbooks, all bound in contemporary 3/4 morocco of different colors, are spine-titled BRAINDROPS, LIFE IN BRONSON, and BRONSON IN MINIATURE. The first two are currently available at the Branch Co. Library, Coldwater, the second also on film, and the third is in the safekeeping of local historian Mrs. Loranetta Diebel of Bronson. Residents believe that the scrapbooks turned up at a local garage sale or auction within recent years. Based upon Ruggles' introductory manuscript notes in the first two volumes, as well as internal evidence, the scrapbooks replaced three earlier compilations that were destroyed in an 1889 fire, and were begun in 1890, 1892, and ca. 1894 respectively. BRAINDROPS collects printed sources regarding the book business, the other two record village happenings, though there is a fair amount of duplication. Sources for the pasted-in clippings are mainly Ruggles' own yearly brochures and local newspapers. Given the format, compounded by detachment of the unnumbered scrapbook pages and the fact that Ruggles often re-used his own copy and probably wrote many of the articles about himself, it is sometimes difficult to establish the original source, date, or authorship of a piece with certainty. A half brother was also editor of one of the local newspapers.

2. From an article beginning "With his name left out . . .", *Bronson Journal* (?) ca. 1890, probably by Ruggles; in BRAINDROPS and in LIFE IN BRONSON.

3. Jas. F. Ruggles is listed as a "dry goods clerk" in the *Branch County Directory* (comp. by Stevens & Conover), Ann Arbor, 1871.

4. "Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement . . . blatteratious battology, colligated cassation . . . and don't use big words" wrote our neologist in his Catalog No. 11 ("A Ramble among the Obsolete").

5. Catalogue or Circular No. 1 was a single-column sheet printed at the Republican Office, Coldwater. No. 2 was a folder printed in Detroit; and No. 3, the first extant example (in BRAINDROPS),

was an oblong folio sheet folded twice to make a 6pp large 12mo: CATALOGUE NO. 3/OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN/FREE-THOUGHT AND MISCELLANEOUS/BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, ETC./FOR SALE BY/J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, Bibliopole, 22 CHICAGO ST., BRONSON, MICH. [Worcester: Independent Tract Society, 1875]. After a while Ruggles took to bestowing a new title on each year's offering. No. 7 is BIBLIOPOLOGICAL BROADSIDE, No. 11 BIBLIOPHILISTICMENU, No. 14 BIBLIONUGGETS, No. 34 BIBLIOTALKO, and Ruggles addresses his patrons variously from the "Executive Sanctum," "Ye Denne," "Thinkery," "Bibliocrankery," and "Bibliobower," among others—all, presumably, his office.

6. There are similarities in the two articles (contained in BRAINDROPS), perhaps traceable to Ruggles' own contributions.

7. For another description, quoted in part later, see the article in BRONSON IN MINIATURE entitled "An Interesting Place./J. Francis Ruggles Is Original. The Reporter's Representative Visits Bronson's Bibliophile . . .", ca. 1896.

8. "Notes & Queries," p. 134. Julia Sweet Newman believes that this must have been her grandfather, Forest Glenwood Sweet, who lived at 46 Green Street. Later, her father Forest Helmer Sweet used No. 46 as an office, then it stood empty, and in the 1960s burned down.

9. Though the quoted passage is in the first person singular, the book was co-authored by John Livingston Wright and Mrs. Abbie Scates Ames (Hartford, 1898). Two issues have been noted, cloth and pictorial mauve wrappers.

10. The image of Ruggles, "in his black suit with swallow tails, hurrying across to the hotel for meals," was also recalled by Bronson resident Mrs. Rena Robinson, according to Marge Scott, who interviewed her while completing a paper on Ruggles, a copy of which is at the Branch Co. Library.

11. See his temperance broadside "Alcohol," in BRAINDROPS.

12. "The vibrations of your chirographical aura show that you are not fully appreciated in your present location" wrote the graphologist, with perhaps some accuracy. Ruggles' BROADSIDE No.

34; "You are not one to say much about what you have done" wrote J.A. Fowler, who obviously missed his diagnosis! Information from "The Bibliopole's 'Bumps,'" probably printed by Ruggles.

13. See note 2 above.

14. "Bibliopological Reminiscences./How It All Began" *Bronson Journal*, Sept. 21, 1894. See also "His system of samples is copyrighted by [the] U.S. government, his card of introduction protected by an act of the legislature, but I guess there's no patent on the gait for there's no immediate danger of anyone's exactly imitating it" (from BRONSON IN MINIATURE). Ruggles' sample showing may have been aided by use of his broadsheet "Chartabibliosisa, or Chart of Book Sizes," a copy of which is included in BRAINDROPS.

15. *The American Catalogue*, under the direction of F. Leyboldt, first appeared in 1880 (see Gro-woll, *Book Trade Bibliography in the U.S.*, Chapt. VI, Nos. 84-85). Ruggles had "his Leyboldt-Jones [Catalogue] . . . bound to special order [and lettered "THE BOOK OF BOOKS, J. FRANCIS RUGGLES" on the side] by those princes of bibliopogists, Messrs. A.J. Cox & Co., Chicago, and this fat 'bibliographical bible' has expended its owner \$62.45. *Bronson Journal*, as reprinted in Catalogue No. 23. This bit of information, incidentally, plus mention of the LIFE IN BRONSON scrapbook as having been "made to his order specially for the purpose" (*Bronson Journal*, July 8, 1892) seems to indicate that Ruggles did not do his own binding work, though some local residents believe he did. An earlier pre-fire volume of the *American Catalogue* is noted in the aforementioned *Book Fiend* article as being lettered "BIBLIOGRAPHICAL BIBLE" on the side.

16. See the middle section of BRAINDROPS for samples, as well as illustrations herein. The materials usually featured his and/or the shop's picture. The William L. Clements Library presently has seven volumes with Ruggles' book-labels or stamp (all different) in its collections. The volumes appropriately include John Dunton's *Religio Bibliopola* (London, 1692, acquired 1944), as well as six nineteenth-century titles (acquired 1980-83). One of these labels is reproduced in my *Leaves of Grass* (Rare Books) Catalogue 10 (Ann Arbor, MI, 1980, Plate 6/Item 839), and a different label is pictured in Larry Dingman's *Booksellers Marks* (Minneapolis: Dinkytown Antiquarian Bookstore, 1986, p. 43). The cover of Heartwood Books' Catalogue 37 (Charlottesville, VA, Spring, 1987) illustrates yet another Ruggles book-label, this one with his portrait framed by a book's front cover.

17. "AB's late original editor Sol. M. Malkin's goal was always 'to get the right book to the right

party at the right time at the right price.'”—Terry Belanger, in Michael Winship's *Hermann Ernst Ludwig: America's Forgotten Bibliographer*, Columbia University School of Library Service, 1986.

18. "Finds a 'Fifteener'," *Detroit Evening News*, quoted in Catalog No. 32. See also the pre-fire *Book Fiend* description of his stock.

19. "Capturing A Town," *Bronson Journal*, January 19, 1894.

20. "A Rare Tome," in BRONSON IN MINIATURE.; "Radical Papers, Old and New. An Expert in Rare and Curious Literature Extends the List of Them," *Truthseeker*, September 1, 1906.

21. See Note 7 above.

22. "Annual Message" dated December 1, 1877, apparently from Catalogue No. 5.

23. Mrs. Smith thinks he had "stomach trouble." "But then," she says with a twinkle in her eye, "everybody was diagnosed as having stomach trouble in those days."

24. *The Coldwater Republican*, September 15, 1911.

25. *Newsweek*, September 1, 1980, p.40. Said Scott, "I wonder if it might be the missing link."

26. My thanks for assistance to Branch Co. Library Director Phyllis Rosenberg and to staff members Cindy Sebal and, with a special nod for her interest in the project, Christie Kessler; to Mrs. Loranetta Diebel for an informative and helpful historical tour; to Mrs. Helen Smith for her sprightly reminiscences of J. Francis; and to Julia Sweet Newman for her gracious responses to my questions. For the record, I first discovered the existence of the Ruggles scrapbooks at the Branch Co. Library in August of 1984, when, on a trip through Bronson, I decided to inquire about the fellow antiquarian book dealer whose book labels had fascinated me for several years.



# *A Sufficiency And No More*

Edited by  
JAN LONGONE

A recent acquisition by the Clements Library contains the seventy-nine annotated engravings herein reproduced which were suggested as "requisite articles" for running a household in mid-nineteenth century America. *The American Home Cook Book* (New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, 1854), written by "An American Lady," thus provides some of the earliest illustrations of such utensils and offers much insight into America's culinary past.

For example, one item is thousands of years old, one was developed in 1680, and one had just recently been patented—yet all are included as necessary for the American housekeeper. The Lignumvitae Mortar and Pestle (#3), a utensil known to most civilizations for millenia, here made out of a tropical American hardwood probably from the West Indies, is recommended because of the suspected adulteration of commercially ground spices. (Clearly, *caveat emptor* has also been with us for millenia.) This utensil would have been used extensively by the American housewife, especially for powdering the cinnamon and mace which, along with nutmeg and lemon juice, were the quartet of spicings religiously used in the Pound, Federal, Washington, Franklin, Election, and other cakes Americans have long been so fond of. Although our anonymous author has included the utensil necessary to extract the lemon juice (#52), we note with interest that she has neglected to list the nutmeg grater which most certainly should be here. The mortar and pestle also would have been used to crush cloves for gingerbread, and almonds for both marzipan and macaroons. In addition, they would be needed to bruise the peppercorns, celery seed, mustard grains, anchovies, and other flavorings employed to enhance vinegars, sauces, catsups, preserves, and conserves.

While the origin of the mortar and pestle is shrouded in the past, the history of the Soup Digester (#17) can be thoroughly documented. In 1681 Dr. Denis Papin presented to his fellow members of the Royal Society the results of experiments he had been conducting in the laboratory of the famous scientist R.A. Boyle. These experiments were on the nature of gases under pressure and included a study of chemical reactions, such as the cooking of food, at high temperatures in closed containers. One result was a book entitled *A New Digester or Engine for Softening Bones . . . with an Account of the Price a good, big Engine will cost, and of the Profit it will afford* (London, 1681). This "engine" is the prototype of the modern pressure cooker. Item #17 is a later version of Dr. Papin's engine. The recipe suggested for making a nutritious soup is one that in many earlier cookbooks went one step further and reduced the soup to a gel or semisolid, called Portable Soup, the forerunner of the bouillon cube. Early American cookbooks and manuscripts often included recipes for Portable Soup. However, by the time *The American Home Cook Book* was published, commercial variations on the bouillon cube were beginning to be readily available and the housewife would no longer make her own.

This change is illustrative of the many that were taking place in industry and

commerce which would, within two generations, transform the American housewife from a producer to a consumer. Inclusion of items such as the Water Filter (#6), Ice Cream Freezer (#8), Coffee Roaster (#14), Ice Breaker (#22), Preserving Pan (#28), Jelly Strainer (#38), Sausage Meat Cutter (#42), Bread Slicer (#45), Jelly Bag (#58), Bread Trough (#59), and Ice Mallet (#61) indicates that the American housewife was still filtering her own water, making her own ice cream, putting up her own jellies and preserves, roasting her own coffee beans, chopping her own ice, preparing her own sausage, and baking and slicing her own bread. Sixty years later she would no longer make these items but would buy them.

The inclusion of the Ice Cream Freezer (#8) as a necessity is a further indication of the changes taking place in the American kitchen. Although ice cream had long been a favorite in American households, it was considered a luxury. It was only the then recent progress in ice harvesting and storage techniques, and the granting of the first patent (1848) for an easy-to-use hand-cranked freezer, which transformed this luxury into a necessity.

The Sardine Opener (#64) is an early example of the can openers which, along with the canned foods, were to become ubiquitous in American kitchens in the twentieth century. Sardines were first canned in America in 1841; a dozen years later a Sardine Opener was considered requisite to running the American kitchen.

A study of these illustrations provides further insights. Note the large number of items called "French" or using French terms—thirteen out of seventy-nine. French culinary influence is obvious. Yet this is an American list; note the Corn Popper (#62). In no other place on the globe would this be considered a necessity.

Both the corn and the popper are New World products. The early settlers and explorers found the native Amerindians popping corn, using a variety of methods, in all parts of North America. The wire corn popper displayed here was probably introduced as a manufactured product at the beginning of the nineteenth century by the Bromwell Wire Goods Company of Coopersville, Michigan. This firm, founded in Cincinnati in 1819, is considered the earliest known manufacturer of corn poppers and the oldest housewares manufacturer continuously in the business in America. In addition to its role as an evening snack, the popcorn was used as the earliest puffed cereal for breakfast and, ground, as the basis for various puddings, breads, and cakes.

Also very American is the large number of items devoted to rich, cholesterol-laden foods; count the number of items related to meat, butter, cream, cheese, eggs, and ice cream. Three items, however, are devoted solely to the preparation and serving of fish.

It appears that coffee had not yet gained its predominance over tea in America, as items for preparing both are illustrated. We note, however, that the coffee grinder is strangely absent. Also absent is a corkscrew to open the wine bottles being cooled in Item #37. No temperance sentiment in this household!

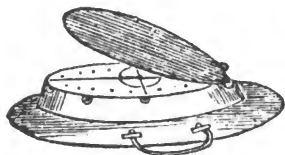
The Flat Egg-whip (#68) was a very important gadget but was soon to be almost exclusively replaced by the rotary eggbeater, first patented in 1856 and then mass produced by the Dover Stamping Company, beginning in 1869.

America's oft-commented-upon preoccupation with sweets is well documented here with a goodly number of items devoted to their preparation and service. We

also note numerous items which were necessary to protect and preserve foodstuffs before the advent of refrigeration and pasteurization. Surprisingly, this list offers only a hint of one revolution which was taking place in America's kitchens—the transition from open hearth cookery to the use of modern stoves. And in a longer perspective, we know that a number of items on this list can be found illustrated in the renowned Renaissance cookery manuals of Messisbugo (Venice, 1549) and Scappi (Venice, 1570). On the other hand, a surprisingly large number can be found today in my own kitchen.

Thus this cookbook offers us an opportunity to learn more about our culinary heritage. Some of the utensils are modern, others are as timeless as the very good advice offered by our anonymous author: "In furnishing a kitchen there should be everything likely to be required, but not one article more than is wanted; unnecessary profusion creates a litter; a deficiency too often sacrifices the perfection of a dish, there should be a sufficiency and no more."

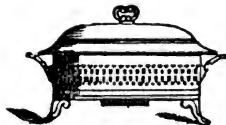
1



*Waffle Furnace.*

1 *Waffle Furnace.*—A very ingenious article, making four good-sized waffles with less labor than is required in making one with the ordinary iron.

2



2 *Chafing Dish* with alcohol lamp, to keep steaks hot, or to cook oysters, venison, mutton, &c., on the table.

3



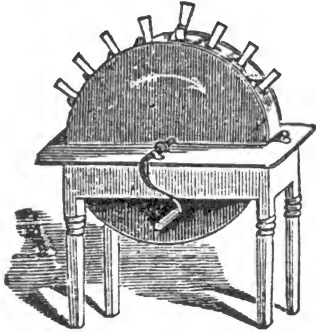
3 *Lignumvitae Mortar and Pestle.*—The adulteration of ground spices, makes this an important article where good spices are wanted.

4



4 *Whip Churn*.—For making whip cream syllabub, &c.

5



5 *Knife-cleaning Machine*.—By the use of which knives need never be put in water, and are kept bright with less time or trouble than in the old fashioned way.

6



6 *Water Filter*.—For purifying cistern water for cooking or table use.

7



7 *Wire Dish Covers*.—To cover meats, pastry, milk, butter, &c., from dust, flies &c., in the pantry or on the table.

*Wire Dish Covers,*

8 *Ice Cream Freezer and Moulds.*



8 *Patent Ice Cream Freezer.*  
—By which Creams, Ices &c., can be frozen fit for table use in a very few minutes. The forms are easily managed and now coming into general family use.

9



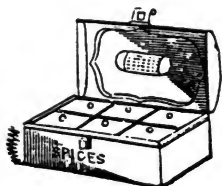
9 *The Japanned Tin Boxes* keep cake, bread, &c., perfectly fresh without the undesirable moisture of the stone jar.

10



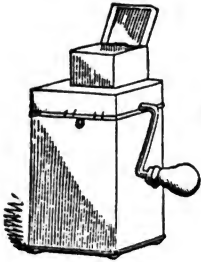
10 *Tea and Coffee Caddies.*

11



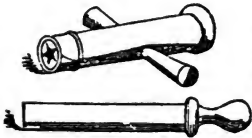
11 *The Spice Box.*—Has six separate boxes that take out, so that whole or ground spices may be kept nice and separate.

12



12 *French Julienne Mill*.—To cut into fine parings all kinds of vegetables for soup.

13



13 *French Butter Forcer*.—There are 12 different forms to each, that give an infinite variety to this decorative manner of serving butter.

14



14 *Coffee Roaster*.—To each pound of coffee put one table-spoonful of water. The coffee will thoroughly roast without being burned.

15

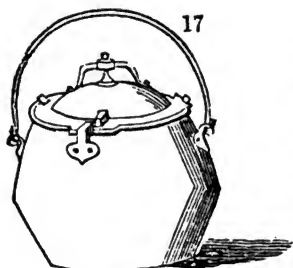


15 *Sauce Pan and Potato Steamer*.

16

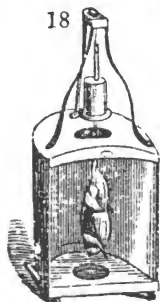


16 *Butter Pat in Case*.—This gives the butter a handsome form and print at the same time.



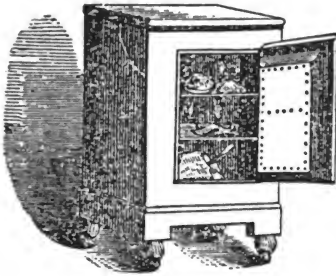
17  
*Soup Digester.*

thing necessary to be done, is to direct a proper mode of using it to most advantage; and this mode is both simple and easy. Care must be taken in filling the digester, to leave room enough for the steam to pass off through the valve at the top of the cover. This may be done by filling the digester only three parts full of water and bruised bones or meat, which it is to be noticed are all to be put in together. It must then be placed near a slow fire, so as only to simmer (more heat injures the quality,) and this it must do for the space of eight or ten hours. After this has been done, the soup is to be strained through a hair sieve or cullender, in order to separate any bits of bones. The soup is then to be put into the digester again, and after whatever vegetables, spices, &c., are thought necessary are added, the whole is to be well boiled together for an hour or two, and it will be then fit for immediate use. In putting on the lid of the digester, take care that a mark, thus (X) on the lid, is opposite to a similar one on the digester. The digester may also be obtained to contain from four quarts to ten gallons. There are also saucepan and stewpan digesters to hold from one to eight quarts.



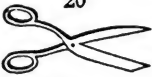
18  
*Roasting Screen and Jack.*—The screen is adapted to the ranges and cooking stoves in general use. The jack is wound up and runs so as to keep the meat constantly turning till cooked.

19



**19 Closet or Upright Refrigerator.**—The door on the side insures ventilation, and the closet form is most convenient to arrange dishes.

20



**20 Fish Scissors.**—For cutting and trimming fish.

21



**21 French Bake Pan.**—Of wrought iron, to put fire or embers on the cover if needful.

22



**22 Patent Ice Breaker.**—To break ice for table use and for making ice cream.

23



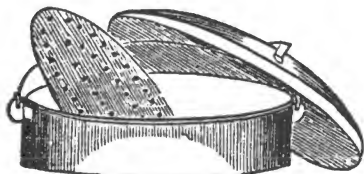
**23 Cheese Toaster.**—To make Welsh Rarebit with double bottom for hot water.

24



24 *Charlotte Russe Pans*.—Oval shape, and nice to bake any other kind of cake.

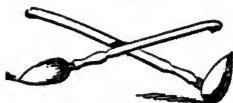
25



25 *Fish Kettle*.—With strainer, to boil fish and take it out whole.

*Fish Kettles, various sizes.*

26



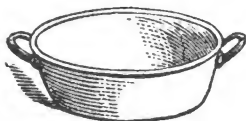
26 *French Basting Spoons*.—Deep and with side handles.

27



27 *Russia Iron Roll, or Corn Cake Pan*—Gives a handsome brown soft under-crust.

28



28 *Enamelled Preserving Pan*.—For sweet meats, jellies, marmalade, &c.

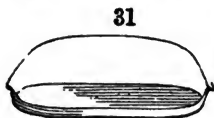
29



29 *French Milk Sauce Pans*.—To boil milk cook custards, &c., without boiling over, by an arrangement of valves in the lid.



30 *Copper Cake Form.*—To bake cake for icing.



31 *Soap Stone Griddle.*—To bake cakes without grease or smell.

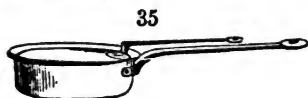


32 *Marble Slab, and Marble Rolling Pin.*—Pastry made with these is light and flaky, from its being cold.

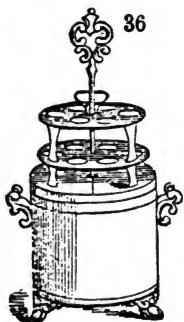


33 *Gravy Strainer.*

34 *Soup Strainer.*

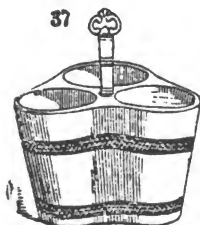


35 *Copper Stew Pan.*—Tinned inside.



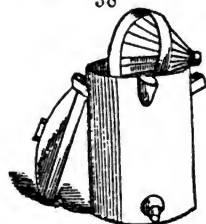
36 *Egg Coddler.*—To cook eggs on the breakfast table.

37



37 *Wine Cooler*.—For cooling bottles of wine, &c.

38



38 *Jelly Strainer*.—Is made double and filled in with hot water, this heat keeps the mass limpid and a much greater amount of jelly is made from the same materials.

39

40



39 *Ala Mode Needle*.—With split end to draw in strips of fat pork, bacon, &c., into beef for a-la-modung.

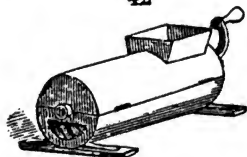
40 *Larding Needle*.—Same for poultry, game, &c.

41



41 *Flesh Fork*.—To take ham, boiled meat, &c. from the pot.

42

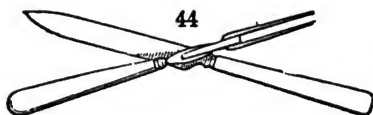


42 *Sausage Meat Cutter*.—Will cut four pounds of meat per minute for sausages hash, &c

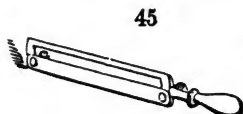
43



43 *Iron handle, steel blade Chop Knife*.



44 *Game and Chicken Carvers*.—With long handles and short blades.



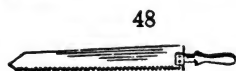
45 *Bread Slicer*.—With guage to slice bread uniformly any desired thickness.



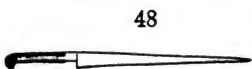
46 *French Decorating Knife*.—To make flowers of carrots, turnips, beets, &c.



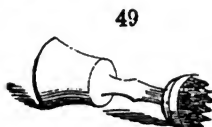
47 *French Chop Knife*.—Heavy, to cut through small bones.



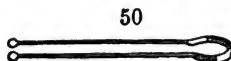
48 *French Saw Knife*.—To cut ham, cut through bones, joints, &c.



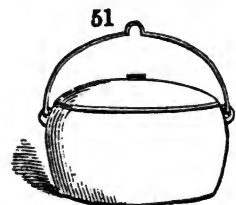
48 *Boning Knife*.—To bone turkey, ham, beef, &c.



49 *Beefsteak Pounder*.—To make steak tender, and potato masher on the other end.



50 *Beefsteak Tongs*.—To turn a steak, to avoid puncturing holes with a fork, which lets the juice escape.



*Oval Pot*.—For boiling ham, corned beef &c

52



*Porcelain Lemon Squeezer.*—To preserve the fine oil of the lemon that is usually absorbed by the wooden squeezer.

53



*53 Fancy Patty Pans.*—For baking ornamental tea cakes.

54



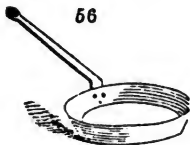
*54 Oval Omelet Pan.*

55



*55 Boxwood Scrub-brush.*—To clean beautifully unpainted wood, table tops, meat and pastry boards.

56



*56 Fry Pan.*

57

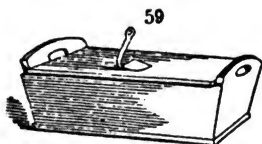


*57. Vegetable Slicer.*—To slice potatoes, to fry and fricasee, green corn from the cob, cucumbers vegetables for soup, cabbage, dried beef, &c.

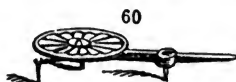
58



*58 Felt Jelly Bag.*—Is seamless and strains jelly hard somely.



59 *Wooden Bread Trough and Scraper*  
For mixing bread.



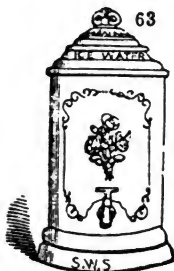
60 *Revolving Enamelled Gridiron with*  
fluted bars to convey the gravy to the cup.



61 *Ice mallet with pick that slides*  
into the handle.



62 *Wire corn popper, a half tea cup full of*  
dry pop corn will fill the popper by being agit  
ated over the fire.



63 *Water cooler, filled in with charcoal, preserves*  
the ice and keeps water icy cold.—The water is  
kept cooler than the atmosphere without ice.



64 *Sardine opener, to open tin boxes of sar-*  
dines, preserved meats, preserves &c.



65 *Double wire oyster gridiron to broil oysters, chops*  
cutlets, steaks, toast bread &c.

66

67



66 Wire pea or vegetable boiler, for peas, beans, rice, boils dry and when taken out no grains are left in the pot.

67 Tea Boiler.—The leaves are put into the ball and then the ball into the tea pot, the tea steeps without having the leaves poured into the cup.

68



68 Flat egg-whip.—The best shape and easily cleaned.

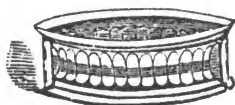
*Egg Whip, various patterns.*

69



69 Pudding Mould.—Who likes boiled pudding? can have it dry and light if cooked in one of these moulds.

70



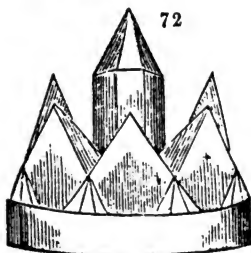
70 French Oval Meat Pie Mould.—Opens at one end.

71



71 Pastry Cutter.—Various patterns

72



72 Jelly or Blanc Mange Mould.

*Ice Cream and Jelly Mould*

73



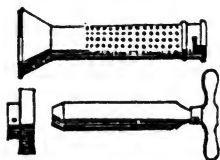
73 *Plated Fish Carrier and Fork.*—Useful also to serve asparagus, buckwheat cakes, &c

74



74 *Improved Weighing Balance.*

75



75 *Puree Presser.*—For pressing vegetables for soups, pulping fish, &c.

76



76 *Egg Poacher.*—Break an egg in each cup and submerge the whole in hot water.

*Egg Poacher.*

77



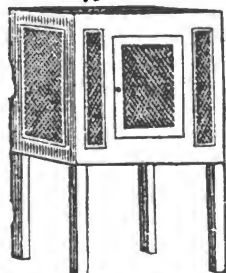
77 *French Sugar Scoop.*

78



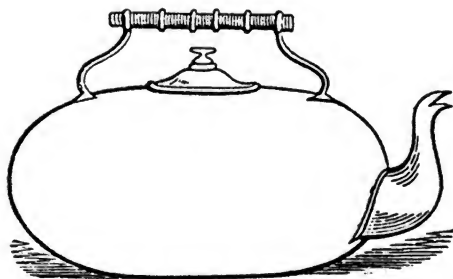
78 *Farina Boiler Double*.—Place water in the outer boiler and cook the farina, custard, corn starch milk, &c., in the inner one.

79



79 *Meat Safe*.—To protect food from mice, insects, &c.

*Meat Safe, of wood and wire.*





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### *The Ewing Papers—Part One*

In the last issue of *The American Magazine* (Vol. 2, No. 2) we introduced our readers to the Ewing Family Papers at the Clements Library by publishing five travel letters of Dr. James Hunter Ewing (1798–1827). The entire collection consists of several hundred family letters and personal business papers of the Ewing and Hunter families, of Radnor Township, Delaware County, Pennsylvania.

Maskell Ewing II (1758–1825) was born at Greenwich, New Jersey, son of Maskell Ewing I (1721–1796) and grandson of Thomas Ewing, Irish immigrant. Maskell Ewing I served, at various times, as Justice of the Peace, Clerk and Surrogate, Sheriff and Justice of the Pleas of Cumberland County. His son, Maskell II, saw military duty in the Revolution, and at the age of twenty was elected Clerk of the New Jersey Assembly. He held office for twenty years, practicing law as well, in Trenton. He married Jane Hunter (d. 1831), daughter of James Hunter (d. 1797), a merchant of the Revolutionary era in Philadelphia who amassed extensive landholdings in Philadelphia and throughout Pennsylvania in the 1770s and 1780s.

Maskell and Jane Ewing had five children who lived to maturity: James Hunter Ewing, Princeton graduate and medical doctor who practiced in Berks County and in Philadelphia before his very premature death; Elinor, who married George Curwen, and resided at Walnut Hill, near Lancaster Road in Delaware County, close to the Ewing and Hunter homes; Maskell Ewing (1807–1849), 1826 graduate of West Point; Louisa, who in 1837 married William Bell and moved to Louisville, Kentucky; Mary P., who after the death of her parents lived with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. James Hunter.

At the death of her father, Jane Hunter Ewing inherited, with her brother James Hunter, a Philadelphia lawyer, interests in considerable landholdings which her husband and brother jointly administered. In 1805, apparently in part due to personal financial reverses, Maskell Ewing II removed his family to Philadelphia and then to Radnor Township, Delaware County, where he farmed, operated a distillery, helped to manage the Hunter family rental properties, and held a variety of elective offices—Commissioner of Militia Fines during the War of 1812, Justice of the Peace, and mem-

ber of the State Senate for six years. He died suddenly and unexpectedly while visiting relatives in Greenwich, N.J. on August 26, 1825.

Maskell Ewing, his wife and children, were particularly close to Mrs. Ewing's brother, James Hunter, and his wife, who were childless, and after Maskell Ewing's death in 1825, Uncle James Hunter assumed a fatherly role, particularly for the two unmarried daughters, Louisa and Mary.

While neither the Hunters nor Ewings were descended from the old Quaker families which dominated Philadelphia society in the early nineteenth century, they were highly respectable and they lived in the comfortable style of the upper class. The two families lived in close proximity, the Hunters at Woodstock Vale, the Ewings at Woodstock, both attractive homes, yet standing, in present-day Villanova. Until Maskell Ewing's death, Woodstock was actively cultivated with resident farm help and the house staffed by several servants. After Ewing's death, the farm was rented out and the staff cut back, and when the mother, Jane Hunter Ewing, died in 1831, daughters Louisa and Mary moved in with Uncle James Hunter. There seems to have been some thought of leasing out Woodstock, and an auction of household goods took place on the premises in 1834, but the Hunters took over the larger home at that point, and it would remain in the possession of the Hunters and Ewings until the present century.

Modern editorial convention tends to frown upon excerpting letters, but in the case of many collections such as the Ewing Papers, material of historical value or importance is to be found buried among vast sections of personal matter. The Ewings and Hunters did not play a sufficiently important role in society to warrant biographies. The correspondence will never be edited in its totality, and yet the bits and pieces, however miscellaneous and disjointed they are, which will make up "The Ewing Papers" series add to our understanding of life in the third and fourth decades of the past century and deserve to be made available to scholars. Anyone desiring a more complete knowledge of the Ewings and their world can consult the original letters at the Clements Library.

In this first selection we draw upon eight letters dated between 1821 and 1823. All are written to Maskell C. Ewing, who in the summer of 1822 entered West Point.

The first three letters are written by Maskell's eldest brother, James Hunter Ewing, who was just establishing a medical practice in rural Long Swamp Township, Berks County, in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch country and in an area rich in mineral deposits, where iron mines and furnaces rivaled agriculture as a source of employment. Dr. Ewing resided at the center of the township, in a store building owned by Reuben Trexler, the spirited and likable proprietor of a nearby iron furnace. The fourth letter, from Louisa, dated Nov. 4, 1822, describes a visit the girls made to Long Swamp and to nearby Reading, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Kutztown.

Rural Berks County, described in these first four letters was, as late as the 1820s, culturally a world apart from the Philadelphia area where the Ewings lived. Dr. Ewing notes that in the course of his practice, he could spend a day among people who hardly know a word of English. The Christmas customs described in the first letter, providing a very early and important portrait of Christ Kinkle, precursor of Santa Claus, were yet localized to Pennsylvania-German areas.

The cultural isolation of the area would quickly give way in the course of the next few decades. Ewing notes that the Trexler family was learning English, and whether by formal training or osmosis, the majority of their neighbors would have made the linguistic transition by the Civil War. Christ Kinkle soon would merge with the Dutch Santa Claus by means of childrens books and New York-Philadelphia merchants' encouragement of a holiday trade and be part of national folk custom by the 1850s.

All in all, these first four letters, with their light-hearted accounts of town and village life, public and household amusements, travel conditions, of the ingenious Reading clockmaker, Mr. Rose, and the Moravians of Bethlehem, document a part of the country less commonly visited and described than the major cities and tourist attractions.

The fifth letter is written by the mother, Jane Hunter Ewing, from Woodstock, and conveys local gossip of arson in Philadelphia and revelry among the local tavern crowd—as much a part of nineteenth century life as it is today, but less frequently documented in print.

While "Woodstock" and "Woodstock Vale" were the primary residences of the Ewings and

Hunters, they were essentially "country seats." The center of social and business activity for the families was Philadelphia. For the teenage girls in particular, Louisa and Mary, life in the country had none of the excitement of the metropolis, and they would spend several days of each month in town. The last three letters excerpted here describe city happenings—a bankruptcy and an execution, visits to the theater and church services, and the latest fashions.

Louisa and Mary Ewing, young and impressionable, finding almost every aspect of life exciting and interesting, will be the primary writers of letters edited in this series. In our next installment, we will have descriptions of a country agricultural fair, a room by room inventory of the magnificent furnishings of the unfortunate Joseph Sims being sold at bankruptcy sale, fancy balls at the local taverns of Delaware County, amusing caricatures of the self-important, last of the Penns, and even a suicide!

## 1.

James Hunter Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Long Swamp Decr. 24th 1821.

... I have not a very great number of patients but they reside at such distances, and the roads are so bad, that it occupies all my time to see them. Scattered as my patients are, I have no doubt, I am doing quite as much business as either Dr Harris, or Dr Blackfar; and I have as little doubt with quite as much profit, for the people here pay well, and willingly, and mostly *cash*. I begin now to feel myself quite a money making dutchman, but by no means, as you say "quite at home" for here are not the friends I have left in Delaware Co., nor the society with whom I have been accustomed to associate. Yet I am satisfied, for I am fulfilling the purposes for which I came, viz. improving myself a practice, making money, and learning dutch—the last of which I am becoming quite expert in. Indeed, I really think I shall ere long be a blunderer in english, as there are many days that I do not utter a word in that language. You are aware how many germans there are here who do not understand english yet would be surprised to find how few in a day's ride are capable of understanding the most commonplace english words.

Mr. Trexler and his family manifest the most friendly disposition towards me and I spend many pleasant evenings at the furnace. The

place of the piano is supplied by a very excellent organ and we are often entertained by its pleasing notes. Mr. T's family are quite english this winter. He has brought his son and daughter home from school at Easter and brought an english preceptress with them, who instructs his children and indeed all the family and some of the neighbours children in the english language. . . . Tonight is the eve preceding Christmas, a period when the germans indulge much in mirth and merriment. Here the Christkingle is personified by a young man in ludicrous [*sic*] masquerade who with a rod in one hand and nuts and cakes in his pockets—awards the first to the idle and ignorant and the latter to those whose meritorious actions are narrated by their friends and parents and who shew their worthiness to such reward by the repetition of a tremendous round of dutch prayers. This scene is acted in almost every family much to the gratification of the *large* children or those who are *grown up* and greatly to the chagrin of the witless who have neglected their lessons and the advice of their parents. But all these Christmas gambols gladly would I relinquish to enjoy the pleasant circle at Woodstock, to all whose inhabitants I wish a happy christmas.

## 2.

James Hunter Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Long Swamp Aug. 13th 1822

... I was last week at Reading. The Court was in session, and the town of course in a bustle! Reading is about the size of Trenton, N.J. The Court house stands in the centre and the 4 principal streets run at right angles from it. The buildings are generally good, many new, and some very handsome. It is the residence of the present Governor of Pennsylvania.<sup>1</sup> The inhabitants are German English and English German. The Schylkill runs near the town, but is here a small stream, over which is however thrown a very handsome bridge, ornamented by a figure somewhat similar to that on the High St. Bridge, Philadia, on the city side.

They are now busily engaged building a very handsome bridge over the creek below Mr Trexler's Store, which will contribute much to the appearance of this place.

The storehouse is going on rapidly and it is expected that the store will be removed in the course of a few weeks. These two works render the spot now quite lively whilst the rest of the

country looks very dull on account of the very dry weather. We have had no rain of any consequence here for nearly six weeks . . .

I was yesterday at Mr. Trexler's. He and Mrs. T. were getting their likenesses taken by a travelling german clergyman. A man of some talents in some things but certainly none very great for taking likenesses, as those of Mr. and Mrs. T are really ludicrous. He has but one colour for all complexions and that is the true brick dust tint. This has rendered Mrs. T nearly a mulatto woman in comparison with her own complexion which is fair. . . .

3.

James Hunter to Maskell C. Ewing

Long Swamp Octr. 29th .22

Dear Brother,

Seated by a Lehigh coal stove in full blast, which I have today had erected in my shop, I write to you the following familiar epistle. My shop you would now scarcely recognise as the old establishment you used to inhabit. At each end of the old shelves I have had others erected and new drawers with gold labels at one end and a closet in imitation of a secretary at the other. These shelves appropriately ornamented by bottles jars etc. show off the establishment to considerable advantage.

Between the front door and window stands a very elegant 8 day Clock. You already conjecture how I come to have a clock. Perhaps a present, perhaps taken as payment for medical services, or perhaps put up by Mr Trexler to sell, he having got it in the course of trade. This last is just the truth, and here it is to stand till some of my patients having no means to ascertain when to take their medicines shall take it along or some other person chooses to take it home to amuse himself, his wife and his children—himself by it regularly, his wife by its click-click and to teach his children how to count.

Having now detailed the improvements and elegancies of my habitation internally let me narrate to you its external improvements. The external is but little altered, except that since building the new addition the fence has been down and the hogs have been exerting their abilities to improve the soil and the sod by their snouts and their tails. If we overlook these elegancies and extend our view to the creek below we there see a new bridge which the wisemen of

Berks have erected over the stream called Little Lehigh. The bridge being built during the dry season, behold when the rains came the young river rose and to shew its superiority to man it flowed majestically and triumphantly around the new bridge and the people had to wade through the water to get to it. This compelled them to go again to work and they are now engaged in enlarging their bridge.

I now proceed, having detailed the local improvements, to narrate to you the fashionable amusements of the Swamp. The period has arrived when apple butter and Husking frolics and shooting matches are in vogue. But their routine has been somewhat interrupted by a Shew coming into the neighbourhood. Two camels, a lion, a bear (and that a learned one too), several learned apes, and a tumbling boy comprise the Show. The boy's powers are extraordinary. He can bend himself back ward until his head comes between his feet and he picks up with his mouth money placed between his feet on the floor. He stands on his head and looking steadfastly one way walks with his feet round his head. He stands on his head on a table and pours out liquor from a decanter into a glass placed before him and drinks. He takes hold of the back of a chair with his hand and throws his feet into the air and bends himself back until his feet touch his head. This with numerous other feats which he performs makes me consider him the most expert tumbler I have ever seen and I have seen many.

These with a private concert at Mr. R. Trexler's a few evenings since by Messrs Jonas, Nathan, Danl. Trexler, two gentlemen amateurs from Philadia, Mrs. Trexler and the Miss Ewings, comprise all the late amusements of Long Swamp. Sisters Mary and Louisa left here last monday after a visit of 3 weeks during which time they went to Easton, Allentown, Trexliertown coots town [Kutztown] and Reading. From them you will doubtless hear of their adventures . . .

4.

Louisa C. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

November 4th 1822

Dear Maskell

. . . Mr. Trexler came to see us and said he wanted one of us to go home with him in the gig that he had got on purpose, and as sister and I both wanted to go, I asked Uncle to let me have

browney to ride. He said I might have him in welcome. Mr. T said that if we could drive he would ride so it was agreed to and we started next morning.

The day broke just as we got to the swedes church. When we got about a mile the other side of Norristown it began to rain. We stopped at the William Penn and borrowed a blanket, for the apron of the gig was so short it would not keep the rain off. We then went on and it rained as hard as it could pour until we got to skippack—there we stopped to dry ourselves and it cleared off. We got to Mr. Trexlers at four o'clock in the afternoon, just twelve hours going.

When we got almost to brothers Mr T—r rode on and told brother we were coming. When we turned round by Sandes, brother came running after us and said he was very glad to see us but he had four miles to go and then he would be with us.

The friday after we got there brother brought Mr Jonas Trexler, Nathan and Danny to play for us on the Clarionet, Violin, and flute. After they had played some time Jonas and Nathan took there fifes and played better than I ever heard the fife before. After they had done there was a man there from Phila. on business to Mr Trexler, he played on the violine and we danced until ten O'clock, when they bid us good night and went away.

The week but one after, Mr T—r took sister, Mrs T and myself to Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton, where we arrived at six. We put up at a tavern and Mr T went to see Miss John-

ston. He told them he had brought Mrs T but would not tell who else, so Mrs Wolf came with him and when he got her there he told who it was with him. She was very much surprised as you may suppose, not expecting to see us. The next day Mrs Wolf and Miss Johnston came and took us to a large hill called Jeffersons hill that over looked the whole town and country for many miles around. On the other side of the hill from where we went up there is a very great precipice, from the top of which an only child of a lady was reaching for flowers, he lost his balance and fell to the bottom into a creek—he was taken up but did not live many hours—this Miss Johnston told us of.

At twelve we started and got to Bethlehem at two, where we stopped to feed. We went up into a parlour. There was three ladies and three gentlemen. We thought it was a wedding party, and so it proved to be, for one of the gentlemen went out and brought another one in with him, which was the squire. He stepped into the middle of the floor and they rose up and were married (the first wedding I ever saw). There is a doctor Green living at Bethlehem that shewed us all that was worth seeing. He took us first to the water works where all the town is supplied with water by pipes; from there we went to the grave yard, the graves are all in rows with a piece of marble about half a yard square laid on every grave with the inscription on. There is a house separate from the rest where they take the dead as soon as they die and keep them for three days before they bury them. We then went to the church—it is a very large building and from



Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

the top is an elegant view of the hills around. From there we went to the sisters or single women's house, and saw the work of the sisters that they have for sale, and one or two other rooms. We then went to the school—it is a very large building with a fine yard for the girls to play in (we were introduced into the schools as ladies and gentlemen from New York)—we saw some playing on the piano, some working worsted work, and variety of other employments. We then got into the carriage and continued on home.

The next day we spent with brother at Mrs Yagers and the next day we all went to Reading, Mr T and sister Mary in one gig, brother and Mrs T in another, Nathan T and *Miss Louisa* in the gig that was Uncles, and I felt quite at home. We went to Cootstown and stopped to feed. Brother went to see Mr Overhouse. He came up and invited us to step over to the opposite house where they had a pianno and he played for us Yanky doodle and a reel that I have learned to play by ear.

From there we went to Reading. When we got most there Mr T was first. He called to brother who was behind that he intended to cut a dash and show ourselves and drive all through the town, so we went as hard as the horses could go, down one street, up another, and at last stopped at a tavern and got out. We went into a parlour, the only one there was, and there we asked a girl to show us up stairs to dress. She did and left us. And now what sort of a room was it? To begin, it had a door, but half of it was glass and just at the head of the stairs where the gentlemen boarders were passing up and down all the time; it had two windows that looked out into a yard where people were walking about constantly. The short of the matter was we could not dress unless we got under the bed, and that would not be quite the thing and rather close work for three of us, so sister placed herself at the window until she saw a girl and called to her to send some one. Up came the girl and sister told her we could not dress unless she put something up to the door. She got a curtain and bowed to the window. We then asked for water and a bason. She brought us one bason of water for all three, so we wet the towels and managed very well.

We had a very nice dinner and after it was over the tavern keeper asked us if we would like to see the church. We told him we would, so he got the key and we all went to see it. Mrs T

played on the organ. It is a very handsome church with two chandeliers in it. We then walked down to the bridge and up again. We stopped to see a Miss Busher who said she had been to see us but we were out. We were invited to spend the evening at a Mr Richards and Miss Busher went with us. We spent a very pleasant evening. There was Mrs Richards, her two daughters an[d] son, a Mr Romic, a Miss Nagle, Miss Busher, and our party. Miss Richards was asked to play on the piano—she did without being asked twice. Her sister sang second and her brother base. After playing some time the brother got his violin and accompanied her. We staid until ten O clock and then went back to the tavern. There was a piano at the tavern which brother asked me to play upon. I told him it was much too dirty and I believed had the consumption, it was so weak in its voice.

After some time the tavern keeper shewed us up to bed. He and Mrs T went first, sister and I after. Sister was for posting into the room where we had dressed, but he called out "dont go in, there is a gentleman sleeps there!" "Oh mercy," said sister, "I hope he has not broke my comb, for I left it on the bed," so he went in to get our things, and the gentleman called out "take care, you will set me on fire." "Oh, no danger," said he, "I'll take care," so he gathered up the things and brought them out and said "come on ladies, dont be afraid" (for you must know we had to go through a room where there was about a dozen beds and some gentlemen in bed), so we let him and Mrs Trexler get into the room first and we ran through as hard as we could go. We went close round the head of one gentleman's bed.

The next day we went to see a Mr Rose who was in the legislature with papa.<sup>2</sup> He is an old man of seventy and a great musical genius, and a clock and watch maker. He has an elegant house and a great many curiosities. He asked us first to take a pinch of snuff from his silver snuff box. We thanked him but declined. He then said if we would not have snuff we would perhaps have some music. He touched a spring and it played one or two waltz's. He then shewed us a time piece and made it play & a cain. He then asked us to walk upstairs in the parlour. There was in one room a clock that he had been fourteen years making, to sound like an organ. It had a little bellows and played the copenhagen waltz and morning star most delightfully. There was pictures all round the room. In the next was an organized piano,

french horn, and a whole band. In the fire place was the Pennsylvania coat of arms gilt and green box put all round it, and pictures round that room. We then went to another room. There was an elegant organ with a figure of a lady on one side, and gentleman on the other. In one corner of the room was the figure of a black girl holding a pitcher, in the other corner a boy with a waiter. He then shewed us his watch that is very handsome. He sent to Italy for it. On the back is raised work in colors; he pushed in the handle and a lady began to pump; there was a little man on horseback and the horse put down his head and drank, then lifted it up again. It is the most elegant thing I ever saw. He then took us to the top of the house and we had a view of the whole town. We then thanked him for his politeness, bid him good bye, and went away.

We started from Reading and went to Mr Jonas Trexlers to dinner, and from there home. . . .

5.

Jane H. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 26th January 1823

. . . on the day I wrote you last I was told the reason Wade did not come up—that Mrs Toney was buried, and on Saturday night after, there was a great fire in Bank Street a four Story Store that I suppose he was at. That, and as it burnt late, he was too tired to come next day. There has been a number of bad fires in the City—corner of third and Chesnut Street a book auction Store and book store joining burnt, and the large Quaker Meeting house in Arch Street was set on fire, but before much damage it was put out, and many others that no doubt there is people that does it.<sup>3</sup> At the fire in Chestnut Street a man was seen blowing a Segar to [till] he got it all lighted and then threw it into a stable loft of hay. He was seiz'd but the person that seiz'd him was attack'd by numbers, and the vilian got away, but there is a reward of three Hundred Dollars offer'd for all or any of them. . . .

There was a fox Hunt about two weeks ago. Harris at the Cross Keys bought one from a waggoner and when the hunt took place let it go twenty minutes. The Dogs lost the sent over the fields woods and fences, the followers next—Bill Thomas and some very low people, [?], Mr Rudolph's Dick, etc. Bill T. got thrown off and

left far behind, and as they could not get the fox, they got a red cat and a tyd a Wiskey rag to her nose for a drag and had a rare drunken time of it. At the Cross Keys, old Gill say'd his [wife] could beat any of them dancing, so home he went for her. [She] refus'd to go. He got a hickory and beat her then and ma[de] her dance, for he made a bet and would not loose his wiskey. This is Mrs Twelves news, as she was up at your Uncles about a week ago. . . .

6.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Philadelphia 6th February

The great Mr Sims opposite here has jailed and assigned all his property real personal &c for the benefit of his creditors. There are five ships and brigs advertised for sale.<sup>4</sup> They leave their big house as soon as Mrs Sims recovers from a spell of sickness and is able to move. What a sale. 'Tis said they go to the country. Alas, I pity them . . .

Saturday Afternoon 8th February

. . . I suppose you have heard of the unhappy man of the name of *Grosh* who murdered a woman and was sentenced to be hanged.<sup>5</sup> Yesterday the execution took place. The throng was immense. I however did not see it as they went

## TO THE PUBLIC.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, }  
Philadelphia, Feb. 7, 1823.

This day is the day appointed for the execution of WILLIAM GROSS; it is deemed proper to publish the following for public information. The prisoner will be brought out of the prison door on Walnut-street, as nearly as possible at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon. The procession will then move up Sixth-street to Arch, up Arch to Schuylkill Fourth-street, and up Schuylkill Fourth-street to the place of execution, which is the public lot on which Richard Smith was executed.

It is particularly enjoined upon all persons that they do not injure either public or private property by pressing against fences or otherwise doing injury. That the public will deeply commiserate the condition of the unfortunate criminal is not doubted; yet it is not deemed improper to press upon the public the necessity of observing silence and keeping good order as such is circumstances will permit. His anxiety and the condition of the unhappy convict plead strongly in favor of whatever indulgence may be shown him, and they will it is hoped and believed, deeply impress every spectator, so that the public peace will be unbroken, the feelings of the criminal unwounded, and his devotional exercises uninterrupted.

Jacob G. Tryon, Sheriff.

along 6th to Arch and out Arch St. to the same place Smith was hanged. I have just read his confession. They say he seemed quite penitent. . . .

7.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock March 23, 1823

Dear Maskell

I promised you when I returned from the city to write you an account of my visit to the Theatre, which I will now do. When I got to the city every body was waiting for Mr Mathews, the great comic performer, to come on, and he was expected every day, so I thought I would wait, as those that were performing were very poor Cousin Helen said, and that if I would wait, I should have a seat with her in two weeks. Mr M came and the two first nights it was so full that we could not get seats. Wade Smith asked me to go with him but I said I was engaged to go with cousin H., so on Friday I went to see if cousin had got a box. She said they had engaged Mr Strickland to get them one and would know at twelve O'clock and send me up word in the afternoon. I told her if they did not I knew of a gentleman who had a box and perhaps would spare me a seat. In the afternoon she sent me up word that they could not get seats, so in the evening I asked Wade if he had disposed of his seats. He said no, and would be happy of Harriets and my company if we would go. I told him how I had been disappointed and he said he was glad of it as *he* should now have the pleasure of our company. We went and the play was the "Heir at Law," the after piece "Monsieur Tonson." I was very much pleased, indeed more so a great deal than I expected. The Theatre is very handsome, and the scenery is beautiful. The ladies all dress as if they were at a party.

I will give you an account of my dress. I had on a white frock, pink handkerchief, and sash, my hair dressed with a great many curls, and white and silver flowers—a new fashion kind just come up this winter which are very handsome. There are very few hats worn this winter in the theatre. I think it a very good thing for they are so large they would hide the view if they were to wear them.

Wade Smith said to me look in the next box, "what do you think of that?" I looked and there was cousin Helen and all the Leipers. So much

## NEW THEATRE.

### Mr. Mathews' Third Night.

This Evening, February 28,

WILL BE PRESENTED,  
George Coleman's admired Comedy of the  
**HEIR AT LAW.**

Doctor Pangloss, . . . . . Mr. Mathews  
Lord Duberly, . . . . . Mr. Warren  
Dick Dowling, . . . . . Mr. Wood  
Zackiel Homespon, . . . . . Mr. Jefferson  
Caroline Dormer, . . . . . Mrs. H. Wallack  
Cicely Homespon, . . . . . Mrs. Burke

AFTER WHICH,  
Will be presented, (for the second time,) the Comic  
Farce of

### Monsieur Tonson.

Monsieur Morbleu, . . . . . Mr. Mathews  
Madame Bellegarde, . . . . . Mrs. Burke

for there politeness. They did not choose to take me when they found they could get off. The Theatre was crowded but not near so much noise as I expected. They clapped but never hissed. Sister Mary had intended going, but papa came in for her the day but one before, and I would not go out. I was wishing you was there all the time—I thought you would be so much pleased. . . .

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock March 23, 1823]

Ma wrote you word I think I was making myself a reticule. It is first made of paste-board with pink paper over it, then what is vulgarly called cat-gut (politely millinette) with split straws put through the holes which forms a very beautiful, indeed by far the prettiest kind of bag the ladies have carried for a long time. Have you seen any thing of the kind on the point. This is the shape—not a handle but strings over the top. If Miss Zantinger had not been in black I would have sent mine when finished as a present to her for her kindness to mama. They are very troublesome to make.



8.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Sep 20th 1823

. . . I have finished painting a set of fire screens which are said to be very handsome. I was at the paper mill the other day and Mr. Amies told me he was making me some drawing paper, hot

press, as he heard Miss Gaskell say I wanted some.<sup>7</sup> I wish there was an opportunity to send me on some of your drawing paper and as you have got so much of it. I was weighed and have lost since you were here twelve pounds. What do you think of that? Papa has just gone to the peoli [Paoli] parade. He wanted me to go with him but as sister Mary is in town I did not like to go by myself. Yesterday the Artillery went up from Philadelphia. When they got to Humphries gate they refused to pay. The captain said he was a free man and would take what he chose without paying so Humphries went to John Elliott and got a warrant and came to papa to sign it and then went on. We have not heard any more about him. Since Freddy Worrel was here this day week we asked him to get us some black cat skins. He said he thought he could get some, and as they were for you he would send his boys the next day where he thought there was some and we should have them the next week, but they have never come, but you shall have a hat if the country will afford black cat skins. . . .<sup>8</sup>

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila monday morning 22nd. Sept

. . . I went yesterday in the morning to Mr Bedells magnificent church.<sup>9</sup> If I had room I would describe it. You never saw any church to equal it. In the afternoon I went with Uncle P— to his church and heard an excellent sermon from a Mr Maderville of Savannah—in the evening to Mr Skinners new church, corner 10th and arch St.<sup>10</sup> If I had not seen Mr Bedells in the morning I should have thought nothing could be handsomer. It is an elegant church indeed—the pulpit is all mahogany, highly varnished, of a round shape with fluted pillars, the top edged with pure white marble, but you must see them both and judge for yourself. They can now I think boast as well as the New-yorkers. I have been in town a week to day— expect papa down for me tomorrow. I have received very handsome attention from several of my friends. This morning I am going up to Mr Kletts to leave a couple of pr of flannell drawers to be sent to brother H.—this cold weather he will need them. The thermometer was 56 yesterday, 44 to day. It is time now to look for winter frost I expect in the country for the first time . . .

A Frenchman who was in a state of derange-

ment lived by himself in a large house in 9th st—was very sick but miserly. He laid a train of gun powder round his bed and last friday night blew himself up.<sup>11</sup> His name was De Mowbray. Uncle H. says he was a man of great science before he became deranged. He had an idea that there was a conspiracy against him, that many had tried to poison him. He had papers posted on his window offering great rewards for the apprehension of the villains who thus molested him. He drank river water as all pump water was poisoned to kill him. He laid this train he said some weeks ago to blow up the villains should they come to his bed to kill him—this he told his neighbors, little thinking poor wretch he himself would go with them into eternity.

It is wonderful they should suffer such a person to remain by himself. They should have reported this, that is what they heard him say, to the city police and had him confined in the hospital, as it was evident he was stark crazy. One of the inquest told Uncle P— that he thought he did not mean to blow himself up, but a spark must have dropped as he was found in his bed. Be that as it may it is awful. . . .

#### NOTES

1. Joseph Heister of Reading served as Governor of Pennsylvania from 1820–23.
2. Daniel Rose, a Revolutionary War veteran and one of the leading clockmakers of Reading, was a representative in the Assembly from Berks County in 1799–1804, 1806–1808, 1811–12. Morton L. Montgomery, *Historical and Biographical Annals of Berks County* (Chicago, 1909), v. 1, p. 76. James W. Gibbs, *Pennsylvania Clocks and Watches* (University Park, Pa., 1984), 152.
3. The city of Philadelphia was beset by a series of fires of suspicious origins in January, 1823. On January 21, at 1:45 A.M., flames were discovered at 3rd and Chestnut, which destroyed Thomas Passmore's auction rooms and the S. Porter & Co. bookstore. While the fire was raging, "a most falgitious attempt was made to set fire to the Friends Meeting House in Arch-street" by throwing lighted combustible rags into the building. It was saved by a vigilant watchman. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Jan. 22, 1823).
4. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* for Feb. 6, 1823, includes advertisements for the sale of five vessels belonging to Joseph Sims. Sims is listed in the 1823 Philadelphia directory as residing at the southwest corner of 8th and Chesnut. His counting house and wharf were on S. Water Street. Desilver's *The Philadelphia Index, or Directory for 1823* (Phila., 1823).
5. William Gross, publicly executed in Philadelphia on February 7, 1823, had murdered his mistress, Kesiah Stow, in a jealous rage. She was keeper of a notorious bawdy house. *The Only True Confession. The Last Words and Dying Confession of Wm. Gross, Who Was Executed on the 7th February 1823, for the Murder of Kesiah Stow, in the City of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1823).

6. Louisa Ewing and her escort attended the performance of Friday, Feb. 28, 1823. See illustrated advertisement in the text from *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Feb. 28, 1823). The "new Theater" was the Chesnut Street Theater which had opened two months earlier, replacing a structure which had burned in 1820. Reese D. James, *Old Drury of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1932).
7. Thomas Amies purchased a paper mill, known as the Dove Mill because of its distinctive watermark, on Mill Creek, in Lower Merion Township. He and his sons also leased other mills on Darby Creek in the 1820s, and they were one of the largest producers of writing paper in the country in the first half of the nineteenth century. Thomas L. Gravell and George Miller, *A Catalogue of American Watermarks* (N.Y., 1979), 157-58.
8. As the black cat is not a natural inhabitant of America, one wonders which neighbor's pet was likely to be sacrificed, seemingly without a second thought, by Louisa Ewing in order to make her brother a hat!
9. The Rev. Gregory Bedell officiated at St. Andrew's Church at 8th and Spruce Streets. Desilver's *Directory for 1823*.
10. The Rev. Thomas H. Skinner was pastor of the 5th Presbyterian Church, 10th and Arch Streets. Desilver's *Directory for 1823*.
11. "On Saturday morning last, between 2 and 3 o'clock, there was an alarm of fire in this city. It was found to proceed from Ninth near South-street, where the front and side wall of a house were found blown out by an explosion of Gunpowder. The house was inhabited by a Frenchman, of the name of J. Rioult de Mowbray, whose advertisements in the newspapers have for some time evinced mental derangement. His body was found lying under the ruins near a bed. His head was much injured and his body severely scorched. He had no clothes on him. The Coroner has held an Inquest over the body; they returned a verdict that he "came to his death by being blown up with powder, in a state of mental derangement in his own house." He was interred on Saturday morning in the public burying ground." *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Phila., Sept. 22, 1823), 2.



## "by de villainy we live"

The French Revolution affected America in many ways, complicating our early diplomacy during the first two decades of our nation's existence, indirectly encouraging the development of political parties, and bringing thousands of refugees to America's shores from France and from Santo Domingo. During the early 1790s, sizable French communities existed in New York, Baltimore, Wilmington, and particularly Philadelphia. Talleyrand, Moreau de Saint Méry, Volney, Noailles, and even the Duc d'Orleans, the future King Louis Philippe, resided here, a lively French press developed, and for a time at least, French man-

ners and ideas gained wide favor among the urban elite. The terrible Yellow Fever epidemics of the decade initially broke up the community, but as political changes occurred in France, the aristocratic emigrés returned to their native land.

Very few of the refugees from France remained in this country and rose to any prominence, but one who did so was Eligius Fromentin (d.1822), United States Senator from Louisiana and a Federal judge in Florida who became entangled in a political dispute with Andrew Jackson and lost. Relatively little has come down to us about the man, the most readily available being a derogatory letter from Jackson to John C. Calhoun of July 29, 1821, where he indicates that Fromentin was a fortune hunter who married a woman of wealth, abandoned her to return to France only to have his ecclesiastical career ruined by word of his marriage, and returned to this country and reestablished himself on the basis of his wife's family influence. Fromentin had issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, freeing the former Spanish Governor of Florida who the then Governor Jackson had summarily imprisoned, and although both men were appointees of President Monroe, Jackson's, not Fromentin's actions were given official backing in Washington.

Two years ago, the Clements Library acquired papers of Rev. Horace Holley. Holley had encountered Mr. and Mrs. Fromentin at a party given by Harrison Gray Otis in Washington in March, 1818, and in a letter to his wife dated March 25, he noted that the Senator had questionable command of the spoken English language: "Mr. Fromentin amused me last evening by speaking of a 'counterfeit' child. He meant a *deformed* one. He speaks of a *false position*, when he means a *dangerous* one."

The recently acquired Isaac W.K. Handy Papers contain a letter of J.F. Polk of Washington, Clerk of the U.S. Court of Claims, dated Aug. 2, 1858, which provides an interesting and amusing sketch of Fromentin and his wife. Mrs. Fromentin was a relative by marriage of both Polk and Isaac Handy, being the daughter of Judge William Polk and "the widow Handy" of Maryland.

As Mr. Polk relates: "Elizabeth—She married Eligius Fromentin shortly after the beginning of the present century. They both died in New Orleans, within the same hour—about 35 years ago and left no children. They never had any.

"Her husband was a French refugee. He was educated for the priesthood, and was located in a monastery in Paris when the Revolution of 1793 broke out. When his companions were seized and dragged to the guillotine he escaped by means of a disguise previously furnished him by a friend in the mob and dexterously uniting with them as they entered the building and acting as one of them. It was several days before he found means of escaping to this Country. I heard him say that he stood ankle deep in blood by the instrument of death and witnessed the decapitation of all his relatives and friends.

"After his arrival in this country and suffering many and severe hardships and privations, he found his way to the hospitable abode of Judge Polk. There he opened a school for a small class of young gentlemen, consisting chiefly of the sons of my uncle and his near relatives, whom he instructed in the higher branches of Philosophy, Mathematics, History, Rhetoric, etc., etc., also the French language. My uncle's oldest daughter Elizabeth was one of his scholars. . . .

"Fromentin concluded to abandon the Priesthood. He studied law under my uncle, and after marrying his daughter (much against the will of her father) went to Baltimore to reside, in the hope of making a living by the practice of law. Soon after this, however, the purchase of Louisiana was effected and he removed to New Orleans. A field was there open to his exertions and he found a profitable practice. There he felt at home; but his wife, though content to remain, disliked the place.

"I met them once in Washington. It was in the winter of 1820-21. I recollect to have heard her remark that she despised New Orleans, and to his inquiry for her reason, she replied that it was on account of the villainy that existed there in such an extraordinary degree. I never can forget his singular shrug and expression as he said in his still broken English with extravagant emphasis: 'Why, Beetsy! Beetsy! (he always pronounced her name thus), I am surprise! I am astonish! You despise de villainy? Why, Beetsy! Beetsy! 'tis by de villainy we live! What should we do widout de villainy?'

"Fromentin was Secretary of the Convention that formed the Constitution for the State of Louisiana; was elected by their first Legislature United States Senator and served a term of six years; and after the purchase of Florida was made Chief Judge of that Territory by Presi-

dent Monroe. Genl. Jackson was Governor, and they had a violent dispute on the subject of issuing the writ of *Habeas Corpus* in behalf of the Spanish Governor whom Genl. Jackson held under arrest. The Genl. threatened to put the Judge under arrest if he issued the writ. There is a voluminous public document on the subject. I forgot how it ended. Doubtless the General carried his point.

"Fromentin made a journey to France with his wife after his Senatorial term, and again after the expiration of his Florida Judgeship, without her. Soon after his return both died of Yellow Fever. He was a man of extensive learning and ability, ardent temperament and polished manners."



### *Biography in Disguise*

Joel Munsell (1808-1880), of Albany, N.Y., was one of the greatest printers and publishers of the nineteenth century, notable in particular for his issuance of limited editions of historical source materials on the Colonial and Revolutionary War periods. The library recently picked up a small correspondence with Elias Nason (1811-1887), editor of the *New England Historical & Genealogical Register*.

Nason was negotiating to publish a biography of Sir Charles Henry Frankland, the British Collector for the port of Boston who married a Massachusetts tavern maid, his former mistress, after providentially surviving the Lisbon earthquake of 1755.

Munsell's reply is in part, obviously, a hint to a would-be patron that payments must precede labor, but it also provides interesting insight into the publisher's "tricks of the trade" as far as biography is concerned. The letter is dated Sept. 28, 1863.

"Respecting your proposition to print Sir Henry, I assure you that I should take pleasure in doing it for you. It is a luxury to me, sir, to print such books. But I indulge in so many luxuries of that sort, that while I am yet enjoying the satisfaction of contemplating them, certain bills and notes mature, and sadly mar my peace of mind. I hardly comprehend the scope of your book. Mr. Drake couples it with a town history. Biography does not seem to attract as

much attention as it deserves. I have found it advantageous to disguise such books under some other name. For instance I have a *Life of Wm. Gilliland*, which is to be called *The Early Settlement of the Champlain Valley*, by Wm. Gilliland—for who would take the trouble to open the work under the first title. Mr. Shepard wished me to undertake a biography he has ready for press, which I would gladly do if I could see the pay for the paper and type setting. I believe when we have slumbered in dust a few years, this neglected branch of letters will be appreciated."

Nason's biography was published by Munsell in 1865 under the title *Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Baronet: or Boston in the Colonial Times*.



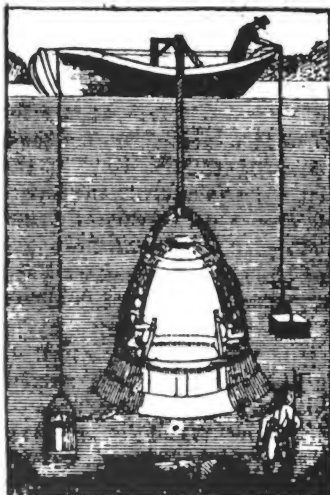
### Diving For Treasure

Underwater salvage work, so frequently in the news in the present era, has been practiced for hundreds of years. The diving bell, the earliest "practical" although highly dangerous equipment providing an underwater source of air, was being used by the sixteenth century.

In November, 1779, while the British occupied New York during the Revolution, HMS *Hussar* went down at Hell Gate, supposedly with vast amounts of British gold on board. At the present time, efforts are being made to locate and salvage the wreck, and we were therefore intrigued to come upon the accompanying woodcut showing an 1835 attempt to find the *Hussar*, published in a fairly obscure, short-lived periodical, *The Cabinet of Literature* (N.Y., 1835), p. 165.

Accompanying what the editors describe as this "very spirited representation of the whole apparatus," was the following description of its operation:

"It is well known that air is possessed of solidity as well as elasticity, and hence any open mouthed vessel, such as a bowl, tumbler, or bell, when inverted and held perpendicularly, may be immersed under water without receiving any of the water in the cavity of the bowl. This experiment is familiar to every school-boy. Hence, if a bell inverted, and made sufficiently weighty to preserve a perpendicular position, be sunk in the water, the elastic force of the air



keeps the water out of the vessel, and persons may live in the vessel and perform any labour at the bottom of the water. As a man will consume a gallon of air per minute, it is obvious that the machine must require apparatus for a fresh supply; this apparatus consists of a tube or pipe, as represented on the left in the engraving. Some curious specimens of bottles covered with oyster-shells, &c. may be seen in the American Museum, procured from the above vessel."



### The Shore

For those of our readers contemplating a summer excursion, might we recommend the Arlington House at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, or Ross' Bath House and The Broadway Bathing House nearby? This was summer at the beach in 1878, when T.F. Rose published his spectacular *Historical and Biographical Atlas of the New Jersey Coast* (Phila., 1878), one of the finest and relatively unappreciated viewbooks of the nineteenth century.





*Across the Plains*

Film and television have created a popular image of the overland travel experience of the gold-seeking 49ers as accomplished by small groups of men and women in wagon trains, isolated in vast stretches of wilderness inhabited only by hostile Indians who greatly outnumbered them. It is a surprise, then, to realize what large numbers of men were in motion simultaneously at the height of the gold fever in 1849 and the early 1850s, with groups of all sizes virtually tripping over each other all the way from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains.

There were a variety of routes across the country from which the 49ers could choose: from Independence or St. Joseph, Mo., along either the Santa Fe or the Oregon-California trails, or from Council Bluffs, Iowa, along the north side of the Platte River, known as the Mormon Trail.

A.J. Stryker of Auburn, N.Y., writer of the following letter, provides an amusing account of his fellow gold seekers and graphic picture of the magnitude of the migration. His statistics are somewhat inflated, and his fears of the traffic jam expected at South Pass exaggerated, but it provides us with a sense of the flavor and excitement of the gold Rush at its peak. The Clements possesses no other accompanying letters, so we have no idea whether the author succeeded in getting to California, or making a fortune when he arrived.

Eddyville April 18/49

Dear Sisters & Friends

I have the opportunity to write a few lines to you. you perceive I am on the road by this time to the Gold Regeon. I am now about 150 too 200 miles of the Counsel Bluff in Company with two other friends Mr Whitcomb & Shirewood they are very good fellows all of them (that is) I can get long with them by hard Scratches. I am quite healthy more so than I have been in 2 years I think & thats not all I Still continue to grow fleshy Mr Whitcomb used to Preach 2 years ago he is not much of a preacher so he went on the farm he was not much of a farmer So he goes to California he is not much of a Californian So I dont know what he will do one of these days but I think hell get broke into it by the time We get to the rocky mountains, we have had Some hard times already & Some good times to. But I Say we have had middleing

good times So far & expect to have some better & Some worse. we Shall have Some better because the road has been almost impossible in many places & cold the weather has been. now the roads are better & wether warmer, & we Shall have worse times in going over the desert & Sandy plains & it will be hard for our cattle & our Selfs there will be So great a rush that many cattle will be Stopped or will Stop at many places where the rout will be narrow they cant all croud over at once & many cattle will dye no doubt—being Starve & choke to death. the road on the South pass the road we take is ten miles wide So you See there will be Some 400 wagons Side by Side & Probably reaching from C.B. to N.Y. & crouded at that there will be not less than 30,000 to Start from St Joseph. 10 000 will Start from Independence & at the least calculation 10,000 from the B[luff] making 50,000 With 12,500 teams on an average—each wagon have eather 3 or 6 mens each team will have on an average eather mules & Oxen, 5 to a team making 62,500 cattle, we Shall go with the Mormans in there team they are a very peacible community they Say there, we have or will have by tomorrow noon 4 yoaik of good cattle & one cow we mean to get another so as to make a Yoaik Green C is or keeps in our Company that is he Stays with us he has Mr Hall & Chopen in his mess Six of us we Shall Stay together untill we get to the gold reageon we have a large tent between us he does the cooking in his & I do the cooking in our mess. we have done all our cooking ever Since we left Galena Wis. we buy our crackees & bread meat & Potatoes Eggs &c. very cheep we have given as high price as 3 cts for eggs per Dozen in South port we used to give 2/- per Doz I beleave. I am now in Eddyville its a Small place of about 200 Inhabitents we laid up here yesterday on account of our getting feed handy & recruiting our cattle as the feed will be Soon gone after we get west the Des Moines river there is no more hay oats, nor corn then in fact we hant fed but little hay Since we left Galena principle on oats & even at 2 bits a Bush there is great many companies now wai[ti]ng here for the grass which will be Some 10 days yet, but We shant wait for the grass no longer then till to morrow morning we are determind to get on a head of all wisconsin boys we have not Seen any from S.P. yet but we Shall meet them Soon I think. I have not received any thing from you as an answer to my last letter, but I expect to receive 1/2 Doz or less when I get

to the Bluff or St Joseph from you & James I dont like the cooking much but I think it will be the easeest part after while I get long So far very well although the boys grumbles little once and a while when the ham & eggs is cooked to much to Sute them for You know I like my eggs well done. we have just got our flour 300 lbs each man 900 lbs in all to our waggon we have now to get our Bacon & little more Sugar tea &c then our load is made for a tour of 7 months. lay in 200 lb Bacon to each man Now I am 400 miles from S\_\_Port & 1500 miles from you I am thinking we Shall be Still farther Soon. Lydia I want to hear from you once and a while if I can possibly. I Shall write to you occasionally whenever I have a good oppertunity So to do nothing makes me So home sick as when the weather is unpleasent & Stormy & cold but I am not very home Sick just yet no telling but what I may be though I cannot write any more at present give my best respects to all enquireing friends. tell Mother She must not feel hard in my taking this journey for I beleave if I live I Shall come home the very first thing. I do. Yours from your Brother A. J. Stryker  
I cant tell you all this time but may write soon again

Miss L. C. Stryker  
Auburn  
Cayuga Co  
N.Y.

Eddyville Ioa.  
Apl. 23



### Christopher Blundell's Diary

As one is assaulted, weekly, by news accounts of acts of political violence and terrorism around the contemporary world, the American citizen cannot help but be thankful, and perhaps wonder why we remain essentially a society respectful of the rule of law and the orderly democratic process. In spite of an historical heritage marked by frequent acts of violence, and a present-day educational system which woefully neglects American history and civics, the average American and the majority would appear to respect the orderly elective process, the judicial system, and the ideal of fairness and equality for all persons.

The United States was fortunate to have established its constitutional existence at a particularly fortuitous era—the high point of eighteenth-century rationalism—and from a background of more than a century of practical familiarity with the British political and judicial system. The colonies of the Revolutionary era, and the nation for decades thereafter, enjoyed a high degree of general cultural and ethnic homogeneity—a shared respect for common western European values—which gave our political and legal systems time to develop their own aura of tradition and permanence. The relative affluence of the country, the richness of the land and its ability to absorb and support a vastly growing population, and the infrequency of warfare throughout most of our history, have certainly done much to promote a positive and generous attitude on the part of the average citizen toward government and toward other members of society. The outrages of the French Revolution, Nazi Germany, Cambodia, or the Middle East today seem utterly foreign to our dominant national attitudes.

Three entirely unrelated items of fairly recent acquisition by the Library suggest that we might pause before adopting any attitude of smugness as to the depth or permanence of our respect for the rights of all our citizens. The first of these appeared as a short piece, buried in the fourth column, page three, of *The Colored American* (New York, August 12, 1837), a unique, complete volume of which the Library obtained a couple of years ago. This was the first "Colored" (the term which the editor popularized, insisting it was not degrading, as were the terms "Black" and "Negro.") antislavery newspaper. The published letter is as follows:



### My Friends will please notice.

Ten o'clock, Thursday morning, N. Y., August 10.

I have just returned from Pattinson's Eating House, where I have been refused a cup of tea; on the account of my color—it is the first time in my life, that I have been so treated in this city.

I am accustomed to visit most of the public places, and never before met with a landlord nor a guest, that ever hesitated in giving me as good

fare, and the same privileges, as they did to any other gentleman.

Twice last year, I visited Niagara Falls, and all the intermediate places of fashion and resort, and never saw, on any occasion the least disposition to keep me back, on the account of my complexion.

It remained for a foreigner, in a cellar cook-room, to insult a native citizen, of 17 years, residence in this city; and to deny a minister of Christ, of gray hairs, and twenty-five years' standing in the Presbyterian church, a cup of Tea.

Reason assigned, and persisted in—"because his customers would not put up with it."

Should not such men know better, than to measure community, by their own little shriveled up souls. But I will no more. *[Contempt will not reach such a man, and pity would be wasted upon him.]*

SAMUEL E. CORNISH.  
EDITOR OF THE COLORED AMERICAN.

Samuel Cornish was not an average man by any means. He was a person of broad learning and exceptional strength of character. He would have commanded respect in any company, whatever its racial makeup, so that it is very probable that doors had been open to him which might not have been for others of his color. But it still remains most remarkable that in his seventeen years of residence in New York previous to this 1837 incident, Cornish had never experienced overt racial prejudice!

The second document comes from the recently acquired papers of the Rev. Isaac W.K. Handy. Handy was a Presbyterian clergyman in Portsmouth, Virginia, during the early part of the Civil War, and his diaries are a superb narrative of events during Federal occupation of the city. His entry for September 17, 1862 was as follows:

"Wednesday Sept. 17th One of the grossest acts of wickedness was committed last night by Capt. Seely, & a party of some fifty, or sixty men, that has yet occurred in our midst. About 12 o'clock, this ruthless posse entered the house of 'Jew Myers,' with false keys, routed his sleeping family, & commenced a pretended search for arms. They rifled every thing they could lay their hands upon. Drawers & trunks were opened with their skeleton keys, & these, with closets, handboxes, pitchers, & every other probable & improbable place were examined in their eager search. In their determination to

assure themselves of success, they drew the cases from the pillows, which with clothes, sheets, bonnets, &c. &c. they threw indiscriminately on the floor, & walked over them at random. Worse than all, the little children, & larger girls were ordered from their beds, & the negro girl was examined, as she lay protesting that all was right about her person.

"The shop was searched from top to bottom, & from one end to the other, whilst Myers & his wife were disallowed to enter, not even to look after some money, that had been left in a book. One hundred & fifty dollars of this was afterwards discovered to have been stolen but, of course, there could be no redress.

"Poor Myers was ordered to put on his hat, & because he hesitated was spoken to in the harshest, & most peremptory manner. Failing to find any thing more than a few articles which had been left by a U.S. soldier, for safe keeping, they dragged the little Jew to jail, & then shut him up, until this morning. His wife was refused a light - tho' afterwards it was permitted & the poor woman sat up all night, under the greatest excitement & alarm. This morning when I passed down the street I found a guard moving to & fro, in front of the store, & the windows, & doors closed.

"All this disturbance of an innocent & worthy family was occasioned by the flash of a pistol somewhere near Myers' house, & which it has since been ascertained was fired by parties wholly unknown to Myers, & whilst he & his whole family were sound asleep.

"I am told that Seeley made an apology this morning, but as is his custom, the case was prejudged & the punishment inflicted in advance."

The third item is a piece of recently acquired sheet music, *Our Country's In It Now, We've Got To Win It Now*, dating from 1918. The author of the words, Arthur Guy Empey, described as "Author of the Famous Book & Star of the Vitagraph Feature Photoplay 'Over the Top,'" covered the back page of the music with an essay entitled "Our Real Enemy." A few excerpts will suffice to indicate its character:

"The German that we have to watch and exterminate is the only one who wears the American flag in the lapel of his coat, (I call them Lapel Americans); the one who wears the Red Cross and Liberty Loan buttons below this

flag and who, under a camouflage of patriotism, stabs our fighting men in the backs; holds up war action; spreads his snakelike propaganda; creates an anti-Ally sentiment; preaches on inconclusive peace; spreads rumors of disaster to our troops at the front, and tries to cause general dissatisfaction against the method our government uses in conducting the war.

"Americans, it is not the German we all suspected that is arrested as a spy. It is the one who has lived next door to you for twenty years, who has broken bread at your table, and who right now, this very minute, extends to you the glad hand, and boasts of what the United States will do to Germany. It is the one who has an oily smile on his face, and who is always advertising his patriotism. This is the type who, as soon as your back is turned, whispers '*Deutschland uber Alles!*' Beware of the German who sympathizes with you and sheds crocodile tears when he reads the name of your son in a casualty list. When he leaves you and is alone, he takes that same casualty list and gloats over it, and prays to *Gott* that it will continue to lengthen. . . .

"If there are any persons in the United States of America, who have German blood in their veins, or who have not German blood in their veins, and who take the slightest offense at what I have written, I am tickled to death, because I want to reach them. They are not one hundred per cent Americans. They must be pro-German, and mark my words, before this war is over, they are going to be put where they belong—in an internment camp, behind barbed wire, with an American soldier standing guard over them with a fixed bayonet, watching their every move. But if I had my way, I would line them up against a wall in front of a firing squad, and shoot them as traitors and enemies of the United States of America."

Prejudice against Blacks and Jews and wartime hostility to Germans in 1917-1918 are well known facets of our history, at least for readers above the age of forty, but all of the items reprinted here are to some degree surprising. With the Samuel Cornish piece, the unexpected feature is the lack of overt prejudice which the author had experienced until 1837. Obviously, the seemingly permanent system of racial discrimination in accommodation at hotels and restaurants which would be broken by the Civil Rights legislation of the twentieth century was not quite as fixed and timeless in

all parts of the country as it appeared. Prejudice for at least some members of Anglo-Saxon America had been a learned rather than inherent system of attitudes.

The immigration of large numbers of Eastern European Jews at the beginning of this century aroused prejudices in terms of accommodation and employment which were pervasive until fairly recently, but there is a general sense that before that time, American Jews experienced little discrimination. The Handy Papers piece tells another story. German Americans were clearly put on the defensive during the first World War, but Mr. Empey's "solutions" to the problem, with loose talk of concentration camps and summary executions, are disturbingly reminiscent of Nazi logic in the following decades.

Something in our national makeup allows us to simply forget the seamier sides of our history. In many ways this is probably to our advantage. Relatively few of us harbor deep-seated grudges and hatreds for wrongs done our ancestors or even ourselves in years past. The seemingly hopeless polarization of the Middle East or Ireland is thankfully foreign to our society in any long term way.

*The American Magazine* does not consider that its purpose is to moralize or preach. But it is our mission to delve into every corner of our past, some of which are less than pretty or honorable. We should not forget the sort of thing recorded in these historical documents, not to revive old hatreds and resentments, but in order that we appreciate that we are not immune to the worst tendencies of organized societies. Massive immigrations and wars have tended in the past to bring out the worst in us, and severe economic depression could do the same. An awareness of the historical seeds of discord can only help to make us vigilant in maintaining a very precious heritage.



### Getting To The Point

"Probably many of our readers are familiar with the story of the shipmaster from New Bedford, who, after performing many whaling voyages, commanded a small brig to Denmark. An altercation ensued between him and an English military officer in a public coffee house, which ended in an invitation to the Yan-

kee, on the part of the British officer, to meet him on the beach the next morning. His antagonist, with his friends and a host of spectators, were astonished to behold the New Bedford captain approaching the spot, attended by his mate bearing two harpoons. He put one in the hands of the astounded officer—then measured his ground and took his station, exclaiming, “as I am the challenged party, I am entitled to the choice of the weapons—I have accordingly selected harpoons—distance, eight paces. Here, continued he, addressing his mate, ‘take the end of the line, and stand by to haul that fellow in.’”

“He then raised the ugly looking weapon, poised it above his head, and was in the point of throwing, when the English officer, not particularly liking to have a harpoon thus unceremoniously drove through his body by the stalwart looking Yankee, started back aghast, declaring that he would not fight with such *ungentlemanly* weapons. The Yankee as obstinately persisted in fighting with no others—and the duel did not take place.”

*Cabinet of Literature* (New York, 1835), p. 74.



### *Confederate Californiana*

Harry Macarthy is not a name which produces instant recognition. Had the Confederacy won the Civil War, it probably would be. Born in England, a small-time musician and performer in the 1850s, he emerged during the Civil War as the most popular song composer in the South. While playing in Mississippi and New Orleans in early 1861, he composed “The Bonnie Blue Flag.” It became an unofficial national anthem for the South and went through eight editions between 1861 and 1865. Calling himself “the Arkansas comedian,” he performed in Richmond, Wilmington, N.C., and Petersburg and followed up his first success by “Missouri” (six Confederate editions), “The Volunteer; or, It is My Country’s all” (five editions), and “Our Flag and Its Origin,” later called “Origin of the Stars and Bars” (two editions).

Macarthy’s Southern reputation took a rapid decline when, sensing the inevitable Southern defeat, he slipped through the lines and resurfaced in Philadelphia in late 1864, supposedly a quickly reconstructed Union man. Little more

## OUR FLAG

AND ITS ORIGIN  
Words and Music

BY  
HARRY MACARTHY



is known about him, other than the fact that he died in Oakland, California, in 1888. A bound volume of sheet music recently acquired by the Clements Library adds a bit to the mystery if not the facts of Macarthy’s career.

The common practice of the nineteenth century, when playing the piano was almost an obligatory accomplishment of the young lady of refinement, was to periodically send miscellaneous sheet music to local book binders, thereby preserving it in book form. When these volumes have survived intact, the context in which a piece is found can often tell us something about the date of an unscrubbed piece, or at least provide some indication of retailing practices and regional musical tastes.

This particular volume contains 35 pieces dating between 1853 and 1865. Although nine cities are represented by imprint, seven of the pieces were published in San Francisco, and all the retail stamps are from San Francisco, Stockton, or Sacramento. The volume was clearly put together in California, probably in 1865.

What makes the volume particularly interesting is the presence of three of Macarthy’s songs—“Our Flag and Its Origin,” “The Volunteer,” and “Missouri.” The lithography is decidedly and perhaps intentionally amateurish, and there is not the slightest hint as to who published them, or where.

The context of the volume as a whole makes it possible to speculate on two equally plausible theories as to the origins of these furtive imprints. Confederate music, due to shortages, was almost entirely published on thin, flexible paper of a smaller size than the large sheets of the North. These are on the larger paper, and on the basis of their provenance, they were almost certainly published in California.

At the beginning of the war, the state had harbored many vocal Southern advocates, but it had become increasingly Union in sentiment as the conflict continued. These three pieces may simply be the publications of a Southern sympathizing printer, during the war, who went to great lengths to disguise their origins. The other possibility is that Macarthy was already in the San Francisco area by 1865 and issued them himself.

### The World of Maps

by David Bosse

On July 5, 1790, a notice appeared in *The Boston Gazette* announcing the recent publication of what was the first American atlas of coastal charts. Described as "A Complete Chart of the Coast of America, from Cape Breton into the Gulf of Mexico—upon a large scale—neatly bound," the atlas was published by Matthew Clark, a seventy-six year old Boston merchant and auctioneer. Although no title page was issued, a preliminary dedication leaf, addressed to Massachusetts governor John Hancock, was printed for the atlas. Clark was assisted in the project by Osgood Carleton, surveyor and teacher of mathematics, John Norman and Joseph H. Seymour, engravers, and possibly Bartholmew Burges, astronomer and mathematician. The history of the atlas is still uncertain, and the purchase of a previously unknown copy by the Clements Library Associates suggests that a review of the subject is in order.

The genesis of the Clark sea charts would seem to be found in an earlier collaboration of Carleton and Norman. An advertisement in *The Boston Gazette* of January 1, 1790, offered their new chart of the West Indies and indicated that "charts of all the coasts of America, upon a large scale," were being engraved. These may be the three plates in the Clark atlas dated October,



1789, two of which are identified as being engraved by John Norman. Quite possibly the charting venture was later appropriated by Clark who apparently provided necessary capital. At some point Seymour became involved; four of the charts credit him as engraver and a fifth appears to be his work.

The original prospectus, which appeared during early February, 1790, in *The Massachusetts Centinel*, called for fifteen charts to be delivered weekly to subscribers at a cost of two shillings apiece. These were "intended to comprize one general chart, but for convenience, it will be divided into five parts, each part to be lined with blue and delivered at nine shillings: It is also calculated so as to be bound into a book, and will be delivered at thirty-six shillings." The accuracy of the charts was to be certified by Osgood Carleton, representing the Boston Marine Society. The prospectus went on to claim that no chart would be published without this certificate, signed in manuscript by Carleton. In fact, however, eighteen charts were published, there is no evidence that they were distributed as lined groups of three, and not every chart includes an engraved sanction.

As far as can be determined, all copies of the atlas, of which there are only twelve known, lack the printed certification on three plates—numbers 8, 13, and 18. Those charts that bear it read: "Being recommended by the Boston Marine Society for the purpose of examining Mr. Clark's Charts I have carefully examined and compared this with Des Barres & Hollands and other good Authorities and find it an Accurate Chart of the coast &c. it contains." It should be noted that Holland's name is not always included and there are variations in

spelling and punctuation from one statement to another. Plate 8, which was cut by John Norman and dated October, 1789, states: "I have examined this Chart and find the Head Lands & Angles confined to their true Latitudes & Longitudes & the Data Mathematically true & I approve of it as a true and accurate Chart." Here Carleton's signature has been engraved. The accuracy of this chart was attested to by Thomas Barnard as well.

Similarly, the adjoining chart (number 7), also the dated work of Norman, is certified by three local pilots. The Clements copy has been signed in manuscript by Carleton, but the style of the engraved certification differs from that of the rest of the plate, indicating that it was added later. Evidence of reengraved title cartouches on the Norman plates further suggests that these charts gave rise to the Clark atlas.

While a single edition of the charts was issued, two distinct printings of the dedication page exist. In both cases the content of the text on the recto is identical, but there are significant typographical differences in font and spacing. Variations on the verso also distinguish one copy from another. The advertisement of the earlier printing states, in part, "These charts I believe to be the most accurate of any before



published." In some atlases this has been altered in manuscript to read: "These charts I believe to be more accurate than any before published," a modest retraction which can be considered a second state of this printing.

Both states explain the certificate engraved on the charts: "Although the charts are sold singly to some, and for that reason, a Certificate of the examination is engraven on each plate; yet as the whole are bound together in this Book, and have all passed the same inspection, it is presumed, that signing this will be satisfactory, without putting my name to each particular Chart;—Teacher of the Mathematics in Boston. N.B. Those sold in separate Sheets, will be signed as above." On some copies Carleton has signed his name in the space provided.

The second printing differs from the first in several respects. First, the above claim, here set in type, indicates that the charts are "more accurate than any before published." Secondly, two paragraphs of text providing sailing directions for the coast of North Carolina are included, and the sailing directions for the entrance of Cape Henry are no longer set in italics. Thirdly, the border is a double ruled line, whereas that of the first printing is a scalloped floral pattern. Finally, there is no explanation of the certificates, and Carleton's signature at the end of the advertisement is engraved.

Because the charts were offered either singly

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

**John Hancock, Esq.**

*Governor and Commander in Chief of the Commonwealth of  
MASSACHUSETTS.*

SIR,

THE great and unremitting zeal your Excellency hath manifested for many years past to promote the Arts and Sciences, as well as the Rights and Liberties of your Country, emboldens the Publisher of these Charts to take the Liberty of Soliciting the Honor of your Excellency's Patronage.

That your Excellency may for many years yet to come, continue the Ornament of your Country, and the Delight of all the Friends to a Republican Government, is the sincere wish of

SIR,

your most obedient

Humble Servant,

ROBERT CLARK.

or as a volume, the number of Carleton manuscript signatures varies from atlas to atlas. P. Lee Phillips of the Library of Congress concluded that since all but one of their charts were signed, their copy of the atlas was assembled and bound from stock. This would seem to be the case with the majority of existing copies. That of the Clements Library has fifteen signatures, one on each plate with the engraved certificate. None of the charts in the atlases at Harvard University, the Boston Athenaeum, or the New York Public Library are signed. The dedication page of the Harvard copy being the first state of the first printing indicates that theirs is probably an original issue of the atlas. Since individual charts from the atlas are extremely rare, the only recorded institutional copy being at the Essex Institute in Salem, Massachusetts, it is difficult to judge if many single charts were sold or were mostly made into atlases on order.

No definite printing chronology has been established for the Clark atlas, but it is highly likely that the second printing of the dedication page occurred before 1792. In that year John Norman's *American Pilot* appeared. A printed certificate on the title page, endorsed by Osgood Carleton and dated September 10, 1791, claims that the charts "are as accurate as any of the kind hitherto published." The publication of this atlas with Carleton's endorsement may very well indicate that the Clark charts had been superseded. Reasons for this could include commercial rivalry, limited publication of the Clark charts, or the need for more accurate, local surveys.

Relying heavily on British charting, the Clark atlas is remarkable for its early publication rather than its cartography or artistry. Several plates are indifferently engraved, and a number of place names are oddly positioned. Considering the apparent haste with which they were produced, the charts are not unduly flawed, but they do not demonstrate the skill evidenced by their established British counterparts. The atlas is, however, the progenitor of the highly successful work carried on by John and William Norman, Samuel Lambert, the Blunts, Richard Patten, George Eldridge and others, and on the basis of priority and scarcity, deserves to be considered one of the most desirable rarities of American cartographic history.



## Getting There

The inconveniences of modern travel may be tiresome and irritating, but take a look at what it took to get from Richmond, Virginia, to White Sulphur Springs in the summer of 1846—three days of travel, including getting up at 2 A.M. to catch stages on the second and third "mornings." The railroad, which printed the card, obviously considered it to be rapid and convenient travel!

### ROUTE TO THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS,

VIA

Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac and  
Louisiana Rail Roads.

Richmond to Gordonsville, Rail Road, - - -	74 miles.
Gordonsville to Charlottesville, - Stage, - - -	22 "
Charlottesville to Staunton, - do, - - -	37 "
Staunton to Clover Dale, - do, - - -	30 "
Clover Dale to Warm Springs, - do, - - -	21 "
Warm Springs to Hot Springs, - do, - - -	5 "
Hot Springs to White Sulphur Springs, do, - - -	37 "

Passengers by this agreeable route leave Richmond at 8 A. M. lodge at Charlottesville the first night, leave the next morning at 3 A. M., lodge at Clover Dale the second night, reach the Warm Springs the next morning to breakfast, and arrive at the White Sulphur to tea on the same day, whence Stages diverge to all the other Springs.

Office Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac }  
Rail Road Company, July 30th, 1846. }



## Saint Patrick's Purgatory

Lieutenant Richard Browne of the 51st Regiment of Foot served throughout the Seven Years' War in Germany. At the end of that conflict the regiment was ordered to Ireland, being stationed at various posts between 1764 and 1770. Lt. Browne's company was quartered at Enniskillen from mid-1765 through 1766. A brother, meanwhile, was serving in the 28th Regiment in America.

Twenty-one letters of Browne in a collection recently purchased, dating between 1757 and 1765, are largely chatty and descriptive accounts of his service and the places he was stationed during the war, but the last three letters are of post-war date, from Enniskillen.

His letter of August 24, 1765, includes an amusing description of Saint Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg, on Station Island, in County Donegal.

From the latter half of the twelfth century, the twin islands of Lough Derg, Saints' and Station Islands respectively, have been visited by Roman Catholic pilgrims and revered as the

place where St. Patrick was permitted a view of the underworld and Purgatory.

Throughout medieval times a cave on Saints' Island was considered to be the entrance to Purgatory, where mortals could purge themselves and gain absolution of their worldly sins. After renouncing pursuits of the flesh and undergoing self-mortification, penitents were permitted to observe a foretaste of what awaited their souls in the hereafter.

In the medieval era, wealthy emissaries and mystics, princes and commoners ventured to the spot, where after nine days of ritual fasting and prayer at various stations known as Saints Beds, and a warning by the Prior against the dangers of proceeding, supplicants were locked in a cave overnight. Many returned with visions ranging from heinous depictions of Hell to beatific descriptions of what awaited the contrite and repentant. Some were rumored not to have returned.

In the modern age we tend to draw a rather strict line between the spiritual and secular worlds, but the distinction was less clear in earlier days. A visit to Saint Patrick's Purgatory, while of serious religious purpose, must also have been an adventure, not unlike the camp meetings or church camps which developed in this country in the following century—a break from the dreary routines of everyday labor.

In 1632, on orders from the Protestant Lords Justice and Privy Council, the cave and the few buildings and places of veneration of Saints' Island were destroyed. Although forbidden by law, pilgrimages continued to take place, albeit illegally, with the location being moved to the smaller Station Island, nearby, early in the eighteenth century.

Although Lt. Browne was not a particularly sympathetic or comprehending observer of the ritual which he observed, his description is of historical interest, as one of the earliest records of the place and the practices of the Pilgrims after the relocation to Station Island.

Inniskillen 24th Augt. — 65

My dear Father

I should not be so long without writing but that I have been on several little Excursions about this country, the first was to a place call'd Patrick's Purgatory where above ten thousand people every year (Roman Catholics) make a pilgrimage not only from the remotest part of this Kingdom, but even from France, Spain,

and Portugal. This famous place is about 18 miles from this town, in the country of Donnegal. it is a small Island in the Middle of a large Lake call'd Lough Derg, or the red lake from a Story of St. Patrick's having kill'd there a Devil of so monstrous a size that the blood that issued from the wounds turn'd the whole water blood red, however the water at present is quite Clear and we kill'd 2 dozen of fine trouts in it. The passage to this place is very disagreeable ther's no road nearer than three miles of it, the rest of the way thro' a most dreary mountain full of rocks precipices & bogg, and tho we had our horses with us were Obliged to lead them all the way, at length after 3 hours of this kind of travelling we discovered a little flat Island in the Lake about 2 miles from any shore coverd with a few houses which looks exactly at a distance as if they grew out of the Water, there not being a tree or any other plant or vegetable on this holy spot to acquaint one of its being terra firma, nothing but houses appearing above the Water, we arrived at the Ferry where we found two good boats which ply constantly between the Island & Shore with the religious. On our approach to the Island we found it coverd with a Multitude of both sexes mostly indeed of the poorer sort. I confess I never saw any thing so truly Absurd as their pennance, in one place there are built seven small places of a circular form like Pounds in which place the penitents are Obliged to run so many times round bare foot on sharp pointed rocks repeating so many Ave Marias &c, in commemoration of the Seven deadly Sins, and tis Merry to see them trotting round like Mill horses, and quickning their paces as they come to a conclusion of this part of their pennance. in other parts they are Obliged to wade to the middle in the Water and stand there for a stated time repeating a certain number of prayers, when this is Over the next pennance is to retire to a vault made purposely, where they must remain 24 hours without eating, drinking, speaking or Sleeping, for they are sure if they do either the Devil has a power of carrying them Away, and to prevent sleeping, every one that goes in there supply themselves with pins which they thrust into any one they find dozing without Mercy. The Last ceremony is Washing in the Lake where they wash away all their Sins, and have no Other covering than decency requires, upon which Occasion the women are so charitable as to lend a petticoat to those men who have not provided a modesty

piece, then After a Stipend payd to the Priest they get A General Absolution and go home purged of all their sins. The place is govern'd by a Prior, and seven Assistant Priests, Who generally repair there the beginning of June, and continue till the last day of Augt. at which time the Boats are laid up, not a creature remaining on the Island after that time. There are two large Chappels and a tolerable cabbinn for the Priests, the other houses are open like Barns with Straw on the ground for the penitents, every one of whom must enter the Island bare-footed and bare headed and continue so all the time they remain, Which is according to the heniousness of their Sins, Some stay but three days, some six and others Nine. They bring their own provisions with them, which is no more than as much oatmeal as will serve their time, which they then bake into cakes, and drink the Water of the Lake. After seeing all that was curious in the Island and drinking a Glass of Whiskey with the Prior we took the boats, and fish'd for 2 hours on the lake and then set out for Pettigoe the nearest village on the High Road Where we got a good Dinner, and I returned with the Gentleman I came with, it was very agreeable, for at that Village by Appointment I met Col: Daulhat, and some other Gentlemen from Bally shannon Who also had a desire of going the pilgrimage to this place, and every one was pleased with the Expedition.

### *Military Piety*

One of our distinguished visiting scholars of the past year, Dr. Inge Auerbach, of the University of Marburg, and the Hessian State Archives, came across the following bit of Revolutionary wartime humor in our Clinton Papers (Sir Charles Hastings, incomplete ALS, Spring, 1777) which we share with our readers. Major Morrison presumably was responsible for issuing rations to his regiment at Newport!

"Major morrison is going to be married to Miss Polly Wanton, everything is settled, the poor man is so much in love, that he forgets intirely what he is about, which made the Soldiers address him a Prayer, Viz—Our Comr. who art in Newport, honored be thy name, may thy work be done in Newport as it is in York,

give us each day our daily bread, and forgive us our not eating it, if we dont like it, but deliver us from Musteness, & bad Bakers, for thine is the power, to get wood & good flour, for some time to come, Amen."

### *To Set Before the King*

Undoubtedly, the staff at Buckingham Palace of today has been reduced to the point where but a single cook prepares an everyday meal. Such was not the case in days of yore, and we recently encountered a fascinating anecdote of how, in the eighteenth century, His Royal Highness came to know exactly which cook had prepared which dish. It appeared in *The Universal Magazine* (London, August, 1780. pp. 86-87). We cannot vouch for the story's truthfulness, and suggest that our readers take it with a grain of salt, if they see fit!

*The Origin of marking the Dishes, served at the King's Table, with the Cook's Name that dressed them.*

His Majesty, George the Second, was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions, and always took with him the greater part of the Officers of his household, especially those that belonged to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his Majesty's dinner; this being told to the King, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a Rhenish soup, which he was very fond of; he therefore ordered enquiry to be made among the assistant-cooks, if any of them could make the above soup, when one named Weston (father of the late Tom Weston, the player) undertook it, and so pleased the King, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook. Soon after the King returned to England, the first cook died, which when the King was informed of, he said, that his Steward of the household always appointed his cooks, but that he would name one for himself, and therefore asked if one Weston was still in the kitchen; being answered that he was, That man, said he, shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup. This favour of the King begot envy towards him among all the servants, so that, when any dish was found fault

with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing: the King took notice of this, and said to the servants, it was very extraordinary, that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's; therefore, said he, in future, let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it; in consequence of this, the King found out their villainy, for in future all Weston's pleased him most. This custom has continued ever since, and is now practiced at the King's table.



### Recent Acquisitions

#### BOOKS

- Morgan, Abel. *Cyd-Gordiad Egwyyddorawl o'r Scrythurau*. . . Philadelphia, 1730. Samuel Keimer printing of first Bible Concordance in Welsh.
- Randolph, J.W., Bookseller. *Catalogue of New and Old Books*. Richmond, Va., 1856, and imperfect cy. of Randolph's *Rare and Valuable Books*. . . Richmond, Va., 1857. (48 of 80 pp.) Used and rare book catalogues, especially interesting because of the dealer's interest in provenance of volumes from the libraries of notable historical individuals. Includes books from libraries of: Madison, Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, Horace Walpole, Arthur Lee, George Wythe, John Wilkes, James Blair, Lord Dunmore, and William Byrd.
- Whitefield, George. *Sermons on Various Subjects*. Vol. 1 (of 2), Philadelphia, 1740. A particularly scarce, early Franklin imprint.
- Charleston, S.C. City Council. *Census of the City of Charleston . . . for the Year 1861*. Charleston, S.C., 1861. Very detailed census report on Charleston the year the "War of Northern Aggression" commenced, as well as a rare, early Confederate imprint.
- Journal of a Wanderer; Being a Residence in India, and Six Weeks in North America*. London, 1844.
- Lumsden, James. *American Memoranda, By a Mercantile Man*. Glasgow, 1844.
- Watson, John. *Souvenir of a Tour in the United States of America and Canada*. Glasgow, 1872. This, and preceding two titles are all scarce narratives of Scottish travelers in the U.S. and Canada—the two latter being privately printed for friends and family. The author of the first does not reveal his name, although he includes a portrait engraving as a frontispiece! All followed the well-beaten path—The Wanderer and Lumsden, New York to the Lakes, Watson from Canada through Detroit and Chicago to St. Louis and back to the east coast—but each has moments of valuable observation or insight.
- Scott, Mary S. *Indian Corn as Human Food*. Nevada, Iowa, 1889. A very good cookbook devoted exclusively to corn recipes, which has escaped the bibliographers.
- Conditien, Die Door de Heeren Burgermeesteren der Stadt Amstredam*. . . Amsterdam, 1656. The Banning edition of a promotional pamphlet, urging settlement of New Amsterdam in the last era of Dutch control.
- Cotton, John. *The True Constitution of a Particular Visible Church*. London, 1642.
- Remarks Upon a Message, Sent By the Upper to the Lower House of Assembly of Maryland*. Philadelphia?, 1764. Essay concerning the perpetual tug-of-war between colonial Assemblies, Governor, and Crown, hinging on military supply bills. Probable Franklin imprint.
- McHenry, James. *Baltimore Directory . . . for 1807*. Baltimore, 1807. City directory published by former member of Washington's and Adams' Cabinets.
- Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana*. New Orleans, 1840. Daniel Drake's copy of guide to the city, in contemporary boards as issued, but seemingly made up from pages intended but never used in a directory. It has separate title page and pp. 221-372. Of special importance are pages of wonderful, small lithographic and engraved views of New Orleans public buildings, churches, hotels, etc., by Clark and W. Greene.
- Elliot, William. *The Washington Guide*. Washington, D.C., 1826.
- Walker, Donald. *British Mantly Exercises*. Philadelphia, 1836. Text and numerous illustrations of rowing, sailing, riding, driving, and physical sports.
- Roberts, Job. *The Pennsylvania Farmer*. Philadelphia, 1804. Practical guide to farming.
- Penn, William. *Eine Nachricht Wegen der Landschafft Pennsylvania*. Frankfurt, 1683. First Pennsylvania promotional tract printed and distributed in Germany.
- Loeb, Henri. *The Road to Faith, for the Use of Jewish Elementary Schools*. Philadelphia, 1864.

*To the Voters of Mississippi, Scott, New Madrid, Stoddard, Pemiscot, and Dunklin Counties, State of Missouri.* n.p., 1861. Pro-secession broadside.

Wakefield, Samuel. *The American Repository of Sacred Music.* Pittsburg, 1835. Particularly scarce shape note tunebook. Gift of John C. Harriman, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Keate, George. *An Account of the Pelew Islands.* Wilmington, Del., 1794. Chapbook-size publication of this popular narrative published by Parson Weems. Gift of John C. Dann, Dexter, Mich.

*The Carolina and Georgia Almanack . . . for . . . 1784.* Charleston, S.C., 1784.

Holley, Mary Austin. *Texas.* Lexington, Ky., 1836. Second, thoroughly rewritten edition of pioneering description of Texas.

*The Heidelberg Catechism.* 3rd ed. Albany, 1782. Bound with, Abraham Hellenbroek, *Specimen of Divine Truths.* New York, 1784.

## MANUSCRIPTS

### A. Collections and Bound Items

Lewis Cass (1782-1866), 15 ALsS to David Bates Douglass (1790-1849), 1820-1827. Dated at Detroit and Washington, these letters were written while Cass was governor of Michigan Territory and when Douglass was an engineering professor at West Point. They touch on a myriad of contemporary concerns, such as Indian policy in Michigan, Moravians, mining, domestic cultivation of wild rice, and of greatest interest, the mapping of Michigan. Gift of Dr. S.W. Jackman, Victoria, British Columbia.

John Greenwood Memoir, 1809. 179 pp. A memoir of Revolutionary War service written by John Greenwood (1760-1819) who later became dentist to George Washington. The book begins with brief memories of the Boston Massacre and Boston Tea Party, of which the young Greenwood was only a witness, although a close friend was among the dead at the Massacre. At fifteen, he joined the patriot troops and saw service in the Boston area before marching to New York and participating in the Battle of Trenton. The journal describes Indian depredations and many details of military life. This memoir was copied from a now lost original diary and slightly edited by the author's son. Gift of Mr. & Mrs. John Duxbury, Pine Plains, New York.

Handy Family Papers, 1819-1934. 150 pieces.

Third major accession of the Handy archive (see descriptions of the Moses and Isaac Handy Papers, *American Magazine*, I:2 and II:2). Adds two of the "missing" volumes of Isaac Handy's diary, including his eyewitness account of the *Merrimac's* maiden voyage at Portsmouth, Virginia, in 1862, as well as an autograph autobiographical letter of Confederate Gen. Basil Duke, written while a prisoner at Fort Delaware. The complete Handy Papers are now cataloged and occupy some twenty-two linear feet.

Horace Mann Papers, 1825-1896. 121 pieces. Collection contains 95 holograph and signed printed legal documents dating from the years when Horace Mann (1796-1859) practiced law in Massachusetts (1823-1837). Twenty-four personal ALsS, 1842-1856, date from the period when Mann was Secretary of Education in Massachusetts and an anti-slavery Whig Congressman. These letters contain choice quotations from Mann on the topics of education, slavery, and contemporary politics, as well as examples of his caustic wit. The last letters concern Mann's abortive attempts to administer Antioch College. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Ind.

Bates Family Papers, 1812-1867. 35 pieces. Letters primarily from the children and children-in-law of Jacob H. Bates of Cambridge, Massachusetts. One series of letters details a trip to Florida by daughter Elizabeth Palmer and husband in 1840, an unsuccessful health cure culminating in Elizabeth's death in Florida. An 1850 letter written at Washington, D.C., contains references to Congressional debates on the Compromise of 1850 and cutting remarks about President Zachary Taylor. Gift of Henry Parmelee, Jr., Hilton Head, South Carolina.

Signature Book of a Bank, 1809-1821. Semi-annual (March and September) record of dividend payments, each investor acknowledging receipt. Probably from a Baltimore bank.

Daniel Hoit Papers, 1790-1850s. 1500 pieces. Family papers of Daniel Hoit (1778-1859) of Sandwich, New Hampshire, twenty years a state legislator and several-time Free Soil candidate for governor of New Hampshire. The correspondence is between Hoit and his first wife, Sally Flanders, and their four children: Eliza, wife of Ira Bean, Urbana, Ohio, lawyer; Julia, wife of Enoch W.P. Sherman;

Albert Gallatin Hoit (1809-1856), a Boston portrait painter of some note; and William Henry Harrison Hoit (1815- ), Episcopal priest and Vermont U.S. Circuit Court clerk who became a Roman Catholic priest in his widowhood. Large quantity of political correspondence detailing local affairs and national trends. Albert's letters (a total of several hundred pages) illustrate all aspects of the artist's lifestyle and career.

John Henry Hopkins Papers, 1825-1932. 3 linear feet. Archive of the family of John Henry Hopkins (1792-1868), Irish-born ironmaster-cum-lawyer-cum-clergyman who in 1832 became the first Episcopal Bishop of Vermont. Following the Civil War, he was influential in reuniting the Northern and Southern wings of the Episcopal Church into one communion, an accomplishment in which most other denominations failed. The collection contains some 300 letters, principally by Hopkins, his wife, and two of their sons, John Henry Jr. (1820-1891), who followed his father in the ministry, and Casper Thomas (1826-1893), who went west with the Gold Rush and settled in California. The collection also includes a large number of speech and lecture drafts by Caspar Hopkins, manuscript music by Caspar, printed music, photographs (incl. excellent pictures of San Francisco post-earthquake, 1906), and copies of pamphlets and books authored by the multi-talented Hopkinses. There is a good deal of artwork, including Bishop Hopkins' sketchbook of a tour through upper New York in 1825 which includes watercolor images (black-and-white and color) of Niagara Falls and the earliest known views of various spots along the Erie Canal. Bishop Hopkins was also a skilled amateur architect, and the collection contains drawings and carpenter's contracts for the Vermont Episcopal Institute in Burlington. Portion of collection donated by Mr. & Mrs. Dana Hinckley, Southwest Harbor, Me.

#### B. Individual Letters and Documents

Richard Nicholls to Abraham Staats, DS., April 24, 1667. Deed for Hudson River land, signed by first English Governor of New York. Gift of David Syrett, Leonia, N.J.

William Ledra. ADoc., cy. made in 1716 of trial proceedings and death sentence, March 5, 1666, of Quaker executed in Boston. Original records lost in eighteenth century, making

this the only existing record re. last person executed in Massachusetts purely for religious views. Gift of John C. Dann, Dexter, Mich.

Nathaniel Morton, ADS., Plymouth, Mass., March 8, 1679. Document drawn by early Pilgrim historian concerning expenses of King Phillip's War. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Ind.

#### NEWSPAPERS

*Paradise Hornet*. Paradise, Penna., 1821-1823. Unique, complete file of Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania newspaper.

*The Carolina Spartan*. Spartansburg, S.C., 1867-1872. Near-complete, five year run of southern paper at height of Reconstruction period.

#### MAPS AND ATLASES

Robertson, James. *Counties of Surrey, Cornwall, & Middlesex, Jamaica*. London, 1804. Magnificent, large twelve-sheet map. Upton Fund purchase.

Böye, H. *Map of the State of Virginia*. Philadelphia, 1827. Tanner and Dawson map, mounted on linen, in original case. Gift of John C. Dann, Dexter, Mich.

Mills, Robert. *Atlas of the State of South Carolina*. Columbia, S.C., 1825. One of three pre-Civil War state atlases (along with N.Y., Maine), all now at Clements Library Associates purchase.

Allen, C.R. *Illustrated Historical Atlas of the Province of Prince Edward Island*. Philadelphia, 1880. Contains maps and many lithographed views.

Clark, Matthew. *A Complete Chart of the Coast of America*. . . . Boston, 1790. First American atlas of navigational charts. (See article in this issue by David Bosse.) Clements Library Associates purchase.



- Cover: "A View of the Battery and Harbour of New York, and the Ambuscade Frigate." Drawn by John Drayton, eng. by S. Hill, Boston, in John Drayton, *Letters Written During A Tour thru the Northern and Eastern States of America* (Charleston, S.C., 1794), opp. p.20.
- Page 4. Portrait of William Petty, 2nd Earl of Shelburne (1st Earl of Lansdowne). Copy after portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds. National Portrait Gallery, London.
- Page 7. "Bowood, Wiltshire," eng. by J. Storer from drawing by Sheppard for the *Beauties of England & Wales*. Pub. by Vernor, Hood & Sharpe, Pultney, May 1, 1811. Clements Library.
- Pages 9, 11. Petty Letterbooks, Shelburne Papers, Clements Library.
- Pages 16, 19, 20-24. Cuts relating to Ruggles and the Odditorium are all from book labels at the Clements Library or the Ruggles scrapbooks at the Branch Co. Library, Coldwater, Mich.
- Page 17. Photo courtesy of Mrs. Loranetta Diebel, Bronson, Mich.
- Pages 30-44. The cuts and text from *The American Home Cook Book* (New York, 1854) have been enlarged 159%.
- Page 49. "Bethlehem-Pennsylvania," painted by T. Birch, eng. by Strickland. Clements Library.
- Pages 51, 52. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Philadelphia.

All printing devices used in this issue are taken from eighteenth-century English and American editions of the works of Joseph Priestly and Richard Price.

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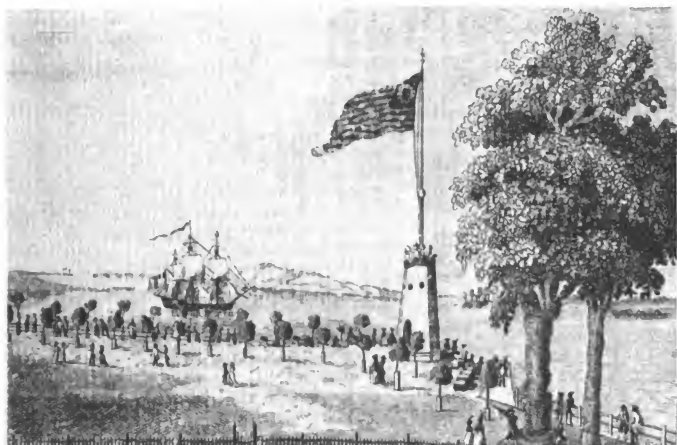


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# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



## AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE

Published for the Edification and Amusement of Book Collectors,  
Historians, Bibliographers and the Discriminating General Public.

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### C O N T A I N I N G

- I. The Belvedere Club House, A Study in Urban Change, Replete with Ghosts and a Remarkable African Princess
- II. The Winter Harvest: A Glance Backward, When Ice was a Major Crop.
- III. Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching.

Departments: James Thomson, "Visionary" Poet of a Different Stripe; The Tomato in American Cooking; Visiting the Columbian Exposition—The Part Your Grandfather Didn't Tell You; Maps and Toys—Unusual Cartouche and Advertisement on a George Willdey Map; The Revolution Remembered—By the Ladies; Up in the Air Again; John Eliot and William Penn Poeticized; "The Ewing Papers"—Part Two; and Recent Acquisitions.

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## The Belvedere Club House

New York is certainly the most written about city in the United States. Hundreds of authors have chronicled its fascinating past. I.N. Phelps Stokes' six volume *The Iconography of Manhattan* (N.Y., 1915-1928) is one of the most meticulous, detailed studies of urban topography ever produced, and it has been supplemented by many fine works on the changing city landscape in particular sections of the metropolis. There is a museum specifically dedicated to telling and displaying the city's past, and New York is probably the only American city, the literature of which is sufficiently diverse and vast enough to support a book shop specializing in its history alone—the wonderful little New York Bound Bookshop run by appointment in Greenwich Village.

Yet with all its documentation, a case could be made that New York knows less, and cares less about its past than any of the old cities on the east coast, and for obvious reasons. In historical terms, New York's past has been the victim of its success—it has built and rebuilt itself with each generation. It has attracted vast groups of immigrants who move from one section of the city to another, replaced by other groups, none of them staying in one area long enough to develop the sort of multi-generational affection and protectiveness of old neighborhoods characteristic of certain areas of Philadelphia, Boston, or Charleston.

The last twenty-five years have witnessed a growing interest on the part of academics and preservationists in the urban historical landscape. But in Manhattan, where the changes have been so thorough and frequent for most sections of the island, one has only the written and pictorial record of the past to get the slightest glimpse of the original appearance and the evolution of any particular area.

In the last issue of *The American Magazine*, we drew upon a scarce periodical, *The Cabinet of Literature* (New York, 1835), recently acquired by the Clements Library, and we return to that source for a fascinating story pertaining to a one-time New York landmark.

The Belvedere Club House was built in 1792 on a hill overlooking the East River, near what was then known as Corlaer's Hook or Crown Point, slightly over two miles along the shore, northeast of the Battery, where the shoreline of Manhattan Island curves to the north. Today, none of the original topographical features remain. The original shoreline has been pushed inland by landfill and the natural coves and indentations removed. The hill has been leveled, and the site itself is covered by high-rise housing projects built in the mid-twentieth century.

Our story involves an African princess, a haunted house, even the Prince of Wales, but before getting into the tale itself, it is necessary and most interesting to delve into a bit of New York's local history.

The unnamed editor of *The Cabinet of Literature* had obviously grown up in the vicinity of the Belvedere Club House and had been sufficiently fascinated with it and the history and folklore associated with it to write two articles—the first on the house itself, the second on one of its last occupants. We will follow the order he set for us and describe the site and the building before presenting his story.



Detail of Tanner map with arrow showing Belvedere's location

The Corlaer's Hook section of Manhattan had quite a history in the century and a half between Dutch settlement of the island in 1626 and the building of the Belvedere Club House in 1792. It had been the site of a massacre of Indians, who were friendly with the Dutch in the 1640s. It was the supposed location where Blackbeard had buried treasure, and generally a haunt of undesirable characters. The perpetrators of the slave revolt of 1741 had been hanged on the hill later occupied by the Belvedere, their decaying bodies left on the gibbet for some time after their execution. During the Revolution, the British built a fort and a line of defense from Corlaer's Hook to the area of City Hall, and the hill itself was used as a cemetery during the British occupation. It is little wonder that

the Belvedere House itself later gained a reputation as being haunted! So that the reader can picture the location, we here reproduce Henry Tanner's 1835 map of lower Manhattan with the Belvedere Club House marked with an arrow.

Sixty-eight years earlier, Lt. Bernard Ratzer, the talented British military engineer, had produced one of the great maps of New York in the colonial period. It shows the Corlaer's Hook area to be open country, interspersed with a few gentlemen's estates and rural lanes leading westward to Bowery Lane and on to Broadway. Like most urban plans of its time, the Ratzer map is somewhat dishonest. The outskirts of the city were never quite as neat and manicured as they appear to have been on the map. The great square in the upper part of the map never materialized. The roads were merely unimproved dirt tracks, and there was no effective municipal control over development. But as the city regained its economic strength following the Revolution and began expanding out from the center in all directions, Corlaer's Hook became increasingly attractive real estate, first as a rural retreat from the crowded city; all too quickly, as part of the city itself.

The Belvedere Club House was built and survived in this transition period. It apparently lasted on its original site only thirty or forty years, short by the standards of any city other than New York, but long enough to make its mark in the



Detail of Ratzer map showing Corlaer's Hook area

annals of the city's history. *The New-York Magazine* for August, 1794 ran both a picture and an article on the structure:

Belvedere House . . . is situated on the banks of the East river, about a quarter of a mile beyond the pavement of the eastern extremity of the city of New-York. It was built in the year 1792, by thirty-three gentlemen, of whom the Belvedere Club is composed. The beauty of the situation induced them to extend their plan beyond their first intentions, which were merely a couple of rooms for the use of their Club; and they erected the present building, as well to answer the purposes of a public hotel and tavern, as for their own accommodation.

The ball-room, which includes the whole of the second storey of the east front, is an oblong octagon of forty-five feet in length, twenty-four wide, and seventeen high, with a music gallery. This room is occupied by the Club on their Saturday meetings during the summer season; the right to which, on that day, is the only exclusive privilege which the proprietors retain. The windows of this room open to the floor, and communicate with a balcony twelve feet wide, which surrounds the eastern division of the house, and affords a most delightful promenade. The stile in



View of Belvedere House, 1794

which this room is finished and decorated has been very generally admired.

The room on the ground floor is of the same shape and dimensions of the ball-room, and is generally used as a dinner and supper room for large companies and public entertainments.

The west division of the house is composed of two dining parlours, a bar-room, two card-rooms, and a number of bed-chambers. The west front opens into a small court-yard, flanked on each side with stables, a coach-house, and other offices. The little grounds into which the east front opens, are formed into a bowling-green, gravel walks, and some shrubbery, in as handsome a manner as the very limited space would admit of.

The want of extensive grounds is, however, much compensated for by the commanding view which the situation gives of the city and adjacent country. The prospect is very varied and extensive; a great part of the city, the bay of New-York, Long-Island, the East river as far as Hell-Gate, the island of New-York to the northward of the city, and a little of the North river, with its bold and magnificent bank on the Jersey side, altogether compose a scenery which the vicinity of few great cities affords.

On the demise of a proprietor, the vacant interest in the estate can only be purchased by a person eligible by a majority of votes as a member of the Club.

Included in the description is a list of the proprietors, who appear in New York directories of the period to have been mostly merchants.

Prior to the Belvedere Clubs opening, the members formed a committee to solicit proposals from any person properly qualified to keep it as a hotel and tavern. They chose John Avery, who remained there until 1796, when he left to become tavern keeper at the Tontine Club. Under Avery's management the Club underwent a rapid number of changes and expansions.

On July 4, 1793, Belvedere House was temporarily renamed Liberty Hall, and was the scene of a dinner of a number of "Sons of Liberty." While "a select party of Gentlemen, members of the Belvedere Club, dined above stairs, and shewed every mark of tenderness and affection to the associated Sons of Freedom below," the assemblage below had "a true republican repast—Previous to dinner, the Cap of Liberty was erected in the lower hall, under a discharge of thirteen cannon. The motto it bears is,—'Emblem of Liberty, Union and Peace.' The inscription in the rear fixed upon the wall is in the words following—'may all who view it bear in mind its motto; and withered be the hand that shall attempt its removal.'"<sup>21</sup>

While some pro-British sentiment among the members of the Belvedere Club may be inferred from their having remained above stairs during the dinner, the Club was neither noted as a den of monarchy nor a hot-bed of Jacobin activity.

In December, Avery advertised that the "Belvidere Ball Room, for the use of public or private parties is now decorated for the reception of such Ladies and Gentlemen as may please to add to its brilliancy by their presence. . . . The construction of this room is truly remarkable for the most pleasing echo of music."<sup>22</sup>

The following summer Mrs. Pownall advertised that "there will be a concert of vocal and instrumental music, at Belvidere house, on Thursday the 4th of September; if the evening should be so serene as to permit the company to hear the concert in the Bowling green, the band will perform in an occasional orchestra erected on the balcony, in the manner of Vauxhall gardens; if the weather should prove less favorable, the Concert will then be held in the ball room."<sup>23</sup>

Now the scene of grand soirees, John Avery informed the public in November, 1794, "that the obstacles which in some measure impeded their frequenting Belvidere, are now removed, that the huge hill, in Division street, called Jone's hill, or mount pit, is now cut down and the hollow below filled up—that he has with great pains and expence repaired the street leading from that hill between the trees to his house, by filling up the ditch, and widening the street without the trees, sufficient for three carriages abreast—that he has also erected lamp posts, from one end to the

**BELVEDERE HOUSE,**  
**B** E I N G open for the reception of Company, and the Bowling green adjoining, being now in order for their amusement, the subscriber most respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York, that he will at all times be prepared to provide Dinners, Suppers, Coffee, &c. and entertainment for large parties and public bodies; [for dinners or suppers, one days previous notice will generally be requisite] quitoes are also provided for those who may prefer that amusement.

Having formed sanguine expectations of rendering this elegant House and delightful situation, inviting to the public, as an Hotel and Tavern, he will endeavour upon all occasions to afford the utmost satisfaction, resting his hopes of success in this undertaking, upon a determination to merit the countenance of a liberal public, by every exertion in his power to provide for their accommodation and entertainment.

May 20, JOHN AVERY.

other, and lamps will be lighted at his own expence on Notice of any public or private assembling there at Night.

"For the accommodation and amusement of such parties, Belvidere Ball rooms is now opened, and decorated—there are also four other neat rooms on the same floor, and a Ladies Room on the next floor above—which altogether furnishes conveniences unequaled in this city, and the terms for Balls or Assemblies shall be made reasonable."<sup>4</sup> Benjamin Taylor's *A New & Accurate Plan of the City of New York* (1797) shows the Belvedere Club House in its heyday.



Detail of Taylor Map, 1797

Until the early nineteenth century, the Belvedere House kept up its reputation as a sociable gathering place. Arriving from Philadelphia, the British ambassador, Robert Liston, accompanied by his wife and entourage, stayed there in October, 1797; the society of the Cincinnati celebrated July 4th there in 1798; dinner for three locally renowned ship builders was hosted there on April 26, 1800.<sup>5</sup> But there was no stopping the expanding city, which was rapidly moving uptown, past Corlaer's Hook, encroaching on the grounds of the Belvedere. Longworth's map of 1808 shows this development (The Belvedere is #40).



Detail of Longworth map, 1808

The membership of the Club was dwindling. The *New York Evening Post*, March 11, 1802, advertised that "the well known and justly admired Mansion, called the Belvedere House, with its appurtenances," was to be sold at auction on March 22. "The situation and prospect cannot be surpassed in the neighborhood of New-York. The house is modern, elegant, and commodious, well calculated for a large

genteel family, or for public entertainment. It has every useful accomodation of stabling, coach-houses, &c. &c. with a large ice-house in the best state and well filled. The ground, about an acre, is laid out with acknowledged taste and ornamented with beautiful trees and shrubs, in a flourishing condition."

The Belvedere House was offered for sale again in 1803. In 1804, Jerome Bonaparte and his wife used it briefly for a summer retreat.<sup>6</sup> John Glover, the last owner, offered it for lease in 1806.

Samuel Latham Mitchill (1764–1831), the anonymous author of *The Picture of New-York . . .* (N.Y., 1807), mentions the Belvedere in his citation of the *Ranelagh* hotel. He says:

This house and garden [the *Ranelagh*] has generally been known by the name of Mount Pitt. It is situated about the junction of Grand-street with Division-street, near Corlear's-hook. From the front of this hotel is an extensive prospect of the city, and the eastern and southern parts of the harbour. The adjoining grounds are shady and agreeable. At a short distance in front, are the ruins of a battery, erected during the revolutionary war, on the hill behind *Belvidere*. On these mouldering ramparts, there is a pleasant walk and prospect; and behind *Ranelagh*, are considerable remains of that entrenchment made by the enemy in 1781, across the island from Corlear's hook by Bayard's Hill to Lispenard's Brewery, to defend the city and garrison against the American army. The drawing of these fortified lines from river to river, was chiefly occasioned by the imminent danger in which the British army was placed, during the rigorous winter of 1780, when the rivers were incrustured with solid bridges of ice, their navy of no use, and their whole rear exposed to assault and invasion. But these entrenchments were left in an unfinished condition; for the treaty of peace was concluded before their completion.

In another section Mitchill described the extent to which the city was changing:

The rocks in many places rise above the surface, and on the eastern side of the island, from Bellevue northward, they oppose to the tides a naked, steep and impassable barrier. Naturally the face of the land was marked strongly by the abruptness of crags and vallies, hills and dales, insulated rocks and marshy inlets, which characterize a maritime country wherein granite prevails. But many of these inequalities have disappeared before the leveling hand of improvement. Hills have been dug down, and swamps have been filled up. Knolls have been pared away, and gullies brought to a level. By vast labour and expense much of the original asperity has been taken off, and the surface smoothed as far as was desirable. A great deal of this regulating business is still going on in the newly settled parts of the city. The quantity of earth carted away, is in many places, really surprising.

William Hooker's 1824 map clearly shows the extent to which this leveling and street building had obliterated the rural character of the area by that date. It is primarily due to the existence of the 1794 engraving that the Belvedere Club House was remembered in the years after its location had become "just another part of the city." Stokes was aware of most of the history presented up to this point in the story. What *The Cabinet of Literature* provides is a previ-



Detail of Hooker map, 1824

ously unrecorded, last chapter in the building's history, as well as a last visual picture of this once charming house which had been the scene of much gaiety and pleasure in earlier decades. The article is published here in its entirety:

### The Belvidere or Club House

This house stood on an elevated ridge, in the "olden time" rising from the shore of the East River, and extending northerly over the ground now occupied by the range of streets from Water as far as Delancy street, and thence easterly with various peaks and undulations to Columbia street.

That part of the hill represented in our engraving, was immediately in the rear of the residence of the late Colonel Henry Rutgers, now encased in the picturesque mansion of W.B. Crosby, Esq. heir and successor to the homestead of the Colonel.

This hill, in our schoolboy days, beside affording a fine view of the city and bay, was the principal promenade for juvenile recreations. On its summit entrenchments had been thrown up by the British and several cannon planted during the Revolution; and within the mounds of the fort, as it was called, we generally held our favourite sports of flying the kite, catching golden beetles, and making whistles from the limbs of the trees and shrubbery of the deserted Club House. This house indeed was an object of fearful apprehension to those youngsters who perchance had loitered till its lengthened shadows told us "the sprites were stirring."—A tradition of a mysterious murder in the north wing was current among us—and moreover it was asserted that the room where the alleged murder had been committed was so stained with blood that the floor and wall though scraped repeatedly still the bloody marks constantly returned, and "Spirits were seen, / Black, blue, and



Belvedere House c. 1835

green," at the dead hour of night,—horrid noises were heard in the hall,—unearthly lights glided through the apartments of the mansion—until the room was abandoned, and none ever after dared to cross the horse-shoe on its threshold.

As the house was supposed to be haunted, we were not surprised that it remained vacant a great part of the time—and we considered it an instance of fearful temerity when any one induced by the advantage of living rent free ventured to lodge within the purlieu of the Club House.

The story of its being the abode of spirits had probably grown out of the circumstance of the British garrison having used the hill as a burial; and human skulls and bones were frequently discovered washed out from the places of their repose by the rains which had channelled its sides. And here too old Father Ned, a veteran of many wars, and steward of the mansion before its desertion, had decked the picket of the kitchen garden with these reminiscences of mortality, until the house, lonely in its situation, and surrounded as it was with gloomy recollections, became the object of apprehension and dismay.

The house which formed nearly an octagon, was certainly an elegant residence in its day, although built entirely of wood. Beside a noble ball room and orchestra on the second floor, a piazza extended nearly around it, affording a charming prospect, and the garden was stocked with a choice selection of flowers and fruit, while under it were spacious cellars and wine vaults.

The title of "Club House," originated from its being owned by a company or club of gentlemen, with an agreement that the property should descend to the last survivor. It passed accordingly into the hands of the late Mr. John I. Glover, who held the property at the time when the house was removed from its eminence to a humble situation in Lombardy-street, where it now remains forgotten among the multitude of new buildings with which it is surrounded.

The view we have taken represents the house as it stood after the city corporation had opened several of the streets around it, with the ship-yards, &c, as seen from Cherry-street.



The article suggests that the Belvedere Club House stood empty between 1815 and 1828, when the building itself, or what was left of it, was removed to a new location on Lombardy Street. It was standing there when the article appeared in 1835 but undoubtedly disappeared completely well before the end of the century.

In the number following the article on and picture of the Belvedere House, the editor added a much lengthier piece on one of the Belvedere's last occupants, an African princess of great charm and beauty, even in poverty and old age. It is very hard to evaluate what is true, what is youthful exaggeration and innocent misinformation.

Enough of the facts ring true to suggest that the story, amazing as it is, is more credible than fabulous. The *Ville de Paris*, and the *Glorieux* had foundered in September, 1782, while returning from Jamaica, and only one seaman from the *Ville de Paris* survived.<sup>7</sup> Sir John Parr (1725–1791), army officer and colonial administrator, was appointed governor of Nova Scotia in July, 1782.<sup>8</sup> William IV (1765–1837), while in the Royal Navy (as Prince William Henry) visited New York

in 1782.<sup>9</sup> Richard Varick (1753–1831) was Mayor of New York from 1789 to 1801.<sup>10</sup> General Jean-Victor Moreau, in exile, appears in the New York directories between 1808 and 1814 as living first at Warren, then at Pearl streets, both in lower Manhattan.<sup>11</sup>

The editors of *The American Magazine* would welcome information on the Belvedere House or the African princess and her remarkable career. Careful research in archival sources might shed considerable light on the story, and we invite any of our readers to pursue it. A full biographical sketch of this remarkable lady would make an interesting new chapter in Afro-American history, but it also has all the ingredients for a compelling historical novel.

## NOTES

1. I.N. Phelps Stokes, *Iconography of Manhattan Island*. 6 vols. (New York, 1915–28). The Club and Hotel are variously spelled “Belvedere” or “Belvidere.”
2. *The Daily Advertiser*. New York, Dec. 18, 1793.
3. *The Daily Advertiser*. New York, Aug. 26, 1794.
4. *The Daily Advertiser*. New York, Nov. 11, 1794.
5. I.N. Phelps Stokes, *Iconography of Manhattan Island*.
6. *New York Evening Post*, June 26, 1804.
7. Halton Stirling Lecky, *The King's Ships* (London, 1914).
8. *Dictionary of Canadian Biography* (University of Toronto, 1979).
9. *Dictionary of National Biography* (London, 1909).
10. *Dictionary of American Biography* (New York, 1936).
11. Longworth's New York directories, 1808–1814.

## Adventures of an African Princess

Connected with the story of the Club House in our last, the following account of an African princess who resided three years in that mansion, and from whom we collected some of the materials of that sketch will be found interesting.

Her father, whose name in her native dialect was Geerham Bhirnee, reigned over a large district of the African interior, watered by the Senegal and its tributaries; and like other monarchs on that continent who measure the grandeur of their state by the number of their slaves and wives, he had united himself to eight ladies, all of whom took rank according to the time of their marriage: of these our heroine claimed the second as her parent, having but one sister preceding her as first princess of the blood royal.

About the year 1770, her father having headed his troops, in reference to one of the almost incessant disputes occurring among the native princes, was absent with a part of his household to a distant post, bordering on the country of the Moors, with whom he was at war, leaving most of his children behind, under the care of some female relatives; and particularly the sister of one of his wives, who was herself nearly allied to Seid Hamet, a most powerful chieftain of the Moors. This arrangement on the part of the monarch proved most disastrous, and resulted in the loss of several of his children. Forgetting the obligations to her royal brother-in-law, and probably induced by offers of reward from Seid Hamet, the aunt removed the children to his residence on the Senegal, about twenty leagues from the coast.

Not aware of any treachery, the children were delighted with their journey down that noble stream, while the ever varying scenery, with the rich foliage of the trees and shrubbery along its winding shores made them gradually reconciled to the long distance they were passing away from their home.

Our heroine, shortly after her arrival at the chieftain's was taken to see a large ship lying in the river, where she was presented with a variety of amusing toys, and after several more visits on board, in company with her aunt, she was told the ship would take her to see her sister, who, unknown to her, had probably been disposed of in some other direction. This inducement was sufficient to gain her consent to remain on board, and when at length she became uneasy and wanted to see her aunt, the captain told her, her aunt had been killed by a party of soldiers and that she must not go on shore as she would share the same fate. From other circumstances it is most likely that her father had discovered in some way the perfidy of his relative, and with his troops had pursued as far as the village of the chief, where, finding himself too late to rescue his children, he took plenary vengeance on all who did not make good their escape.

The ship had hardly got under sail, when immense bodies of troops appeared along the banks of the river, and with signs of the greatest earnestness implored the captain to set the child on shore. The ship being under easy way, the chiefs, through an interpreter, had time distinctly to state their wishes, with propositions for her ransom. But whether the captain of the ship was fearful of getting into the power of so large a force, or whether the offered ransom did not meet his views, cannot be determined. He, however, pursued his way unmolested, as there were no boats by which the troops could attack him; and his ship being well armed, he was in no fear that they would provoke him to open a cannonade by a futile attempt to reach him with arrows from the banks.

After landing passengers at Senegal and taking in the remainder of her cargo, consisting of ivory, &c. the captain shaped his course towards England. Nothing material occurred on the voyage, except that the captain, as soon as the ship had left her soundings, seemed to forget all his assumed kindness, and behaved with brutality toward the innocent victim of his duplicity. His severity, however was not confined to the defenceless child, but was shared by all on board. Approaching the European coast they fell in with several of the fleet of Lord Rodney, returning from the capture of the French squadron under the Count de Grasse. The disastrous termination of this splendid victory, though well known, may be related by way of episode. The ships they met were in a deplorable condition from the tremendous storm, which had proved so destructive to the fleet and convoy, that of one hundred merchantmen and seven ships of the line who left Jamaica, in the West Indies, 26th July, within a month, five of the line ships and a great number of the merchantmen were lost. The *Caton* particularly, one of the prizes of 64 guns, sprung a leak in the gale, and the admiral ordered both her and the *Pallas* to Halifax to refit. This, however, was only the prelude to greater disasters, for on the 10th of September the fleet and convoy, which still amounted to nearly ninety, encountered on the banks of Newfoundland one of the most dreadful storms which was ever known in that quarter. The hurricane increased during the night, and was accompanied with a dreadful deluge of rain. At ten o'clock in the morning, the

Ramifies, the admiral's ship, had five feet of water in her hold, and she was obliged to part with several of her guns and other heavy articles, to enable her to keep afloat. The water increasing, the admiral removed the people on board some of the merchantmen. About four o'clock the water in her hold was increased to fifteen feet, and at the same period she was so completely set on fire, that captain Moriarty and the people had quitted her but a few minutes when she blew up.

The fate of the Centaur was still more dreadful. After losing her masts and rudder, she was by the unwearied exertions of the crew kept afloat till the twenty-third; but the struggle was then at end. The ship rapidly filling with water, while the aspect of the sea indicated that neither boat nor raft could live for any length of time, the majority of the crew had given themselves up for lost, and remained below. In this extremity captain Inglefield came upon deck, and observed that a few of the people had forced their way into the pinnace, and others were preparing to follow; upon this he threw himself into the boat, but found much difficulty in getting clear of the ship's side, from the violence of the crowd that was passing to follow his example. Of all these Mr. Baylis only, a youth of seventeen, who threw himself into the waves and swam after the boat, had the good fortune to be taken in. The number of the persons who were thus committed to the mercy of the waves, amounted to twelve; their whole stock of provisions consisted of a bag of bread, a small ham, a single piece of pork, a few French cordials, and one quart bottle of water. A minute detail of their sufferings would exceed our bounds; suffice it to say, that they were sixteen days exposed in this forlorn state; when at length their provisions and water being totally exhausted they were happy enough to gain the port of Fayal. The rest of the crew, it is presumed, perished with the vessel.

For an account of the fate of the *Ville de Paris*, and the *Glorieux*, the public are indebted to a singular accident. A Danish merchant-ship returning from the West Indies, found a man floating upon a piece of a wreck, who appeared to have been insensible when taken on board. When restored to his senses, he reported that his name was Wilson; that he had been a seaman on board the *Ville de Paris*; and added, that when she was going to pieces, he clung to a part of the wreck, and remained in a state of insensibility during most of the time that he continued in the water; he perfectly recollected that the *Glorieux* had foundered, and that he saw her go down on the day preceding that on which the *Ville de Paris* perished.

The crew of the *Hector*, after suffering great hardships, was saved by the good fortune of meeting with a merchant ship called the *Hawke*, commanded by Thomas Hill, of Dartmouth, who humanely received them on board his own vessel, and conveyed them to Newfoundland. The *Hector* had previously had a desperate engagement with two of the enemy's frigates, who left her in that miserable condition in which the merchant-ship found her.—But to return:—

They arrived in England the latter part of September, and the captain transferred his princess to the mansion of his owner, Mr. Seemark, a considerable merchant, and well known in the metropolis. It may here be remarked, that in England there seems to be little or none of that feeling of distinction that obtains in this country in respect to Africans, and this will account for the facility with which the princess passed into the good graces of the higher circles. The time of her stay in Great Britain was accordingly divided between the families of Mr. Seemark, Lady Hut-

chins, a frequent visiter of the merchant's, and Mr. Mayo, of the Court of Admiralty. From Great Britain she went to Havre, in France, as attendant to a lady of the name of Smith, whose object seemed nothing more than a mere fashionable visit for pastime, as she remained in Havre only a month, when she returned to Mr. Seamark's residence, where she was introduced to his brother, a captain, who took a peculiar fancy to her, and soon arranged matters in such a way that she became the companion of all his subsequent voyages, for although also a merchant, he generally disposed of his cargoes himself by visiting various ports in his own vessels. Her first voyage with Captain Seamark was in a frigate he had purchased of the government, being condemned as unfit for long cruises in the naval service. After refitting her she was laden with a valuable cargo of wine, intending to sail in company with the New Foundland squadron, but having missed the fleet he determined to proceed to sea alone.

After sailing near 400 leagues from the coast the ship sprung a leak, and obliged the captain to return to Dartmouth. A second attempt to prosecute his voyage resulted in a similar disaster, and when he had again returned within two day's sail of the north west of Ireland, a French privateer hove in sight, and as they were in too leaky a condition to resist, the vessel of Captain Seamark became a rich and easy prize.

After removing the most valuable part of the cargo to the privateer, Captain Seamark was permitted, with some of his men and the princess, to remain in his own vessel. But the privateer, getting tired of the burden of a ship almost waterlogged, on descriing a sail at a distance, abandoned the prize to her fate without the least compunction. They were fortunate, however, in falling in with some English vessels in the afternoon of the same day, who assisted in towing them into a harbor of the island Jersey. Shortly after this, on the occasion of Sir John Parr and suite going to Halifax as governor of the province of Nova Scotia, Captain Seamark freighted the transport ship *Hero* with merchandise, and designated our heroine as an attendant on Lady Parr during the voyage. The ship being at Gravesend and ready for sail, some business having detained him in London, he was obliged to go to the Bridge for a barge to convey him on board. While waiting here, an elegant navy yacht was rowed up to the stairs of the bridge, and an officer who was about entering the yacht, on learning from the captain that he was waiting a passage politely offered the service of the yacht.

Our heroine at this time was about fourteen, and possessing an unusual elegance of form, discoverable even now in her 67th year, and withal from the manner in which she had been treated, having none of that low servility in her carriage so common in African slaves, and her dress corresponding in richness with the rank she was understood to possess in her own country, of course rendered her an object of interest to the officers of the yacht.

British seamen, from the Lord high Admiral down to the lowest grade, in their hours of relaxation, possess a naivete of character which seems to despise the stiffness of rank. And after learning the particulars of her history from the captain, one of the officers playfully raised her from her seat, placing her on the knee of one apparently his superior, exclaiming that "he had taken the liberty of presenting the Prince with a Princess." This was received in perfect good-humour on the part of

the noble personage, who, smiling, retained her where she had been placed, and affected to be delighted with the compliment. Subsequent events showed this to be no less a personage than the present king of England—then Prince William Henry, commandant of the Hussar frigate, under Admiral Lord Rodney, named before in connexion with the capture of Count de Grasse.

The Yacht, after putting the Captain on board of the Hero, proceeded with the officers to Gravesend.

Halifax, where the Hero was bound, the colonies at this time being severed from the mother country, became one of the most commercial parts possessed by the British in North America, and as a consequence enlisted the enterprize of some able merchants, and among these Capt. Seamark held at this time the first rank.

Possessing no family of his own, he still found it necessary in order to maintain the etiquette of a flourishing establishment, that he should domiciliate while on shore, and our Princess from time to time, was found worthy of being entrusted with all his household affairs.

Fifteen months had passed away, when an occasion presented, of again introducing her into public notice. An illumination having been proposed by the city authorities in commemoration of some national achievement, an artist in the neighbourhood of Mr. Seamark's residence, chose as the subject of a large transparency, the Genius of Africa in the figure of the Princess, leaning with folded arms on the stern of the Hussar frigate. Whether the artist had done this as the mere amusement of his own fancy, or whether it had the deeper desire of showing the Prince, then in Halifax, that the eyes of the people were directed to him as the future protector of the rights of Africa, cannot be determined. It, however, attracted the attention of several naval officers, and particularly Capt. Dalrymple, well known in the British service, who, being at Seamark's had introduced the subject of the transparency in conversation, relating the history of the person that had formed the subject of the artist's pencil, when an officer who seemed somewhat interested in the story, inquired if it was not the same he had escorted in the yacht from London Bridge; Dalrymple being in possession of the facts from his intimacy at Seamark's answered in the affirmative. Thus again brought under the eye of the Prince, who has ever showed an uncommon interest for the welfare of the children of that once most powerful, but now enslaved and degraded continent, our Princess claimed no mean share of his sympathy, and as she was ever desirous to be restored to her friends he determined to carry her wishes into effect and he was more ready to do this, as it came within the very letter of his instructions, to prevent persons being detained in slavery under any plea, who had been enfranchised by breathing the air of Britain. The hospitality received from Seamark, would not, however, allow of an interference on the ground of the decision of government, and as the Captain asserted she had cost him the sum of 1000£ sterling, that sum was tendered back to him as an indemnity.

Finding the Prince in earnest, the Captain actually circulated an unfounded report, that he had married the Princess, and found no great difficulty in persuading her, through some females, that the Prince merely designed keeping her on board his frigate as a waiting made to the officers of his cabin and consequently if she would be safe, she must not contradict a report circulated only from sincere interest in her

welfare. Discovering however, that the Prince would not be baffled by [so] thin an artifice, the Captain secretly conveyed her on board a vessel, he then had lying ready to sail to the West Indies. This precipitate and ill advised step, was the begining [of] a series of misfortunes which eventually plunged the Captain in poverty and want. Arriving at Providen[c]e in one of the Bahamas, the Captain disposed of his cargo and accepting a charter for Havana, sailed for that place as soon as he had re-loaded, retaining her still in his vessel. At this port the vessel and cargo were seized as containing restricted articles, and it was not until after some vexatious delays and emense sacrifices, the Captain had his ship restored. On his return to Providence he placed his young charge in the care of a respectable planter, with whom he had formed an acquaintance. Here her eyes became somewhat opened to the real intentions of the Prince, and learning that the Captain had no right to detain her, that she was absolutely free she resolved not to allow herself to be cajoled out of her liberty and intended to stay in Providence until such time as her case might be made known to the proper authorities. Whether Seamark was apprised of this or not does not appear, but she relates, that on an afternoon, having engaged his passage in a brig bound for Charleston, S.C. after dineing with the planter he told her he wished she would go with him to take some linen in charge, which he should want perhaps before he sailed. Suspecting nothing, she accompanied him until they arrived at the jail. Stating that he had a small account to settle with the keeper, he entered with her, and by a preconcerted plan, the door was closed behind them, while Seamark disappeared at another door to bring some of the crew of the vessel. When these arrived she was committed to their care by the jailor, and they hurried her with the greatest precipitancy to the warf where a boat was waiting to convey them on board. They had just put off when a company of soldiers appeared on the shore in close pursuit, but the wind being fair, the brig was soon out of sight, and it was deemed fruitless to make further efforts for her rescue.

This manuver resulted from intelligence communicated to the commandant of the place, from the Prince, who feeling somewhat chafed by the manner in which Seamark eluded him at Halifax, sent a description of her person, with orders that she should be detained until she could be transported to her own country; and not long after he came personally with his frigate to Providence expecting to find her waiting his orders. But he was again out generaed; and the Princess after visiting Charleston, where she tarried a short time, having no resource, she accompanied Seamark to New-York. Here, where she still resides, she became the object of attention from the family of the French General Moreau, Lord Courtenay, and other distinguished individuals.

Thus under an indipendant government, Capt. Seamark at least considered himself safe from pursuit by the Prince, at the same time that he found himself reduced to bankruptcy by accumulated losses; and with the pressure of want he seemed to forget the obligations he had in honour laid himself under to the African Princess, (for tho' latterly aware of the advantage he had taken, she still served him with the utmost assiduity, and a sympathy for his misfortunes made her forget her own wrongs;) but driven almost to despearation; as a last resource he nogotiated with a southern planter to purchase her. Unwilling however to be present while so

base an act of perfidity was in completion, he had left the city, giving a bill of sale, and making such other araignments as were deemed necessary to accomplish his object.

The whole scheme however proved abortive, the men who were entrusted with securing the Princess incautiously, after proceeding to Seamark's residence, informed the servant at the door of their object, and the Princess taking the alarm fled precipitately from the premises to the house of a gentleman who had known her in Halifax. Mr. H. was not however at home, and she proceeded in quest of the Mayor of the city—deeming his house would afford a sanctuary—she had hardly entered the door of the Mayor's residence, when the men appeared in pursuit, having traced her course from Mr. Seamark's till she escaped them, by merely selecting a refuge where she knew her rights would not be invaded with impunity. The men unwilling to lose their prey, and discovering the Mayor was not at home, pressed their claim upon Mrs. Varick the mayoress, to have their purchased victim turned out to them, but that Lady with a good deal of feeling, refused to interfere until the matter was submitted to her husband. Finding themselves foiled, after waiting two hours, hoping she might leave the house, unguarded, they retired.

The Mayor heard her story, and a lady by the name of Dixon, hearing of the matter, sent a carriage to bring her to her house until the right of Seamark could be tested.

The benevolent interference of Mr. H. mentioned above, with some respectable persons of the society of Friends, was the means of bringing her case before the circuit court of the U.S. when her history was developed, and her freedom established incontestably—and yet, notwithstanding the baseness of the Captain's proceedings, she ever retained the most generous feelings towards him, so that in his subsequent distresses, she often administered relief by giving him the whole avails of her labours, and left herself sometimes almost destitute. In the days of her prosperity many valuable presents had been made, the last of these, a silver ladle, she placed in the care of the family of Mr. H. but learning of some new want of her old friend—she solicited the ladle under some other pretence, and conveyed it to his possession.

Several unsuccessful attempts have been made to have her case laid before his Majesty, and there is no doubt but his generosity would provide suitably for her old age, could the ministers of his government be induced to lay her simple story before him.



## *The Winter Harvest: A Glance Backward, When Ice was a Major Crop*

**I**n our Spring/Summer issue, we included a pictorial section on the pleasures of the summer hotel at "the shore" of New Jersey in the late 1860s. Looking for something in keeping with Autumn/Winter, we came upon a delightful article on ice and the ice trade in America in the 1870s.

A goodly percentage of our readers have at least vague recollections of those solid, heavy, oak-covered, tin-lined refrigerators or "ice boxes" which were part of every household kitchen until well into the present century, and possibly of the ice man and his horse-drawn ice wagon, slowly making his way through residential neighborhoods on his regular rounds. It was a ubiquitous part of town and city life which, almost unnoticed, slipped away from us in the 30s and 40s.

Americans are so thoroughly committed as a culture to "things cold"—iced beverages, ice cream, refrigerated food—that it may seem hard to believe that this has not always been the national habit. Anyone who has visited Mount Vernon knows that George Washington had an ice house. The rivers, lakes, and ponds of northern America were freezing in the colonial period, just as they are today. But in fact, except for the very wealthy such as Washington, or perhaps those who lived in the upper parts of the United States, ice and the intentional cooling of food and beverages was not part of the everyday routine of our colonial ancestors. The "refrigerator" or "ice box" was hailed as a grand new invention in the first decade of the nineteenth century, and it was only after that time that ice cream and cooled, sparkling drinks caught on as fads and gradually came to be considered essential to life itself. The temperance movement, discouraging the use of alcoholic beverages, and a growing sense of hygiene regarding to food preparation and storage undoubtedly promoted the desirability of readily available ice.

The very considerable ice trade which developed in the mid-nineteenth century was one of those transitional industries between the ages of manual labor and technology: rudimentary technological advances made it possible, and more sophisticated developments killed it. Factory made tools furthered the gathering of the product. Steam-powered conveyor systems made possible the storage of the vast quantities of ice and the growth of a business on a large and profitable scale. The railroad made possible the delivery to ever expanding markets. But by the end of the century, ice making machinery began cutting into the trade in natural ice, and the twentieth century development of the electrically powered, home refrigerator, capable even of making ice itself, eliminated the need for the product altogether.

In the half to three-quarters of a century it existed, though, the natural ice trade was quite a business, as the following anonymous article which appeared in *Appleton's Journal* for February, 1871, clearly attests. The author appears to have borrowed much of his factual information from an 1872 Burr & Hyde subscription book, *The Great Industries of the United States* (Chicago and Cincinnati), adding bits and pieces from other sources and joining them with a light and lively wit. We have taken the liberty of adding a few illustrations to those in the original article

from contemporary city directories, for which citations are provided in the list of picture credits at the end of the magazine.

ICE:  
ITS FORMATION, PECULIARITIES, AND USES—ITS  
COMMERCIAL VALUE AND IMPORTANCE—THE ICE-HARVEST,  
HOW GATHERED AND MARKETED.

"Observe, my brethren," said a grave English clergyman, to his hearers, in one of his sermons, "what a wise dispensation of Providence it is that great rivers should always flow past great towns." In a similar spirit of profound philosophical reflection we may remark what a wise dispensation it is that ice should be solely or mainly a product of *cold* countries! If it were formed in the tropics, what quantities of it would be wasted, and how it would check the rapid growth of vegetation! There is, to be sure, sometimes a little superabundance of it in those Northern regions, where, from its commonness, it is not so highly prized as it should be; but the same thing is true of tropical products.

Our neighbors in Greenland, Iceland, and Nova Zembla (not to speak of Alaska, which is a part of our own homestead), are, we are sorry to say, sometimes inclined to complain of a superfluity of ice, when, from an unusually hard freeze, it exceeds twenty feet in thickness, and is too rough for sledging, and especially when, owing to the nights being dark, they cannot follow their favorite amusement of skating in a ring round the North Pole, or dance the German on the ice beneath the illuminations of the aurora borealis. It is, it must be confessed, a little awkward at times for our daring navigators in their ardent pursuit of whales to find themselves nipped between two vast ice-fields, and their vessels crushed like egg-shells, or to have a squadron of those grand old icebergs, two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet



Clearing the surface of the ice with snow-ploughs

above the water, and at least two thousand feet below it, come sailing in among them, and paying not the slightest heed to the laws of the road. But, then, these things are good for the whales, and why should these whaling-ships persist in trying to catch the harmless monsters, when kerosene is so cheap and astral oil so widely advertised? It is evident that in this world the interests of classes must



Grooving the ice

clash to some extent, and, if man has had his day, why should not the whale have his also, and enjoy the delights of his ice-clad home, undisturbed by harpoons, self-exploding bombs, or the other weapons of destruction, which have hitherto brought to light so much blubbery and spouting among these monsters of the deep? But it is ice, not whale-oil, that we undertook to write about.

Manifold are the uses of ice. It is an admirable thing to skate upon, when it is smooth, and there are no treacherous ice-glades or rotten ice to interfere with the sport. With the skilful skater skating is the very poetry of motion; the graceful curves, pirouettes, and intricate figures, executed with such ease; the swift flight and pursuit; the evolutions by which the experienced skater avoids his pursuer, or, doubling on his track, becomes in his turn the pursuer—sends a joyous thrill through the veins, and the man seems for a time changed into a winged creature, who can at will spurn this dull earth. If the skater be of the fair sex, and reasonably skilful in the art, her graceful motions and her well-arranged drapery add to the beautiful illusion, and she seems a swan skimming over the glassy surface, or a bird of paradise irradiating the scene with the brilliant yet harmonious tints of her plumage.

Ice is a grand antiseptic. On the banks of the Yenisei, the Obi, and the Lena, Siberian rivers, and the shores of the Frozen Sea, there have been found, within the last two hundred years, exhumed by exceptionally-protracted rains and thaws, great numbers of carcasses of the mastodon and other huge prehistoric beasts, which had been packed in ice probably many thousand years ago—what time those frightful beasts and beastesses, so vividly depicted in the Museum department of this journal, roamed the earth, and perhaps stored away for the prehistoric man to carve with his obsidian knives, chop with his stone hatchets, or crack their bones with his porphyry hammers; but alas, poor fellow! he failed of finding the contents of this grand refrigerator, and he and his wife and little ones were compelled to drag out a squalid existence on the meat of the wild-horse or the cave-bear.

The presence of so many of these huge creatures in a region so far north,

denizens of a temperate if not a tropical climate—as from their habits they must have been—indicates with certainty the suddenness and completeness of some of those climatic changes which geologists describe, and which they attribute to a change in the inclinations of the earth to the plane of the ecliptic. The poor brutes must have been caught in a hard frost as they were disporting themselves in the stream—a frost so hard that they were fast locked in their icy bed, and, covered with the drift, borne down by the river-currents. Nor is this remarkable, if we believe the statements of Erman, the Russian traveller, who tells us that an attempt was made many years since to sink a well near the mouth of one of these rivers, and that the workmen employed found alternate layers of gravel and clear solid ice to the depth of five hundred and eighty-two feet, indicating that the internal fires had not made much progress in thawing out that part of the planet.

Mankind are exceedingly stupid; whether they grow more or less so, as the ages roll on, is a mooted question. It would seem that, from this demonstration of the antiseptic and refrigerating power of ice on so large a scale—for we are told that the flesh of these carcasses was perfectly fresh, and was devoured by the Samoieds, as well as by wild and tame carnivorous animals, with great avidity—somebody would have taken the hint, within less than one hundred and fifty years, of the possibility of preserving meats for an indefinite period, either by the use of ice or by a low temperature produced by means of ice-packing; but it never seems to have occurred to anybody, from 1703, when the first of these carcasses was discovered, to about the middle of the present century, that there was a great, useful, and profitable lesson to be taught by this sudden uncovering of food thus preserved for ages. We know now, thanks to the enterprise of American inventors and discoverers, that it is not only possible but easy to transport carcasses of beef, mutton, pork, and venison, killed on the plains of Texas, at the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, or on the Pacific slope, and much more in the States of the Mississippi Valley, in refrigerating cars or ships, where the temperature is reduced to 34° Fahrenheit or below, by means of ice-packing, to the Atlantic coast, or, for that matter, around the globe. The effort is now making to bring beef from the South-American pampas, and mutton from Australia, in the same way to our markets, and, if it fails, it will not be from lack of antiseptic power in the refrigerating chambers of the ships, but from the inferior quality of the beef and mutton, and the defects in the proper methods of packing.

By an analogous process of refrigerating chambers in steamships, or refrigerating houses



Sawing the ice and bearing it off



Drawing the ice-blocks to the ice-house

in our cities, it has been demonstrated that it is possible to preserve our own fruits, and the delicious grapes, oranges, lemons, guavas, pomegranates, bananas, and other tropical fruits, which hitherto have never reached us in their perfection, from any considerable decay for months, or even years.

The same antiseptic quality of ice enables us to preserve, by means of it, the remains of our friends from too speedy decay while awaiting the last sad rites of burial. Of its uses, resulting from this quality, in medical and surgical treatment, we shall speak farther on.

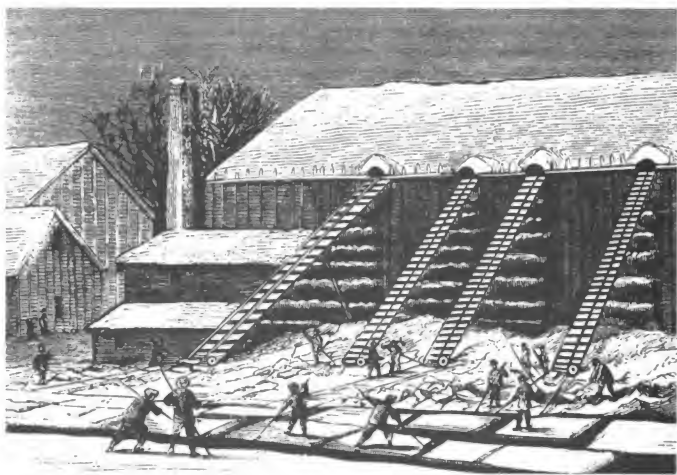
Some of our readers may think that it is hardly necessary to say that ice, like some of the parties who deal in it, is decidedly cool; and yet this very quality of coolness is what gives ice its principal value. Without the addition of its cooling property, the Croton, the Ridgewood, and possibly even the Cochituate water, would be, in summer at least, flat, stale, and unprofitable. What would the venders of soda and mineral waters, of root and medicated beers, lager-bier, and similar beverages, do without ice to make their otherwise often distasteful drinks cool and palatable? Who does not know that the delicious coolness imparted by ice to more potent stimulants, the iced champagne, milk-punch, sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, and the thousand other concoctions by which alcoholic liquors are disguised and rendered palatable, is the cause of the very great increase in their use? The confectioner's art, too, is greatly indebted to this gelid quality of ice, for many of its most popular preparations, the ice-creams, fruit-ices, and other summer confections, owe their toothsome-ness largely to the presence of ice in them.

In the latter part of the last century and the early years of the present, wealthy citizens in the country often built ice-houses on their grounds and filled them during the winter from some spring, pond, or stream, near by, for use during the summer months; the small farmers and less wealthy classes were fain to use some cool spring or a deep well, if they had one, as their refrigerator. In the cities ice, seventy years ago, was a rare and precious luxury; and various were the substitutes devised to answer its purpose. The butchers and butter-dealers usually had small quantities brought from some ice-house at a distance, but the citizens generally

could only rely on cool cellars and pump or well water. Now, in the large and small cities and most of the larger towns, every family has its refrigerator, and receives its daily or tri-weekly supply of ice during the warm season, and ice has become no longer a luxury but a necessity to those myriads of households.

In the threatened ice-famine of the summer of 1870, though the price to which ice advanced caused a great decrease in its consumption, still there were thousands of families who would have as soon abstained from the use of meat as of ice; and to many of them the enhanced price was as real and as cruel a hardship as the quadrupling the price of bread would have been.

It remains that we should speak of the use of ice for medical and surgical purposes. This, like most of its other economical uses, is for the most part of recent discovery and application. For arresting hæmorrhage and allaying pain, by its benumbing influence, in surgical operations, ice is one of the best and most efficient appliances of the surgical armory; it is also used to some extent in the treatment of aneurisms, and sometimes in encephaloid tumors. In medicine it is, in judicious hands, one of the most valuable and potent articles of the *materia medica*. It is used in the treatment of inflammation of the brain, inflammation of the stomach or intestines; in the discussion of inflammatory tumors, carbuncles, etc.; in the treatment of cholera, yellow fever, and metritis; as an application to the spine, in spasmodic diseases, and in inflammation of the spinal cord or its membranous coverings; in mania-a-potu, and delirium tremens, and in various other diseases, characterized by excessive excitement of the circulatory system. It ranks among the best remedies in the hands of the profession; yet, though it may be



Elevators at the ice-house



Storing the ice

considered valuable for both internal and external use, it is not, like the much-vaunted salve, to be used "externally, internally, and *eternally*." In midwinter, with the thermometer at zero, it must be a fierce fever or inflammation which will require a very free use of ice; but, amid the inflammatory diseases of the summer months, it is

not only beneficial, but generally very agreeable to the patient. Ice has its peculiarities. While chemically it is only crystallized water, we find, in investigating the circumstances of its congelation, some things which surprise us, or would, if we gave them thought. The freezing-point of fresh water is said to be  $32^{\circ}$  Fahr.; yet, if the water is kept perfectly still, and nothing is thrust into it, the temperature may fall to  $15^{\circ}$ , or, as some chemists assert, to  $5^{\circ}$  before it congeals; the moral to be drawn from which is, "Keep still if you do not want to get into a fix." Another of its peculiarities is that, while most liquids contract on assuming the solid form, water expands. It does this, however, only within certain limits. Till it reaches the temperature of  $39^{\circ}$ , water, in giving up portions of its latent heat, contracts, though very moderately; between  $39^{\circ}$  and  $32^{\circ}$  (the point of solidification), and this expansion is so irresistible as to form an explosive force nearly equal to that of gunpowder, calculated by physicists at twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and twenty pounds to the cubic inch. The reason for this departure from the general law in the case of the solidification of water is obvious, though it has never, so far as we know, been adduced as among the evidences of design on the part of the Creator. If water, like the oils and the mineral salts, became heavier when it became solid, it would sink to the bottom of the lake, pond, or stream, on which it formed, and the successive layers of ice formed in a cold season sinking as they congealed, the body or stream of water would be wholly solidified, and would only become liquid again after a long season of excessive heat. This would lead to the destruction of the finny tribes which inhabit the waters, to the diminution of the evaporation from their surface, and the consequent diminishing of the rainfall; to a lower mean of animal temperature, backward seasons, and small and imperfect crops. The regions where the ice sunk as it froze would soon become a bleak and barren desert. Under the existing natural law the water beneath the ice retains a temperature not below  $32^{\circ}$ .

Another peculiarity of ice is its greatly increased density and tenacity under protracted and severe cold. Most liquids, on assuming the solid form, retain that form, without material change, so long as the temperature remains below the point of liquefaction, a further decrease of temperature effecting no perceptible difference in their density; but the ice, formed at a temperature of  $25^{\circ}$  to  $30^{\circ}$  Fahr., is as

different from that which is found when the temperature has ranged for some time between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $-10^{\circ}$  Fahr., as chalk is from granite. The ice at the lower temperature is dense and hard as a flint; it strikes fire with the pick or the skate, and, as in St. Petersburg, in 1740, when masses of it were turned and bored for cannon, though but four inches thick, they were loaded with iron cannon-balls, and a charge of a quarter of a pound of powder, and fired without explosion.

Still another peculiarity of ice is that in the process of freezing the impurities (salts, etc.), held in solution in the water are eliminated, and only the pure water takes on the crystallized form. This is a very important fact, and is often made use of by practical chemists in concentrating tinctures, vinegar, alcoholic preparations, etc., by freezing out the water which they contain.

The ancients gathered snow, and packed it in caves and pits, for use in cooling the water and wine which they drank, and even the nectar of the gods was said to be cooled by snow from Mount Olympus. The Italian peasants still gather the snow from the Apennines, and pack it in caves and pits; and in Naples, Rome, and Florence, there are numerous snow-shops, where this soiled and impure snow is sold during the warm season. Mr. W. J. Stillman, late United States consul at Rome, attempted a few years since to introduce American ice there, offering the pure Wenham-Lake ice at the price the people were paying for this dirty snow; but he was informed that it could not be permitted, as the right to gather and vend this snow was a vested right of the Italian peasants, and must not be disturbed.

The ice business has grown up from small beginnings to be one of the largest of the minor industries in this country. It employs a capital of not less than twenty million dollars, and the aggregate sales of ice are somewhat more than thirty million dollars. Forty years ago the capital invested was less than one hundred thousand dollars, and the aggregate sales not more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

There are now in New-York City five or six ice companies, with an aggregate capital of nearly four million dollars. They will market in average years about a million tons of ice, supplying not only New-York City, but Brooklyn, and the other towns and cities of Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester, and the cities and towns of New Jersey adjacent to New York. Nearly one hundred thousand tons are exported to distant cities and foreign countries.

These companies have their ice-houses at between thirty and forty points on or near the Hudson River, and at such lakes as are accessible by railroad, and within

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convenient distance of the city. These ice-houses have an aggregate capacity of about a million tons, but some of them are filled more than once a year, the sale continuing to a moderate extent throughout the winter months. They will employ the coming season about forty barges of from four hundred to eight hundred tons each, five steamers, nearly three hundred wagons,

about five hundred horses, and seven hundred men. In the summer of 1870 the prices of ice were, to the large hotels and packing-establishments, seventy-five cents per hundred pounds; to butchers, druggists, and the larger grocers, one dollar per hundred; and to families and small consumers, from one dollar and fifty cents to two dollars per hundred pounds. Even with these exorbitant prices, which the companies justified on the ground of a threatened scarcity of ice, there was great, and, in many instances, just complaint of short weight and frauds in the delivery. This was undoubtedly often the fault of the drivers, who made a considerable daily profit in selling to other than their regular customers; but their delinquencies were overlooked or very leniently treated by the managers themselves, and there was some reason to believe that some of these participated in the fraudulent gains.

The export of ice to foreign countries had its origin at Boston, within the present century, and has only attained to any considerable importance within the past thirty-five years. It has been stated, jestingly, that Massachusetts had but two agricultural crops for export, granite and ice; but she has made both the sources of great profit to her. The ice-crop, however, was not discovered as an article of export till 1805, when Mr. Frederick Tudor, of Boston, sailed in his own brig, with a cargo of one hundred and thirty tons of ice, for Martinique. Much of this melted on the voyage, and the remainder sold slowly and only at a loss; but Mr. Tudor persisted in the business, though without profit, till the War of 1812 commenced, and for the time put an end to the trade. In 1815 Mr. Tudor obtained some exclusive privileges from the Cuban Government, and between 1817 and 1820 began to send cargoes also to Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans. But he met with frequent disasters, and often, from long passages, lost the greater part of his cargoes. As late as 1832, his whole shipments for the year amounted to only forty-three hundred and fifty-two tons, all of which was taken from Fresh Pond, in Cambridge. In 1833 he sent his first cargo to the East Indies. Of one hundred and eighty tons shipped, eighty melted on the passage to Calcutta, but what was left sold promptly at a remunerative price. From this period the business began to thrive. In 1836, the exports from Boston were twelve thousand tons; in 1846, sixty-

## DEALERS IN ICE.



ICE HOUSES AT WOLF LAKE, INDIANA, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

five thousand tons, in 1856, one hundred and forty-six thousand tons; in 1866, nearly two hundred and fifty thousand tons. The export from the Northern ports is now in all about five hundred thousand tons. A very considerable amount is sent to British and Continental ports, and large quantities also to Brazil and other South-American states. About two hundred thousand tons are sent from Boston, Portland, Bangor, and New York, to the southern Atlantic and Gulf cities. Immense quantities of ice are harvested every year from the great lakes, not only for the supply of Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, Toledo, Milwaukee, and other lake cities, but to send to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and other cities and towns of the Southwest.

The gathering of the ice-harvest is a lively and stirring season. We have already said that the supply of ice for the New-York market comes mainly from the Hudson River above tide-water, from the coves, bays, and inlets along its shores, and from the small and pure lakes near to the river, or to some one of the great railroad routes leading to the metropolis. The Boston supply, both for home consumption and export, is derived from several lakes at no great distance from Boston; that of Portland and Bangor, from the Kennebec, Penobscot, and Androscoggin, above tide-water, and from some of the lakes of Maine. In the West, the great lakes, and the smaller lakes of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan, yield an unlimited supply. The ice-houses are huge buildings, from one hundred to two hundred feet in width, and from two hundred to four hundred in length, generally of wood, though sometimes of brick, with double, triple, or quadruple walls, the interstices usually packed with some non-conducting substance, such as spent tan-bark, sawdust, etc., with doors closing tightly on each floor, but no windows, and with inclined planes, movable, and adapted to each story, without as well as within, and, in the case of the larger ice-houses, a steam elevator is employed to drag the blocks up the inclined planes and lower them on the inside.

A favorable time having arrived for storing the ice, after a considerable period of severe frost, the fields are temporarily fenced; the snow, if there is any, is scraped off by a broad scraper, drawn usually by one horse, and the ice planed by another scraper, armed with a steel blade, to the depth of two or three inches, to remove the porous ice. Then comes the marker, a sort of plough which cuts a narrow groove, perhaps three inches deep, drawn by one horse—for, in this harvest, the ploughing and reaping are done the same day—and, when the marker has run a series of parallel lines five feet apart, it is turned the other way and crosses these with other grooves, also five feet apart. These grooves are deepened, and the size of the blocks reduced, by a sort of harrow, with three or more parallel rows of long and sharp teeth, about two feet apart, one row running in the grooves already made. Sometimes another plough, with a long, sharp, and comparatively thin tooth, or blade, is run through the principal grooves, if the ice is very thick. One row of the blocks is then cut through to the water underneath, by means of handsaws, and these blocks are hauled up on the ice adjacent, and run to the inclined planes, or loaded on sleds. The work now begins to be lively. As it is always uncertain whether there will be another favorable time for housing the ice, all hands drive their work as rapidly as possible. One gang, armed with crow-bars, thrust them into the grooves, and pry off the blocks; another catch them with a kind of spear and hook combined,

J. A. KONDOLF.

W. H. KONDOLF.

**KONDOLF BROS.,**

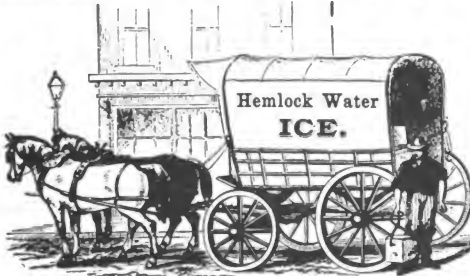
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

**HEMLOCK LAKE WATER ICE,****FROM KONDOLF LAKE, MONROE AVENUE.****Orders received at 170 Oak St., and at E. McSweeney's, 123 E. Main St., by Mail and Telephone.****THE KONDOLF LAKE AND  
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Were erected at a very large expense, for the purpose of procuring Pure Ice. This lake is supplied with Hemlock Lake Water, and great care has been taken to secure a Pure and Wholesome Ice. The water from this supply is renewed each season, being received late in the fall and withdrawn each spring, and is the only water used.

Following is the statement of the Executive Board, dated March 1st, 1885:

This is to certify that I have examined the books in this office, and find the following amounts credited to Mr. M. Kondolf in payment



for filling his ice pond, on Monroe Avenue, with Hemlock Lake Water:

Season 1882-83, estimated .....	\$ 300 00	Season 1885-86, meter and special .....	\$ 320 72
Season 1883-84, meter .....	198 86	Season 1886-87, meter and special .....	351 75
Season 1884-85, meter and special .....	368 13	Season 1887-88, meter and special .....	413 68
<b>Total .....</b>			<b>\$ 1953 13</b>

**F. E. WITHERSPOON, Register Rochester Waterworks.**

Therefore we ask your patronage, as the ice is sold and delivered as cheap as other ice.

and drag them into the canal formed by raising the blocks already described. Others attach to a sheet of perhaps fifty squares, a grappling-iron, with a long chain, and it is towed by horse-power toward the ice-house, either through the water, or, one end being tilted, it is raised on the icy surface and dragged swiftly to the elevator. Here, in blocks of five feet square, or smaller if desired, it is run up the inclined planes by the elevator and lowered on the inside, men being ready to receive it and pack it, standing on edge, with layers of sawdust, shavings, rice hulls, or spent tan. One story or floor being filled, the sliding-doors are closed, and the next floor above is towed in the same way, gutters and drainways near the walls receiving and carrying off the drainage and water from the melting of the ice. The houses, as fast as filled, are closed as tightly as possible, and they are only opened as the ice is wanted for immediate consumption. During this harvest season—which seldom lasts more than four or five days at a time—if there is moonlight, the work is often continued through the night as well as the day, and the scene is an animated and beautiful one. The men and animals seem stimulated to the utmost exertion, and all work with a will; at some of the houses of the Knickerbocker and Washington Ice Companies, six hundred tons are housed in an hour. Ice is too perishable an article, in warm weather, to bear many handlings. If wanted for export, the vessel to be laden comes, if possible, to the ice-house, and receives its cargo with but a



Refrigerator Room, Wickes Refrigerator Co.

single handling. The shippers have usually, at the port to which they are bound, a suitably-constructed ice-warehouse, where the cargo can be stored till sold; but each transfer is attended with heavy loss from melting. If the ice is intended to supply the city trade, it is loaded on the barges, which are peculiarly constructed for this business, and a

half dozen or more of them are towed down by a steamer (barges and steamer being both owned by the company) to the company's docks, and either stored in their city warehouses, or, if the demand is active, loaded immediately upon those huge, heavy wagons which shake all the houses on the street by their jarring thunder. In an average season, the net cost to the company of the ice ready for delivery to the customer, does not much, if at all, exceed three dollars per ton. When there is a scarcity of the commodity, and the company are obliged to supplement their own stock by purchases from Maine or elsewhere, this cost may be doubled; but this is very rarely the case. The average price to the consumer, of the three classes already named, during five years past, has been about eleven, thirteen, and sixteen dollars, the average being considerably increased by the extraordinary high prices of the last season. The competition from the organization of new companies, and the pressure to sell the vast quantities of ice stored during this very favorable season, will probably materially reduce the price of this commodity to our citizens, but will be very certain to increase largely the quantity exported to foreign countries. In 1870, prices at home ruled so high as to render foreign exportation comparatively unprofitable, and it had accordingly fallen off to about sixty-three thousand tons. The home market, in fact, is much the largest and most certain. In 1856, New-York City consumed and shipped two hundred and eighty-five thousand tons of ice. In 1866, the supply was four hundred and fifty thousand tons; in 1871, it will exceed one million tons. Very few branches of business have had so rapid a development.



## *Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching*

**T**he training of animals to perform simple acts of obedience has delighted audiences since antiquity. While our domestic pets are expected to respond in various ways to the commands of their masters, it is the tasks and tricks taught to the more exotic, or seemingly untrainable species, which have brought together large crowds and made fortunes for their owners.

In the latter eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, the training of pigs to spell and count with cards, distinguish the sexes, and tell the time of day, attracted such gatherings in England and America. Ricky Jay, in his marvelous, recent book *Learned Pigs & Fireproof Women* (New York: Villard Books, 1987) describes in detail this theatrical evolution. Popular in England throughout the 1780s, the learned pig took a decade to reach this side of the Atlantic, appearing first in New York in September 1797. Porcine performers soon appeared in Boston and other cities, in grand theaters, and in humble taverns.

The first original work on conjuring to be published in America was William Frederick Pinchbeck's *The Expositor: or Many Mysteries Unravelled* (Boston, 1805), of which the Clements Library has a copy. Pinchbeck devoted the first section of his work on legerdemain, ventriloquism, and animal training to the Learned Pig.

An earlier and little known work, *Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching* (Philadelphia, [1802]), is also in the library's collection. This pamphlet, attributed to Michael Leib, is here reproduced in enlarged facsimile. Leib was a noted physician, jurist, and Jeffersonian congressman and senator.

The author, a literary conjuror in his own right, sets out to provide a method of instructing a pig to do simple tricks with cards. Along the way he manages to touch on the subjects of local and national finances, the nature of philosophy, and the gullibility of mankind.

He suggests taking a six-day-old pig to a specific room, naming it, then teaching it that you provide its food when it responds to the name. The pig can be taught to retrieve a card scented with food for a reward. The student pig can also learn to move in any direction by stick-prodding.

Two years will produce a fully trained animal of show quality. With tongue-in-cheek, the author recommends as the ideal tutor an even-tempered, patient individual who has an aversion to labor and a disposition to avarice and slight-of-hand deception. The author's stated reason for publishing the text is to expose the trick and the trickster, but the seriousness of even this purpose is questionable.

It would seem to be improbable that Leib, then a United States Congressman, would have taken the time to compose this piece. But there was a tradition of satirical writing on the part of the establishment of Philadelphia from the time of Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Hopkinson. Whoever wrote it, *Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching* is great fun to read.

*Pro. A. W. Allister*  
*Thos. H. McAllister*  
REQUISITES FOR,

AND

COMPLETE METHOD

OF

HOG-TEACHING.

—•••••  
PRICE SIX CENTS.  
—•••••

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REQUISITES FOR,  
 AND  
 COMPLETE METHOD OF  
 HOG-TEACHING.

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**A**LL animals have instinct; and all, or at least all I know of, are possessed of five properties, which may be called senses, namely, seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling and feeling, some in a greater, and some in lesser degrees of acuteness—in most, if not all animals, there may be something discovered like passions, as joy, anger, &c. all have a natural propensity for food, to avoid danger, seek safety, &c. By application to the various senses, passions and propensities, there is scarcely an animal but may be taught more or less, certain habits, and those habits more or less, in proportion to the docility of the animal.

In the hog has been discovered one instinctive property which is very extraordinary, viz. his attachment to, and capacity to discover his native place of abode: let a pig be kept in the pen or yard with the dam till it becomes six weeks old, convey it then in a bag or close box, to the distance of 5 miles or further, even across small rivers, and when set at liberty it will go directly back. In most other respects, the hog has the appearance of a very stupid animal; experience however has proven the contrary, that he is one of the most docile and tractable animals

we have ; that he may even be taught science, to understand language, the use of letters, the art of computation by arithmetic, and the use of mechanical machines, as a watch, and also to play at fashionable games, as cards, &c. This appears to be a fact well known ; it likewise appears certain, that it highly gratifies and entertains the public, excites general liberality, meets great encouragement and support by voluntary contributions, or generous payment for the entertainment and information which it affords and communicates ; if then the public are convinced that a hog may thus be taught—if they are highly gratified by his performances when taught—if they consider this entertainment worth their money, it is fairly to be presumed they will not despise a plan proposed for facilitating the education of pigs, for affording such an aid to teachers, as might render their task easier, increase their number by adapting the method to common capacities, and consequently in a short time, enable us to boast of a very respectable number of scientific pigs, and such a plan too as would greatly diminish the expence. At the present time, allowing every person in this city who is capable of understanding, to attend the lectures of the learned pig only once in a year, the cost would amount to about 12,500 dollars ; whereas by the plan I propose, the city might be accommodated with a couple of teachers, or one man to teach, and another to attend on the hog when taught, in delivering his lectures, for about 1600 dollars ; at these lectures, an engagement being made by the year, every person in the city might attend once a fortnight, so that it appears clear that this price would be reduced about 160 fold, because if 50,000 people might be entertained but once in a year for 12,500 dollars on the old plan, and the same number could be entertained 24 times in a year for 1600 dollars, the difference in expence must be very striking ; or in short, every gentleman so disposed, might easily be supplied with an able teacher amongst his own pigs ; besides the abundance of entertainment and utility it would afford, here would be a saving of at least 10,000 dollars a year, which might be applied to some subordinate purpose, such as educating orphan children, supporting of hospitals, towards water-works, or

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any such little matter, or every man might keep his money himself if he chose. "The pamphlet comes only to a five-penny bit gentlemen: I can't afford to enlarge much on the value of the work, but will proceed to give you the Requisites for hog teaching.

I. That the tutor should be a man of genius.

II. Have a peculiar spirit, and a certain demension of soul, to dispose him to apply this genius to the noble purpose.

III. An aversion from all kind of useful industry, particularly from labor.

IV. A man of unwearied patience and even temper.

V. Somewhat of avarice in his disposition, some prospect of gain, however remote, and to possess the art of passing deceptions for realities.

VI. And last, in order to complete the wonderful accomplishments of the pig, he must be an adept in the games at cards, and understand many slight of hand tricks with them.

A person thus qualified, might be found I presume, without much difficulty, none of the qualifications being of the most rare kind, except the second, which I believe has hitherto been rather rare in the United States; if then those are the qualifications requisite, and a person thus qualified easy to be found, the prospect as yet is fair to accomplish by this pamphlet the object contemplated, viz. both to furnish the directions for increasing hog literature and reducing the expence; every man however will be at liberty to judge for himself, when I have laid before him, the

*Complete method and progress of Hog teaching.*

Being qualified as above, you must take a pig, say six days old, keep it in a room large enough for the purpose, where no creature is to be admitted, but yourself and the pig; give it a certain name, as Dick or Tom, which name you must repeat pretty loud as often as you offer it food, which must be in small quantities and frequently; in one month he will be taught to approach towards you at the sound of this name—you have him so far perfect in understanding your will when you wish him to come to you. You now provide a small switch, in order to teach

A 2

( 6 )

him to go from you; apply the switch gently accompanying the application with the word *go*, (pretty loud) according to the nature of animals, having a sense of feeling and an instinctive propensity to avoid danger and injury; this application will be to his fears, he will naturally go from you, the word *go* always accompanying the whip, will in time apprise him and cause him to go without the latter, this must be practised every day during another month, by which time he will be taught to go at the word; two months are now elapsed, and you have acquired by means of sound, both the attractive and repulsive power over the pig—he will come and go at your word. You now let the pig have a good appetite, you bend a card in such a form that he can pick it up with ease, on the end of which you rub something agreeable to his appetite; you place the card on the floor, at the distance of eight feet from you; having the pig by your side, you bid him go, the card attracts its sight, he approaches it, being in quest of food, takes in his mouth the end on which you rubbed bait; when you see him take it up, you then call or command him to you, he will approach as usual, and will not drop the card till he stops; he then lays it down as their manner is in order to eat it; as he lays it down, you at the same instant drop some attractive food on the same spot, which will divert him from the card, which you then take up; you now feed him in no other way for another month, but by sending him in this way for a card, recalling him with it near to yourself, where he stops naturally, drops the card, and there finds his food; three months are now elapsed, you now have him perfectly taught to come and go, to take up a card and drop it at your feet. You now place a number of cards in a circle or on the sides of a square at equal distances asunder, you put a string on the pig's neck and fasten thereto a stick just long and strong enough to guide his course; you command him to go as usual, and by means of the stick, compel him to depart in and keep one certain direction from where he hears the word; this direction you must always make exactly the same, for example, when the pig is beside you, take your position so that a line drawn from where you stand, through his head, would strike the card

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you want ; by means of the stick, you compel him always to move in direct opposition to where he hears the word ; you now feed him in no other way, nor suffer him to depart at the word, in any other than an exact opposite direction from where he hears the word *go*, for three, or, as it is an essential point, perhaps six months, and in that time this direction will become his habit, and he will move in it without the stick, with great exactness ; or, if you compel him to move in any other direction, it will be the same, so that he be confined to one direction ; or the most complete way is to compel him to move in a certain direction from the position in which he stands himself, for example, if he stands in such a position that a line drawn from his nose to the card you want, would make an angle of 90 degrees with a line drawn from his nose along his back, you oblige him with your stick to change his position 90 degrees, or his head to turn upon a circle 90 degrees before he starts ; for this purpose you must have your voice at a certain pitch when you give the word for the angle on which he is to turn ; this method is very difficult, requires nice skill and considerable practice in the tutor ; a good billiard-player would soon acquire, and would require at least two years to make the pig perfect, but when his habit becomes once fixed he never alters nor becomes embarrassed : there are many other ways of driving the pig to a certain spot without being observed by the spectators, but one method is generally thought best for one pig ; I have made choice as a theory, of the first method, it being most simple, yet quite sufficient here, because it will readily be admitted that the art of pig teaching like other arts, may be diversified, and will admit of continual improvement.

When thus you have got the pig perfectly at command to come, go, pick up a card, drop, &c. and to drive it to any particular card you choose, your theory is then complete, and you may begin to practise ; for example write what words you please on a certain number of cards, and place them as before, you demand of the pig a question, a direct answer to which is on one of the cards, you can easily by the foregoing, or a rule similar, drive or send the pig to the very card, which he takes up as usual, &c. and in the same way for any letter, figure, &c. that you may re-

quire—it has been observed in the introduction the extraordinary propensity and capacity of the hog to return to his native place; this may be an argument in favour of its retaining a more perfect impression, and for a longer time, than perhaps any other animal the habits he once acquires.

But the knowledge of the present learned pig in cards seems to be considered more extraordinary than all the rest of his accomplishments: this I confess I cannot explain fully, not being acquainted with such tricks with cards myself, it is a fact however that I have seen a poppet show, do many things with cards which I could not understand, I have drawn a card from a pack, on looking at it found it to be the duce of diamonds, but the showman said I had drawn the nine of clubs and on looking a second time, though the card was never out of my hand, I found to my surprise it was the nine of clubs, it is then certain that men who have long studied such tricks, may do and tell things which a spectator who never spent a thought on the subject, much less had the opportunity of information from many other trick inventors, cannot account for; therefore it is plain that the hog tutor may have this art; he may know, and no doubt does the secret; admit this and the difficulty how the pig knows vanishes, because in fact the pig knows nothing about it; but a pack of cards being laid open in the manner I have stated, the man knowing what card you hold in your hand can as easily drive the pig for the fellow to it as, for any other card. You now have the art sufficiently, the pig is taught, or rather you have acquired the art of making it appear so to the eye of a spectator, but admitting that the pig is taught, for he is taught some mechanical habits, what is the end proposed? I confess I cannot tell, nor do I for my own part admire taught hogs, nor the art of teaching them, but this I hope will have no effect on the utility of my pamphlet, for I have not wrote it with a view to advocate hog literature generally; so much as with a view to get the new plan adopted instead of the old as a saving of expence particularly. Therefore since I am through that part; and have a better room left, I must beg leave to write something more, for I am fond of writing; besides, as I am myself ignorant in some respects as to all the general utility of the art, I wish to state a few

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enquiries that some other person may answer, while in the mean time I shall state a few ends which I think it is, and some others which I think it is not intended to answer. It seems that the present learned pig is a native of Massachusetts, possibly his tutor too, I don't know, this is one of the New England States: now if this man had been employed there in breaking oxen to the yoke, and had displayed his genius as he has on the pig, I am confident he would have done more to excite my admiration, at least approbation. I have known a New England man who could command his ox, at the distance of 20 or 30 yards to come under the yoke. I have known Germans of Pennsylvania have their horses taught to stretch, kneel, and lay down; a fowler whose dog would lye down though eager to pursue the game. Now these things are all very natural because these creatures are thereby rendered more serviceable in their respective stations by being under good command, but why any man would spend much time and exercise an able genius to teach a hog, a knowledge of language when he can never speak, or arithmetic when he never can be a merchant, or fashionable games when he never can be a companion, can be answered by me but one way, that is view of gain, by imposing on the folly of men; what does it demonstrate that a hog is possessed of reasoning faculties, no I think it plain, it argues that the hog has strong instinctive propensities, and this argues a want of reasoning faculties. I think I am glad it is so, because if it had been discovered that a hog is endowed with reasoning faculties like a man, the next thing contended might be that he has a soul immortal like a man, if this opinion was to gain credit, it might next become a question, whether a hog has a soul like a man, or whether a man is without a soul like a hog, and we would then, as far as natural reason goes, have as much reason to credit the one as the other; and the result would be, that it would be much doubted whether either had a soul; because if the hog has a soul every other animal has one, only it has not been yet discovered; if every animal has a soul, man is no more than any of them; if no more than any of them, it is very doubtful whether him or them have any prospect of future existence, the strongest argument we have from natural philosophy in favour of immortality

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is taken from man's reasoning on the subject, the above position would completely destroy that, this destroyed, we have nothing but revelation, every thing else having become doubtful, this would soon become doubtful also; but the fact is otherwise the hog has no reason, nor no soul. Now if this discovery of teaching hogs had originated in this country, and was a thing new, it might be well enough to let the author enjoy it a while without attempting to adopt a cheaper plan, let him have as it were a patent for a few years for, sake of his genius, for I would consider such a discovery to denote a genius which might lead to something better; but the fact is I don't know where it was discovered, but when I was in London 8 years ago, I saw it practised there. Therefore as the English nation has many of the ketch penny arts in much greater perfection than we have, I have some doubts that both this hog and his tutor might have come from there or some other foreign country, though, they say not—or if the man be an American he may have imported the art, and I think it one kind of importation that we could have done without, he very possibly to obtain this, might have been fooled out of all the money he had scraped by gambling for some years, which money he is now in his turn fooling back from the public. All such men are downright sharpers and gamblers, any art therefore which they invent for that purpose ought not to be suffered to dupe the public, nor ought it by any means to be considered as having any claim on the public for support, I think, but every one to his notion—to come to a close, I have in the beginning of the pamphlet proposed it for a five-penny bit, and in it promised for that five-penny bit to furnish a method of satisfying the public curiosity, or afford the entertainment of a literary hog at a very reduced price; now if any should approve and adopt the method I have laid down, I will answer for its success in accomplishing the pigs, and in reducing the expence; the object proposed would then be completed, I think therefore I am intitled to the five-penny bit—again if in pointing out the requisites and laying down the method, I should have thrown any light on the deception, and thereby satisfied any with respect to hog literature, they will be at no farther expence, the object I proposed is there accomplished,

( II )

curiosity is satisfied, and expence saved, I think I am there intitled to a five-penny bit, if any complaint should arise, that I have filled up the pamphlet with introduction and conclusion, and that but a small part in the centre is on the subject proposed. I reply, you saw the size. What I proposed was to furnish you with a complete system of hog teaching, if that was all you expected, and I had completed that in 2 lines, I would have in them 2 lines fulfilled my engagement, in hopes therefore that what I have wrote before and after can do no harm, I still think I have not deceived you out of the five-penny bit.

Should any say after reading my pamphlet, that it is an ill-natured and envious thing, and regret having lost a deception which afforded amusement, I would reply as to the first part, who in the name of deception would envy the hog-teacher his employment; as to his art I possess it already, and as to his money, I am in hopes there is too much good sense in this place, to afford him more than one quarter of a dollar a piece; as to that I will confess I would rather see it in the hands of the public; but as to the latter part, namely, any to regret being undeceived, I am done, for I confess I would be at a loss there, and would not know how to reply to any man who would be so highly entertained by really believing a hog to be on a par with him in point of intellects; I should still however claim title to having fulfilled my engagement, and that I have a right to the five-penny bit; however gentlemen, if you don't like to give me your five-penny bits, you are welcome to the pamphlet, as to my part without any; there is only one request I have to make, and that is not to give them to the present hog tutor, unless he should offer to sell you the shoat for a roaster,



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## *The Ewing Papers—Part Two*

We begin the second installment of Ewing family letters in the fall of 1823 and continue the chronicles through the winter of 1827. Maskell Ewing (1807-1849), recipient of all the letters, was a cadet at West Point until his graduation in 1826, when he was assigned duty at Fortress Monroe in Virginia. Family letter writing was a communal activity in the Ewing family, and most "letters" posted actually included letters from mother Jane Hunter Ewing and one or both sisters. The mother's contributions tend to be admonitory and moralistic rather than informative, and in only one instance (#5) is a portion of her correspondence included.

The primary writers of these letters are sisters Louisa and Mary. Both were attractive, single girls in their teens, full of enthusiasm for all aspects of life and sufficiently naive and impressionable to find almost every experience worth retelling. The letters include descriptions of parties, weddings, a state agricultural show, a visit to the synagogue in Philadelphia, and theatrical performances.

What makes the correspondence particularly interesting is the level of detail with which the girls describe events and things which older, worldlier narrators would omit. The pen picture of the Sims House in Philadelphia (#3) is one of the best sources which may exist on home furnishing, by this time a little threadbare, at the height of the Regency Period. The detailed accounts of weddings, of parties, and fashions are exceptional for their exactness and could be useful for anyone trying to recreate the style of a social occasion of the 1820s.

A certain amount of historical background information is useful in reading the correspondence. The Spread Eagle and the Buck Taverns, where the rather elegant country dances were held, were on the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike which cut through Delaware County, not far from the Ewing home. We are inclined to picture the taverns of the era as essentially bars with hotel accommodations attached, but they also served as post offices and gathering places for the surrounding community.

We tend to think of "suburbia" as a twentieth century phenomenon and think of nineteenth- and eighteenth-century America as divided, rather neatly, between "the city" and "the country." In actual fact, there were gray areas on the perimeters of urban centers which were not entirely rural in character. The Ewings did live

in proximity to farmers and farm laborers, and their letters frequently notice the activities of this earthy, yeoman class. But scattered throughout the area were also families, like themselves, whose social, intellectual, and financial ties were largely to the city.

For the Ewings, the Hunters, the Twells, the Gaskills, and others, farming was more an avocation than a professional necessity. Their primary incomes came from real estate, stocks, or professional fees. Woodstock, the Ewing home, and nearby houses of this "rural" elite were more elegant than simple farm houses in architectural style and furnishings. They did their shopping in town, and when they needed new curtains or the piano tuned, artisans were summoned from Philadelphia to do the work. The Ewing sisters paint a wonderful picture of this semi-urban, semi-rural world of a by-gone era.

## 1.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 26th October 1823

Dear Maskell

Your letter of the 12 I received last sunday and would have answered it before but we have had company all this week from Jersey to see the cattle show. It was on wednesday, thursday, and friday.<sup>1</sup> The last day was for ladies, and sister and I went up with papa, cousin Bedford, and his son. We saw Mrs Roberts, cousin Matilda and a great many more ladies; we walked out into a field where there was a platform raised in the middle of it and seats fixed below for the ladies. Mr Roberts gave us a speech on agriculture and some very handsome compliments to the ladies, the seats were then moved, and we went to see the ploughing match with horses. It was very amusing to see how eager the men were to beat, for you must know the best ploughman gets 25 dollars that is very good wages for 20 minutes work. The seats were moved again and we saw the oxen plough. After that we went to the platform and saw all the premiums delivered. Cousin Matilda got the premium for butter 20 dollars. Mr Joseph Morgan got 50 dollars for his Arabian horse, they called out "Captain Morgan, 50 dollars for the finest horse, Captain M will please step up and receive it," so it was with all of them. When they came to cousin M they called out "20 dol to Mrs Doctor Harris for the best butter." "Now," said I, "cousin, walk up and receive

your premium," but in stead of that Mr Blight the treasurer came down and presented four half eagles to her. I will now leave the rest for sister and mama,

your affectionate sister Louisa

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock 26th October 1823]

My dear brother

I suppose you received Mama's and my hasty letter. The coachman called for Jenny (alias Mrs Merrit) just as Ma was half done. Poor Jenny, she felt very much at parting from us, she has a very affectionate heart. She bade us all farewell, but when she came to ma—she burst into tears and could not speak. She wrote after she got down to the city to me saying she had put your letter in the post office and delivered the package safe I sent by her, which was a very handsome dancing doll for W. Fox's little nieces in Ireland and his miniature he sent us. With her letter she sent a parcel containing a ball of very nice soap for me and a little paper box of paints for Louisa. I gave her a straw basket of my make—my pink one I had when you were here—I put new bows and strings and smarted it up to look like new. Louisa gave her two paintings, a honey suckle and acasia, she painted from nature and papa gave her a present of some money, sister E. gave her 75 cents with which she meant to get a keep-sake, so on the whole I take it Mrs Merrit had a tolerable pleasant visit. She is fonder of finery than ever, a watch and trinkets, breastpin, rings on almost every finger, and dresses for every day in the week and many other things "too tedious here to mention."

We spent last tuesday afternoon at Mr Hoskins and when we returned found Mr Daniel Elmer from Bridgeton here, who came to see the Cattle Show. On thursday he had his pocket-book containing papers of importance and a hundred dollars cut out of his pocket and bore off. It must have been an accomplished sharper. It was an inner pocket. It was so cut with some crooked instrument no doubt for the purpose as not to injure the cloth of his coat at all. It damped all the pleasure he had for a 100 dollars is no trifle to loose. He left us on friday morning and missed one of the most pleasant days of the show—there was more to be seen on friday than any day previous. We were much pleased indeed and had more deferance and

attention paid than we ever had before any place.

The society wish to encourage the ladies to attend. There was not much ladies work sent, a hearth rug took a premium of 5 dollars, and pa says if L. or I will undertake one he will give us every thing to make it handsome and Louisa has taken him at his offer and means next year to try for the premium—what success she will have we cannot tell. The one shewn had a Leopard worked on it. I did not think it at all handsome and if none handsomer than that is shewn next year L. will beat it. I am sure I could.

The concourse of people was immense. We got home at 5 in the afternoon much pleased but very tired and hungry. We were politely and handsomely invited, nay pressed to dine with the society but declined. Cousin M. and Mrs Roberts stayed to dinner. Dr Harris was one of the committee of arrangement and Mr Roberts president of the society. . . .

your affectionate sister Mary

2.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

November 2d 1823

. . . you remember Mr Somerville who was engaged to Mary Ann Engle of Chester. He went out last winter against the pirates and this fall he took the yellow fever and died. It appears since his death that he was engaged to two ladies, for a Miss Gambol of Phila has gone in deep mourning for him and M A Engle keep her room for a week. Would you have thought that he was such a man?

It has been very sickly up in the Valley. Mrs Roberts has been very ill but is now better; Holland Bowen that kept the ship tavern is dead and his two brothers—it was very strange—Holland died first and his two brothers who were in health at the time made his will and only left enough to the widow to prevent her breaking the will and took all the rest to themselves—in about a week they were taken sick and are now dead—they little thought they would be the next to be laid in the ground.

Sister and I went to Mr Amies the other day and borrowed Wilsons Ornothology which has some most elegant birds in them which I intend to copy some of the handsomest of.<sup>2</sup> I have painted a pair of fire screens which are thought very well done for one that never had any instruction. I have also painted on silk the top

of a pincushion and work box which I made for William J Fox's mother, but he had no way of taking it as he was going by Liverpool—the duty is so high and they examine so close that he would have to pay twice the value or give it up and he said he would rather throw it over board than let them have it so I thought it was best to keep it.

. . . Uncle Hunter had the upholster up last week putting up the curtains in the two best parlours. On thursday I went up to see them, they are very pretty. You remember the ones they had in the city—it is the same stuff but they made five out of three. I suppose you would like to see them, so I have drawn you a model. If you want any put up in your room to ornament it can take pattern by these Mrs Jones was the person that put them up. Perhaps you may have heard of Kitty Bob—it is the same person and a most wonderfull talker. Dr Physic gave a large party last winter and she superintended it and got all the things. Among the rest she got two turkeys boned and stuffed with Jelly. She gave all the bills to the Dr and he read them all and said nothing intill he came to two turkeys 20 Dollars. He then began to object to it, but she soon stopped him by saying, "why Doctor, if y[ou] give a party you must have all that other people hav[e], and what is 20 Dollars for 2 turkeys when you get 100 Dol for cutting off a leg."<sup>3</sup>

I believe you did not get a discription of Jane Thomas's wedding. We went and Miss Miller, and Miss Gaskells and Alexander. I got them a front seat where they could see all that passed. She and Mr Clever came in first, then Mrs Jones and Mr Thomas, then his father and all the rest of the party, 45 in number. She had on a white satin frock made in the fashion with a thin lace scarf down to her feet, white shoes and silk stockings, a white figured silk hat trimmed very full with lace and a great many curls—not at all like a quaker. He had on a suit of Black, white westcoat, silk stockings and pumps, a ruffle shirt and dandy hat. After they were married they went out and stood some time before they started. They say there was a very handsome dinner and supper. Mr and Mrs Hoskins were appointed to over look them and after supper they went home and the young people got to dancing and danced untill twelve o'clock. That is like a quaker wedding.



Papa went to the city last thursday and he and Wade and Holly went to the circus. There is great performing now. There is also a great Lecturer now in the city on astronomy.<sup>4</sup> He has transparencies of the moon and stars. He gives lectures in the theatre for 5 dollars a course. Uncle Patterson goes and is very much pleased.

## 3.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Janry 12th 1824

Dear brother

I received yours and one from brother Hunter on friday. He has been to Bethlehem on christmass and gives us a full discription of all that happened. I suppose he will write you all about it.

The week before christmass I spent in town and as Sims's furniture oposite to Uncle Pattersons was sold I went to see it.<sup>5</sup> The front parlour had an elegant organ which took up one side of the room, there was another organ for chanting, and an old piano. The carpet was turkish but very much worn, the chairs were mahogany with hair seats, very old fashioned and worn out. The two back parlours had folding doors between and brussels carpets. One of the rooms had white velvet chairs with paintings of landscapes and flowers on them—they



Joseph Sims residence

were all arm chairs and between everyone was a stool with gilt legs and the top blue satin with gold stars and gold fringe—they were the same heighth as the seats of the chairs. The curtains were blue crimson and yellow damask with a portrait of washington in the center of the middle drapery, they were the handsomest I ever saw. There was two pier tables with gilt legs and marble tops. The rooms were painted in flowers and musical instruments—in the center of each room hung a chandelier; both rooms had windows like our back parlou[r] only much

larger and opposite a lookingglass window. In the other room was a grand piano and in front of the lookingglass window was what they called a sideboard but I call it a large table with imitation draws, over it a gilt eagle holding a chandelier, and standing on the table was three elegant lamps. Over the mantle was a glass that reached to the ceiling with a gold and bronze frame. The whole house from garrett down had marble mantles. The parlour mantles are splendid, they are pink and white mottled marble and white, supported by figures and a great deal of gilding. Upstairs was a very handsome library with glass ships, chinese mandarines, busts, paintings, marble figures etc. to fill it up. All the china had the tomb of washington in the center of every piece. I have now given you a discription of all that was worth notice.

There is to be a ball on thursday at the spread eagle. I intend going and after that I will write you. I must now stop to give room for sister, I am

your affectionate sister

L E Ewing

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Janry 12th 1824]

Dear brother

Papa was in the city last friday. On his way up he stopped at the post office and got your letter of the 2nd Janry and one from brother H giving a curious account of the Bethlehem festival at Christmass.<sup>6</sup> It is really the most singular kind of worship I ever heard of. During the music (which was very scientific and elegant) the congregation were served with cakes and coffee and brother H. wonders what quantity of coffee it took as there was not less than 1000 persons in the church. The school rooms were all decorated with transparencies representing our saviours birth and principal events in his life. Through Mr Seidel, the clergyman and principal, he saw every thing and received from him very great attention. He visited the school rooms the day after Christmass. He will write a more particular account to you. He may well wonder what quantity of coffee it took. Did you ever hear of any thing so singular? They were also served with cakes almonds etc. etc. by the young ladies in the school rooms. Our Christmass was spent at Mr Curwens pleasantly but soberly.

On New Years eve Holderness S[mith] after

tea started with Jim to go to Mr Gaskells to join Thomas and Alexr and some others to fire away the old year. As it was dark Jim gave them the slip, thinking it but dull business, went down to the Cross-keys, there to have a frolic something like as he thought. The next morning (New Years day) we were all roused from our bed with a report that Jim had just crawled home with one of his teeth knocked out and his arm broke. In great trepidation mama proceeded to the kitchen—found him faint and beat to the jelly—his arm he could not lift. We immediately had a mattress put on the floor and him laid on it and dispatched little James for Dr H. who arrived at eleven O'clock in the morning, found his arm not broken or dislocated but bruised to a liver. He bled him copiously, ordered a poultice of bran and vinegar, and departed after Papa had paid him a dollar for his visit (a New years gift for Jim). He is now nearly well, tho' has not done a stroke of work since. He is daily and hourly growing worse and worse, keeping us all in a continual broil notwithstanding the kind attention he has received since his hurt. A few days after, when he was taken himself off against pa's positive orders, papa went after him with a cane, determining to drive him back. At the head of the back avenue pa overtook him, raised his cane to strike him, when Jim up with a club four times the size of pa's cane and told him if he dared to strike him he would stave his brains out on the spot, so then pa had to reason him into a good humor and bring him home by coaxing. Papa has advertised him in the Norristown paper and stuck notices up every where in Phila and at the taverns about here. You therefore will not think from what I have written this year was ushered in very merrily by us. That Jim is rascal of the first order you will readily acknowledge and quite above papa's management.

Holderness was with us ten days, was by far too much with Jim for his own good, and we were all glad when he left us, which he did with great reluctance. He takes but little pleasure in study. We could not help contrasting you, dear Maskell, with him. Such a contrast—one delights in study, the best of company, and books while the other is not for either. It makes us proud and happy to have two such dear brothers who also feels I am sure in return proud of their sisters, for you thought your sisters would have graced the ball room, and brother H. wished all the time at Bethlehem we

were with him to enjoy it. It was quite flattering to us to think our brothers were not ashamed of us. . . .

We have an invitation to a ball at the Spread Eagle next thursday.<sup>7</sup> Sister L. will go but I shall not, as I do not like staying all night and not getting home 'till next morning. It does not agree with my *wholesome*. If it was near enough to take leave when I chose I would not mind going but should like it vastly. If Mr Trexler and brother come down this winter we are going to have a hop here with the Miss Gaskills and Alexr. to play for us. Gibbs has the small pox, or as they call it now by the more fashionable name of Varioloid, and as it is fatal among blacks it is feared he will not recover.<sup>8</sup> He will be quite a public loss. I do not know what they will do for music at the Spread E[agle] ball. . . .

We still have our good girl Sarah, who desires to be remembered to you. Little Jane, Jim, James, and an Englishman of the name of William compose our kitchen establishment. The latter came to us destitute of cloathes and money. We have made him decent by giving him new shirts and trowsers. Papa gave him a christmass gift of 1/2 dollar, the first money he has had since he came, with which he got royally drunk, but has been since sober and obliging. . . .

## 4.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock January 27th 1824]

Dear brother

I promised you I would write after the ball and give you an account of it. Sister Mary said she would not go and as I had made up my mind to go I must find a way. I went over to Mr Gaskel[l] thinking to be sure they would go and behold they had no invitation, and all I could say they would not believe there was one sent or if had, the stage driver must have lost it, so I came home and told papa. He said that there must have been one written and he would go and see Mr Shainline, this was wednesday noon. He started and went to Mr Holsteins where he saw him. He asked if there had been invitations sent to Mr Gaskells family, for they had not got one. Mr S said it was very strange for he saw them written and sent by the stage, but he wrote another and papa brought it to them.

The next morning sister and I went over and

asked the girls if they would not go. They said no, that it would look strange for them to go, having no time to get ready, and another thing it seemed like asking for an invitation, but just then Alexander came and handed a letter to Eliza and what should it be but the original invitation, so they now said they would go. It had laid at Bartlesons for a week and no body but Mrs B knew any thing of it.

Sister and I went to work and soon got the girls dresses trimmed. I pined Eliza up a turbin like one Christean got in town. They are very pretty, made of pink and white gause handkerchiefs with white fethers. About noon Mr Gaskell and Thomas came home from Washington. Thomas said he would go and it was fixed to have our carriage [pick them up] after dinner. We came home and sister says, "well, I believe I will go fix [my dress. This?] has put me quite in the humour of it." Mama said she was very glad [to hear] her say so and help her to get ready. Well you must know this was [at (?)] O'clock. She got out her dresses and looked which she would ware and after putting on one she said it was so late she could not get ready, but mama said if she would let her trim it she would, so to work we all went, me to dressing, sister and mama to fixing, and at five we were both dressed, ready to go. Mary Hoskins and Anna came over to see us.

Sister had on a mullmuslin and figured gause over trimmed with a lace slounce and white satin puffing wrapped with blue, sash of blue, my blue gause handkerchief looped down on each shoulder and behind with gold rings, and before, her breastpin and my blue beads, her gold comb, and some flowers in her head. I had on my figured muslin trimmed round the bottom with a new worked trimming, three tucks with pink run in a wreath of ever green and rose buds and white flowers, above that a pink satin spencer with lace round the neck, short sleeves and long white kid gloves. Sister Elinors watch and a pearl necklace, my white silver flowers and a pearl, and brilliant headdress with white kid shoes finished my dress.

We had a very pleasant ball of about 30 ladies and 40 gentlemen. The supper was not near as handsome as the buck was but the managers were very attentive handing round cakes and wine, almonds, raisons, chesnuds, and apples between every dance.

The music was very good. We had two of Jhonstons men and Gibbs, who has got well but

looks very bad—he lost his wife and one child—he plays very well and has taken lessons of Jhonston.<sup>9</sup> There was two violines and a tam-borine which was played better than I ever heard it before, so soft as not to be unpleasant. He called out the figures very plain so that every one could hear in the room.

The managers were Mr Shainline whome you know went to dancing school with you. They say he is to be married in the spring to Anne Holstein. The other was a Mr Roberts, a quaker but not any thing like one, very lively and dances very well. The other was a Mr Bertholomew that lives in the valley.

I danced two or three times with all the managers and with a great many more gentlemen. I danced 20 setts, which makes between 100 and 5 or 10, and you may think I was tired enough next day. Sister wants to make it out I came down stairs next day on my hands and knees, but I did not. However I was limping for three days. It was 5 O'clock when we got in bed. Coming home we saw the comet, the morning star, and the eclipse of the moon, which was very handsome—almost total<sup>10</sup>—but what was the fun, you must know, A. Gaskil asked me to dance, and after the dance was over left me standing on the floor to find a seat the best way I could. I thought he knew better than that. I danced with my old school master Mordica Morgin, which is now Dr Morgan. Mary Morgan was there and told me John Ewing had been there learning to be a farmer but got tired and went home. I wonder what he will be if he keeps shifting about.

5.

Jane Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock February 29th 1824

... there has been a ball at the Eagle and one at the Buck, both very pleasant.<sup>11</sup> Your Sisters will tell you of them. There has been Little partys: one at Mr Amies, one at Mr Gaskells, and one at Mr McClanagans, and we have had one. They came at four O'clock. We had the back parlour carpet untack'd, taken up, well shook, the room scrub'd the day before, and the Carpet laid down.

When the party went into tea in the dining room the table was full from end to end. While eating of all the good things prepar'd, such as Tea, Coffee, cake of many kinds, ham, Sau-sages, cheese etc., your Sister Louisa and your

Sister Elinors Girl took up the carpet, lited up the two rooms, and when they went into the front room the Ladies (the Gentlemen got their music, Mr Alexander Gaskell the violin, two young Mr McClanagans their Clarinets, and they play'd sweetly) danc'd Cotilins Miss Amies, Miss McCc, three Miss Gaskells, two Miss Wilsons, Mrs Curwen and two Miss Ewings, three Mr McCc, two Mr Amies, Two Mr G. Alexander and Thomas, Mr George Wilson and Mr Curwen. They kept it up untill twelve O'Clock. Your Brother and you was often wish'd for in the number, both by the company and your fond mother.

Thomas Gaskell goes in the *Alexander* to Liverpool to Dublin from there were his Uncle that has sent for him, often live'd, and died last October. He left the Estate to old Mr G. here during his life with Legacy to all his children, at his death to Thomas. I suppose if he ever returns to this country he will be quit[te] the accomplish'd. Mrs Randolph talks of giving a party so you see the Country is quit lively. . . .

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock 29th February 1824]

. . . Old Ben Limehouse was found dead in his bed last tuesday night from intoxication. Papa was there all day on Wednesday, had to summon a jury of 12. Ben and Caphas Bartleson had a quarrel on sunday, the latter struck Ben on the temple with the tongs, and it is the opinion of some it caused his death. They sent for Dr Blackfan and had the place opened but found his skull not at all injured. It was not more than skin deep. This, however, did not satisfy the jurors. At length however they decided it must be drunkenness. This is papa's firm belief. However, they parleyed about it so long poor Old Ben did not get carried to his long home 'till candle light. You know he was a great drunkard. A few weeks ago papa told Ben if he did [not] keep sober he would be found in a fence corner some cold night dead and have to hold an inquest over him, but did not think he would so shortly have to do it.

We had a very brilliant Ball at the Buck on the 23rd to celebrate Washingtons birth. The room was very tastefully decorated with evergreens and wax flowers and candles placed behind the greens, a great number of them. The floor was chalked, a large spread Eagle in the centre, rays from the chimney to represent the

sun, and some sort of *quivery Equeues*—quite stylish this for a country ball. We are coming out, don't you think? The ladies were very handsomely dressed. A Miss Teebault of Germantown was the most splendidly dressed—a purple thin crape, spangled all over with a rich border nearly a qr. of a yd. deep, pearl necklace and earrings, rich brussels lace round neck and sleeves. Your sisters I think stood next on the list. They were dressed exactly alike, gold muslin dresses, painted trimmings over pink short sleeves, with pink crape cut in points and quilled round the sleeves, headgear quite stylish, but can't be decried more than Louisa's was blue and silver with a bunce of pink roses, mine blue and pearl with a bunce of pink roses, gold chains round the neck, with lace quilled on the bosom of the frock. All the rest very beautifully equiped.

Every gentleman lead a lady (to the number of 65–35 gents and 30 ladies) into the Ball room (the music playing Washingtons march) from the door to the head of the room. They then took partners and opened the ball with a country dance. Miss Rachael Holstein inquired for you and praised you not a little. In dancing the jig cotillion Dr Moore, one of the managers, by accident got his foot entangled in the trimming of her dress and bore it off, she says tore 65 [ ? ] it, and she would make him pay dear for it, you know what [a] rattle she is. The lady with the spangled dress got a woeful [rend?] in hers, and I had a glass of water upset on me. All helped to make a charming variety. I wished more than once you and Brother H. was with us.

Our dance here at home was quite in the stylish order, three rooms thrown open, violin and two clarionetts to dance by. This sounds great, but in truth it was a very pretty party. You know what we can do if we try, not in any mean way was any thing conducted, but good things in abundance, almonds, raisins, figs, sweetmeats, Pound and sponge cake, jumbles, and heaps more goodies "too tedious here to mention." If we all enjoy our health 'till next June and have the delightful pleasure of meeting as we did last we will see if we cannot knock up another hop of the like decription.

Mark Bartleson had his intended with him at the Buck, a very pretty, modest looking girl. 'Tis said they are to be married next thursday. Sister L. observed to him while dancing she understood his belle was there and said she

would like to see her. He said she should be gratified and pointed her out. He was extremely attentive and very proud of her (as he ought to be).

Sister L. cut for the Miss Gaskells two beautiful Valentine's. I altered and improved the grand rhymes for Christians, leaving out two of the lines and having but six instead of eight. For Eliza I also wrote some grand ones. We had great sport with them as we took them over the day they had their party before the company assembled. We have also received one, a piece with some elegant poetry, the cutting by sister E., the lines by her better half, of course very good. This is a secret known only to you as we do not tell every body who our Valentine is. Sister L. advises her to forsake the giddy dance and take a shepherd, as he styles himself. At the Buck ball she had a secret paper with candy in it, you know such as they hand round at parties. It was in the same style and reads as follows:

Oh bid to grandeur and to pomp farewell,  
And share my cottage in the rustic dell.

Papa is going to have a dinner party next thursday of 12 gentleman. He and Uncle bet a dinner, Uncle that he would raise so much wheat to an acre and papa that he would not. Papa lost and now is to give it. Drs. Harris and Wilson, 2 Mr Curwens, 2 Mr Gaskells, Mr Twells, Hoskins, Lawrence, Faux, Hunter, and Brown are to be the company. Thus you see we go on. I think I have eked out a good sizeable letter, whether good or otherwise you must judge, and will conclude with:

My Pen is bad, my ink is pale,  
My love to you will never fail

6.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock

Monday morning, June 7th, 1824.

... Aunt Beatty and a student of divinity spent three days with us week before last. We also had at the same time they were here Mr. Frederick the piano tuner.<sup>12</sup> He came up on Friday evening and stayed 'till saturday afternoon. He came just as all the family were going to Uncles to tea and I congratulating myself I would only have my own tea to get. He shortly joined the piano and I to getting tea, as I thought after riding from the city on horseback his appetite would be keen. He however eat very sparingly of the substantial supper I had provided. He

then walked over to Mr. Gaskills and tuned theirs, returned and staid all night and next morning after breakfast went up to cousin Matilda's and was back to dinner and after dinner went to Judge Jones and Mr. Humphreys. . . .

7.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

November 27, 1825

... Mr Thomas Penn Gaskell has arrived in this country and been to see us.<sup>13</sup> He called one morning on an elegant grey horse and fastened him to the tree, he was most too fiery, jumped back, and run off before Mr G. could get into the house. We had no man so he was obliged to catch him and put him in the stable after that, he came in, and we were ready to see him.

You never saw such a pair of wiskers, as red and down to his chin. His hair is cut short behind and before, it is quite long and stands out like a brush. He is not near as good looking nor his manners are not improved. He speaks in the english style, leaving out the H. Instead of Horse he says *Orse*. He told Mr Charles Hanphries if he would call at the mansion house hotell he could see his *ound*, in other words hound, that he brought over with him. He also told Mr H. he understood he had an *orse* for sale and if it would carry a certain number of *stone* he would take it, but it did not suit. He lives at Mrs. Bensons, keeps an orse an ound, and a servant boy. He told us the next time he came to the country he would bring his servent to hold his *orse*.

Speaking of his sister Jane's being at Mr Jameson (?) school, he said with his consent she should not have gone, for he thought a lady could not have a polished education without she had a private governess, for in England the first families always had govenesses for there children. I think Tom Gaskell ought not to talk in that style after the education he had. If any one will ask him what collage he was educated at he will be a little stumped I guess. . . .

8.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

January 1st 1826

... Mama and I are all that are at home. Sister L. has been in the city since saturday week and

expects to stay a week longer. It has been rather dull in doors and out as Mama has been all the week engaged putting up our beef and Pork, making sausages, scraple,<sup>14</sup> etc., etc., and has not set an hour with me during the day, so that I had the parlour solely to myself. . . .

We have had a great deal of trouble this winter for want of steady man and indeed a man at all, as we have been without any to chop us a stick of wood, and Mama and Ann had to attend to the cattle. Our neighbors think it strange Uncle should leave us. The man we now have is very clever when he is at home, but he is so often going off and leaving us for two days. He went away yesterday morning and has not yet made his appearance. He has cut his hand very bad and says he cannot work, but if he would only stay and look after things. Ann chops wood and fodders cattle, 'tis well she is so good natured, but it is so great a charge for Mama she can scarcely sleep at night. I shall be glad when we give up the farm. . . .

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[January 1st 1826]

. . . I went last saturday morning to the Jews Synagogue, it is in Cherry Street.<sup>15</sup> The room is round and at one side is a place raised three steps with a desk covered with crimson velvet and back of it a seat with a cushion. The carpet is very handsome brussels all over, the center which is an open circle, the seats all facing it round. Oposite this desk or pulpit is four steps and then the partition raises and there is a closet with crimson curtains and under them is kept the roll or holy rit. The men all set down stairs and the women up in the gallery. It does not appear like church. The priest reads to one man out of this roll standing at the desk. After that all begin to sing, then another comes and he [?] goes three or four of them, then the roll is taken by one man, and two boys come, one rolls a ribbon round, and the other puts a cover of crimson damisk over and on the top two balls with bells round of silver on the top. After this the priest sings and then a man bearing this goes first, after him the priest, after him two others, and they walk slow, singing until they get to this place, where they deposit the roll and then all sing, which closes the service. There is a lamp all the time with one taper burning over where the rolls are kept.

In the afternoon we all went to see the magic

lanthron shown by Mr Bedell to the children of his class.<sup>16</sup> They are scripture pieces, Joseph and his breathren was the subject, and they were questioned on them. It was very handsome. I never saw it shown in that way. Before, there was a frame perhaps 8 feet square covered with thin muslin, behind it was the lanthron and the one that shewed it. The pictures you saw as if they were painted as large as life on this muslin. The room being dark you could only see them.

I have seen a great many pretty Christmass gifts since I have been here, though I have not received any. At Mr. E. Twells they had desected pictures which were very entertaining to put together and baby houses with chairs, tables, a bird cage, The bird sung in the way the cookoo is made. . . .<sup>17</sup>

9.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock April 14, 1826

There was a dreadful thing happened a few weeks ago up in the Valley. A young man by the name of Matlack, cousin to Mrs. Ledom, had been learning the tanning business and wanted to set up for himself in Bucks County. He came on to his mothers in the Val[ley] and asked his gardian (his father being dead) for some money. His gardian collected five hundred dollars for him, this was on Saturday. That evening some young girls took tea with his mother and he went part way home with them, was very lively, and the girls meeting their brother, he bade them good night. He went to a tavern on his way back, called for a light and a piece of paper. It was given him, he wrote something, and put it in his pocket. He did not go home that night and the family thought nothing of it, but next morning one of the men went to get corn out of the crib and found him hanging and stif. He was hung with a silk handkerchief and his hands tied to gather with another. There was a place where he must have stood to do it and then swung himself off. What a dreadful thing for his poor mother. In his pocket was found a piece of paper with "farewell dear mother and brothers, this is the last night," and there he stopped.

There was a sale of Jewelry at Auction last week and brother Hunter went to it.<sup>18</sup> He got himself a most elegant diamond breast pin. He shewed it a jeweler who told him the real value was between 40 and 50 dollars, and he got it for

8. What do you think of that bargain? I told brother if there was another to try and get you one.

10.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock, May 2, 1826

Dear brother

I have been all day nailing up rose bushes and fixing our yard and house to make it look smart. I have cut some very handsome leaves to go round the candle sticks, four long ones to hang down, and the same number of short ones to stand up. After they are cut in different patterns they are dipped into spermaceti and gives them the appearance of wax.



Arcade just beyond awning on far left

They have commenced building the Arcade in Chesnut Street where Judge Tilmans [Tilghman's] house stood.<sup>19</sup> It will make that street the Broadway of Philadelphia. Two gentlemen (the paper says) were walking past there. One observed to the other "they are gutting that house?" "Yes," said the other, "for the *liver* went out yesterday, and they are taking out the *lights* today." I think this was a very good pun. There is another one quite as good. Two gentlemen walking early were met by a man carrying a basket of bread who happened to knock against one of the gentlemen, who turning to his companion observed "that is an impudent fellow." "Oh! no," said the other, "he is the best *bread man* in the city." You perhaps have seen these before, but I thought they were so good I would send them to you.

The miss Gaskells have returned from the city all accomplished. I have not yet seen them for they have not been over here and I could not go to see them. Alexander is still in the city. I have a notion he is not much improved, for when I was in the city he was walking up

chesnut street, oposite the state house, gapeing about him with one hand on his hip and the other swinging. *I thought he could not see the town there was so many houses.* Thomas is not much improved in some things, for last sunday he brought his wife to church, left her, and went to the buck tavern. I dont think that looks well in Tommy who used always to go to that church. Uncle said it put him in mind of a remark Mrs Allen made when they were there. She said there was one family came to Hyde park Church that thought they conferred a favour on the deity by coming, but Mr Gaskell would not even do that. I know when I was in the city mary said she would like to go to Dr. Wilsons church, but she could not get Mr Gaskell to go any place but the *church of England*. Now you know before he went to England he very seldom went to Episcopal church and now he must take great airs on himself.

We have a new store at Radnor which promises to be very good and cheep. Yesterday Sarah Benadict (Aunt Hunters niece) and I went there. We got very good domestic muslin for 12 1/2 cents per yard and a great many more cheep things. Now I do not see how they can afford to make so cheep, for just the weaving I should think would be worth 12 1/2 without the cotton. I do not think it will be long cheep for the factories in Philadelphia are almost all stopped on account of failures. It really is a distressing thing to see so many people going. Mr Edward Twells made an agrement last week. It is said he has failed for one hundred thousand dollars and can pay, if they will give time, ten shillings in the pound. He has part of mrs Godfrey Twells property in his hands. Whether she will lose any thing I do not yet know.

Last summer Uncle had a gardner, an old man by the name of Michel, who went over to Ireland with his daughter to leave her with his mother, his wife being dead. When he was going Uncle and Aunt gave him a ham and some other things. He was so grateful for what they did that last week he returned to this country and brought as a present a pair of silk stockings apiece for Uncle and Aunt, and more than that he has brought a wife with him. He was quite disappointed when he found Uncle had another gardner, for he was in hopes he could get there, for a greater Lady and Gentleman never lived.

Uncle was telling me a very good anicdote of

Judge Peters.<sup>20</sup> You know he is full of wit and humour. Some time ago the sailors of a ship brought an action against the captain for giving them bad bread. The Judge took his seat and the piece of bread was put before him. While Mr. Tilman was examining, the witnesses the Judge was eating, little by little, of the bread until he had eaten it all. When Mr Tilman turned round for the bread, he said "why Judge, you have eaten all my evidence." "Ah, well," said the judge, "you know I have to *digest*, so it was better to eat it." I think that was evidence enough of it being good, for the Judge to eat it.

## 11.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 5th June 1826

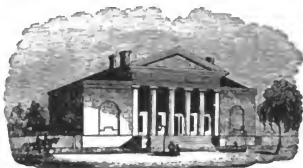
. . . Sister Elinor, Miss Benadict, and myself have become teachers at the Radnor and Merion sunday school which is held at the Methodist Meeting house.<sup>21</sup> We have quite a large school, I think about sixty, and it is increasing every sunday. I have some very smart girls in my class. One you know, Catharine Jourdan, she used to go to Mr. Blakeway when we did. She says almost every sunday seven hymns and twelve verses of scripture from memory, but such a singer you never heard. No one can follow when she is by, for she is three notes higher than any one else and no tune in it, just squeel, squeel like a pig in a fence. . . .

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock 5th June 1826]

. . . I was nearly five weeks in the city, had rather a dull visit, as Mrs Twells with whom I staid was in trouble from the time I went there until I came away. Mr Edward Twells (to the astonishment of every body) failed, and as the money for the sale of the stock and produce of her place was in his hands to the amount of two thousand dollars, and altho' Mr Godfrey Twells had relinquished all concern in the house when he moved to our neighborhood, they had neglected to publish the dissolution of partnership and of course his property was involved. A week after his failure Mr Biddle, her brother in law, also failed for near five hundred thousand. This involved her brothers, the Mr Stokes, and they had to give up. This threw Mrs T. into so much trouble as to affect her health, and what with low spirits and bad health, it was as much

as I could do to try and cheer her up. I heard from her yesterday. She writes she is no better. They all move to the country again to a place of her fathers near the falls of Shuylkill, as the city is no place for broken fortunes. She intends making us a long visit this summer in return for mine. We are all quite anxious to hear how you will pass. I was quite surprised to see Mr Markleys and John Kane's name among the ex[am]iners. The latter may do, but the former is surely not at all capable.



Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb

I visited the new asylum for the deaf and dumb while in town.<sup>22</sup> It is a beautiful building and their performance was astonishing – to see a child not seven years old write a handsome hand, spell correctly, and do many things a child of his age with all his senses could not do. You must when you come go on an exhibition day, which is once a month, and see them yourself as it is indeed worth a strangers while to see. . . .

## 12.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

New York Jany 16th 1827

I must now tell you of the wedding which I officiated as first bridesmaid for the first time. You perhaps know it was Miss C Gaskell that was married as it was before hinted to you. We had a very pleasant time and looked quite smart. Our dresses were all alike, book muslin over cambric muslin and long white satten sashes, short sleeves and long white kid gloves (the sashes and gloves the bride gave us), white shoes and silk stockings. The bride was dressed in white satten, over it a lace dress with rolles of satten put in waves and at the top of every wave a leaf of satten. It was very elegant. An elegant sett of pearl earrings and breast pin, a present from Mr hall, finished her dress. She looked better than I ever saw her. The old Bishop was up and married them.<sup>23</sup>

After the wedding we had some fun in running the cake through the ring and writing names. After that there was a cake with a ring in it and all were to cut for it. As I was the first bridesmaid I must cut first, then sister cut and took the piece out, and on the side I cut the ring stuck. However they all said I did not get it, so sister Elinor took the cake and put the ring in another place. I then cut, sister next, the first groomsmen, Mr Smith, then the second, Dr Black. After that the piece was taken out, and sticking to the side Mr Smith cut was the ring, just as it was when I cut, so he and Dr Black could not decide which was to have it. After this I was asked to play. I did so and among the rest of the songs was "Mr Po," which pleased the old Bishop very much.<sup>24</sup> He said it was the best song he had heard for a long time and some other compliments on your sister[s] *fine voice*. Dont laugh, I will come on to Fortress Monroe and sing on the stage I believe—be Miss Kelley or Miss Jefferson or any one that will please you best. By and by, talking of Miss Kelley, I heard her sin[g] this winter the Mermaid song and was very much disappointed. I had heard she sang so elegantly. Her acting I liked and her singing was very good but not so soft a voice as Mrs Burk or Miss Jefferson.

13.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

New York Feby 21st 1827

I have been to see the Battery and Castle garden from which there is one of the handsomest views I ever saw. The snow on the mountains at a distance shewed very plain. I do not think the city generally as handsome as Philidelphia. I have been over a great part of it, as Mrs Brown most always rides when she goes out, and I am often invited to accompany her which gives me a good opportunity to see places which would be too far to walk without being tired. They are building an Arcade here it is very pretty but not more than one third as large as the one in Phila.

The week after I wrote you Mr. and Mrs. Hall came on to this place. Mrs. Brown called with us an invited them here to tea and some other company to join them. Mrs. Hall told me that evening they were going the next evening Tuesday to the english opera to hear Sigionia Garcie [Signorina Garcia] as she is still called sing and invited me to go with them.<sup>25</sup> I accepted of course much pleased to have an

Last Night but one of SIGNORINA GARCIA'S re-engagement.

NEW-YORK THEATRE.—BOVEY.  
THIS EVENING, Feb. 16, will be presented the admired Opera of LOVE IN A VILLAGE—music composed and arranged by Mr. Gilefert—Young Meadows, Mr. Keene, with the Songs of Oh! had I been, The Blooming Rose, Farewell! but whenever, and I'll tarry a little hour. Rosetta, SIGNORINA GARCIA, with the additional songs of Home, Sweet Home, Oh! young Maidens! hearts Beware, The Time has been, the duets of Begone, I agree, & When thy Bosom, with Mr. Keene, in addition to which, she will sing the popular French Song, as introduced in the Barber of Seville, called 'Ta-la-la-la, or Une Rose Bien Fleurie,' the Spanish Air 'Bacelito Neuva,' the popular Irish Song 'Cush-le-ma-chree,' will be introduced by the Signorina, accompanying herself on the Harp. After the opera, the celebrated Scene from the opera of TANCREDI—Tancredi, Signorina Garcia, with the song of Di Tanliti Pal-piti.

Doors open at 6—performance at half past 6.

opportunity of going, and they called for me in a carriage. The play was "Love in a Village," the after piece "Actor of All things." I was delighted. She is certainly the finest singer I ever heard, her voice is so sweet and the Italian accent is very sweet. She speaks the english much plainer than I expected to hear her. There is a Mr. Kean acting with her sings very well. Her songs were "Home Sweet Ho[me]" and "Oh young maidens hearts beware," these she sang herself, then she and Mr. Kean sang two Duets which were very handsome, then Mr. Kean sang two or three songs among which was one from Moore, "Farewell but when ever you welcome the hour," the tune composed by himself. It is a most beautiful song and I have tried to get the notes but they tell me he has not published them. The after piece was one man imitating all the different actors, which was very good to those that understood it, but I did not any but the comic songs which were very amusing.

As I was bridesmaid to Mrs. Hall she invited me but not Miss Benedict, who was quite offended, but I do not think she ought to be, for Miss Gaskell invited her to her wedding and instead of staying to attend it as Uncle and I did she came off to N.Y., so I think she could not expect they would invite her. She, it appears, had quite a crying spell after I started, and Aunt H the friday afterwards said she would take Sarah and told Mr Brown to ask Theodore Allen to get tickets. Uncle did not want to go but Aunt had made up her mind and told Mr B— to get three tickets, one for Uncle, Sarah, and herself. She asked me if I wanted to go again. As the play was the same I said "no, I believed not." However, in the evening, Theodore came and said he was going also.

"Well," said Uncle, "I will give Louisa my ticket, I don't want to go." I told Uncle I did not care about going as I had been before, and Mr. Allen said he did not like to take charge of three ladies in a crowd, but he would give me his ticket and get one at the door. I asked him if he was sure he could get one. He said yes and as Uncle would not go without me I went the second time and was as much pleased as the first. The afterpiece was different, or the fronticepiece it ought to be called for it was first. It was the "wedding day." Lord and Lady Contest were the principal characters in the play.

There is now two or three ballad [ballet] dancers here just arrived from France making a great noise. There is not many ladies attend as they dress rather indelicate it is said, but the dancing surpasses any ever before seen in this country. A Mrs. Huton is the leader.<sup>26</sup>

I must now tell you of the parties I have been at. One at Mrs Dickeys, it was small, what they call sociable parties, about twenty besides their own family. We danced to the piano and spent a very pleasant evening. I was very much pleased with the miss D., they are very pretty and agreeable. Another party at Mrs. Crosbys, very pleasant, and are invited there next Friday again. Another at Mrs Bakers, very agreeable except the weather, which was bad, pouring rain and freezing as fast as it fell, and Monday last Mrs Brown gave one.

Oh!, I wish you had been here, there was seventy invitations but only thirty three, rooms open and the music was a violine, tamborine, clarinette. They played very well and we had a most delightful time. All the good things there could be got. The fashion is for a table to be set in the middle of the floor and on it two pyramids of sugar candy webs, one with candied oranges and the other coconut cakes in them, and bunches of flowers on the top, one pyramid of ice cream in the center, then chicken salad, sliced tongue, bread and butter, pickled oysters. The gentlemen help the ladies and take it round the room too them, then the gentlemen all go into another room where there is more substantial food but all cold, and there they eat after that champagne is handed round. Then we went to dancing until two O'clock when the party broke up. So, as it is time to dress for receiving calling company, after the great accation. . . .

. . . Mr Brown had a dinner party some time ago. Among the gentlemen was one Captain

Terril (?), one of Mr B ship captains. He is from Delaware county. He inquired of Mr B after we had left the table who I was. Mr B told him. He said he knew papa very well and he thought *I was an honour to the county I came from, I was such an elegant looking lady*. What do you think of that for a compliment? If it had been from a young gentleman instead of an old one you might have said "good-bye miss, you are off now."

To be continued . . .

#### NOTES

1. The first annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Society for the Promotion of Agriculture was held "at the Paoli" on October 22, 23, and 24, 1823. Agricultural shows of this sort, the precursors of state and county fairs, were very popular in the decades before the Civil War. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Oct. 20, 1823).

2. Alexander Wilson's *American Ornithology* (Phila., 1808-14) was the first extensive work on American birds published in this country. It contains hand-colored plates. The 1828 edition was printed on paper made by Amies, a Ewing neighbor whose mills in Delaware County produced especially fine writing and drawing paper.

3. The aptly named Philip Syng Physick (1768-1837) was a leading surgeon and medical school teacher in Philadelphia in this period.

4. The series of eight astronomy lectures were being delivered at the theater in Philadelphia by Robert Goodacre for a second time, due to widespread popular interest. Goodacre had presented the course previously in Washington. Outlines of the lectures were published in both cities. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Oct. 30, 1823). *Library of Congress Catalog*.

5. The elegantly furnished Joseph Sims residence, at the southwest corner of 9th and Chestnut Street, was designed by Benjamin Latrobe and built in 1801. After Sims' bankruptcy, the house was acquired by Edward Shippen Burd. It survived until the early 1860s, long enough to be recorded for posterity in photographs. Kenneth Finkel, *Nineteenth-Century Photography in Philadelphia: 250 Historic Prints from the Library Company of Philadelphia* (New York, 1980), 51, 59, 81.

6. The older brother, J. Hunter Ewing (1798-1827), was a doctor in Berks County. See *American Magazine*, v.2, n.2 (Autumn/Winter, 1986/87), 27-48, and v.3, n.1 (Spring/Summer, 1987), 45-54, for previously published letters of Dr. Ewing.

7. The Spread Eagle Tavern was on the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike, on the western side of Delaware County, 14 miles from Philadelphia, and two miles east of Paoli. Thomas F. Gordon, *A Gazetteer of the State of Pennsylvania* (Phila., 1832), 425.

8. Gibbs was a Black musician who appears to have been associated with Frank Johnson. See note 9 below.

9. Frank Johnson (1792-1844), a Black man believed to have been born in Martinique, was undoubtedly the most talented instrumental musician in the United States in his era. He was a brilliant cornetist, and showman, a composer, and a superb organizer and businessman. His military band was famous and his dance band was the first to take an

American band on a tour of Europe and he introduced the promenade band concert to this country. H. Wiley Hitchcock, et al., *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music* (N.Y., 1986), v.2, 578-79.

10. The lunar eclipse occurred on the night of January 16, 1824.

11. The Buck Tavern was on the Philadelphia-Lancaster Turnpike, in Haverford Township, Delaware County, 8 miles from Philadelphia. Gordon, *A Gazetteer of the State of Pennsylvania*, 69.

12. *The Philadelphia Directory and Stranger's Guide, for 1825* (Phila., 1825) lists George Frederick, a "musical instrument maker," at 5 Fayette Street.

13. Thomas Penn Gaskill (1796-1846) was the son of Peter Penn-Gaskill (1763-1831), descendent of William Penn's eldest son who had inherited Penn property in Ireland. Peter emigrated to the United States in 1785, married Elizabeth Edwards of Radford Township, and lived at "Ashwood," in present-day Villanova. When Peter's father died in 1823, he inherited the Irish estate, on the condition that he affix the Penn name to his own. Howard M. Jenkins, *The Family of William Penn* (Phila., 1899).

14. Scapple originated with the Pennsylvania Germans, but by the 1820s was obviously popular among non-Germans as well. It is made of pork scraps, cooked in broth and thickened with corn meal and flour. It remains one of the few distinctively regional foods, loved by Philadelphians and their descendants, mistrusted by all others. It is generally sold in cakes which are cut thin and fried to a crisp for breakfast. Mary Anne Hines, et al., *The Larder Invaded* (Library Company of Philadelphia, 1987), 53.

15. Congregation Mickveh Israel (Hope of Israel), the oldest Jewish organization of worship in Pennsylvania, dedicated the new synagogue in Cherry Street, above Third, on January 21, 1824. The building served the congregation until 1860. Henry Samuel Morais, *The Jews of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1894), 44-64.

16. Gregory T. Bedell (1793-1834) was the highly popular and energetic minister of St. Andrews Episcopal Church, 8th and Spruce Streets. In the age before film, magic lantern shows of the sort described were very popular attractions. Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography* (N.Y., 1887-89), v.1, 215.

17. "Deselected pictures" are, of course, picture puzzles, and "baby houses" are what we would call doll houses.

18. M. & S. Thomas Auctioneers, 87 Chesnut Street, held a jewelry auction on April 5, 1826, which included a sufficient quantity to justify issuing a printed catalogue. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (April 5, 1826), 2.

19. The Arcade, designed by John Haviland, fronted on Chestnut Street, between 6th and 7th. It housed places of refreshment, shops and offices, and on the top floor, Peale's Museum. Thomas Porter, *Picture of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1831), 4-9.

20. Richard Peters (1744-1828) was appointed by Washington to the federal District Court for Pennsylvania in 1792 and held the position until his death. He was an authority on maritime law and was noted for his wit. Appleton's *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, v.4, 743-44.

21. As was the case with many of the early Sunday schools, that of Radnor and Marion in 1826 was obviously interdenominational. By the 1830s, even Protestant churches found this sort of cooperation difficult, and regional Sunday schools were replaced by strictly Methodist, Baptist, or Presbyterian efforts connected to each individual church.

22. The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, incorporated in 1821, occupied its new building, at Broad and Pine Streets, designed by Haviland, in the autumn of 1825. It accepted day students and boarders for a fee. Porter, *Picture of Philadelphia*, 15-16.

23. The "old Bishop" referred to here was William White (1748-1836), first Episcopal Bishop of Pennsylvania, who was at this point semi-retired, and helped in his parochial duties by an Assistant Bishop.

24. The song which Bishop White enjoyed so much was "Mister Poe," the first line of which was "Mister Poe was a man of great riches and fame." It appeared in the *Songster's New Pocket Companion* (Boston, 1817). Richard J. Wolfe, *Secular Music in America, 1801-1825* (N.Y., 1964), listing 6817.

25. Signorina Maria Garcia (1808-1836), Mrs. Malibran, was the finest singer to perform in America up to this date. She and other members of her family had accompanied her father Manuel Garcia to New York in 1825, and in the course of two seasons they introduced Italian opera to North America. Maria had sung lead roles at the American premieres of *The Barber of Seville* and *Don Giovanni*.

On October 23, 1826, she married a French merchant in New York, and she remained in the city after the family troupe had departed, until October, 1827, singing in both English and Italian operas. Hitchcock, et al., *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music*, v.3, 163-4.

26. An advertisement for the New-York Theatre in the Bowery noted on February 5, 1827, that "Madame Francisque Hutin, of the Opera House, Paris, has arrived and will soon appear." *New York American* (Feb. 5, 1827), 3.



### Peeping Thomson

James Thomson (1700-1748), poet, was born in Scotland, the son of a Presbyterian minister. After attending the College of Edinburgh from 1715 to 1725, he decided not to pursue a career in theology and moved to England to pursue a literary career.

A prolific poet and playwright, he attracted attention in 1726 with the publication of *Winter*, the first of a series of long, blank verse poems. He followed up with *Spring*, *Summer*, and *Autumn* in the next two years. They were published together as *The Seasons* in 1730. Thomson revised this work constantly until his untimely death, and it was one of the most popular, widely read and published pieces of poetry on both sides of the Atlantic over the following century. The *Dictionary of National Biography* states that "From 1750 to 1850 Thomson was in England the poet, *par excellence*, not of the eclectic and literary few, but of the large and increasing cultivated middle class."

The following anecdote undoubtedly originated with his detractors. We cannot vouch for its truth, but, if a little naughty, it is amusing.

Original Anecdote of Mr. Thomson,  
author of the Seasons.

Every circumstance that throws light upon the lives of great men is of consequence.

Mr. Thomson, notwithstanding the liberality of his mind, was remarkably subject to vulgar terrors, or in other words, afraid of ghosts and hobgoblins: and, however extraordinary it may seem in a man of such a philosophic turn, for the first twenty years of his life, at least, he durst never permit his room door to be shut; and was perfectly miserable when he was obliged to sleep in a strange house, when he did not know his vicinity to the family. With this weakness of mind the following anecdote is somewhat connected.

While a student at the university of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomson was entertained as private tutor to Lord Cranston's eldest son, and spent the summer months at the seat of that family. During his continuance in that character, young Thomson was smitten with the beauty of Miss Cranston; and, as he could have no hopes of gratifying his passion, he was willing at least to gratify his curiosity, which he did in the following manner: He lay in the room immediately above Miss Cranston's: her room was not cieled, a circumstance which may seem extremely singular to the reader of these days, but which was by no means singular in Scotland at that time. He was desirous to see Miss Cranston undressed, or if possible naked; he therefore found means to make a hole through the floor, into which he put a cork to prevent discovery; and when he thought the young lady would be going to bed, of which it may be supposed he had in general pretty good information, he pulled out the cork to admire the beauties of his beloved object.

One evening, however, when either his curiosity had led him more early to his station, or when Miss Cranston was later of going to bed, or whatever else was the cause, he fell fast asleep; and instead of his eye his mouth met the hole, and there he lay, and he snored.

Miss Cranston was alarmed at the sound: She called her maid, and enquired the cause. Waiting maids are a kind of Arguses; her maid was no stranger to the Phenomenon.

"O lud! (cries she) it is Mr. Thomson; he is fallen asleep at his hole"

"What hole?"—replied the young lady.

"Have patience, madam, and I will tell you: so you knew nothing of the matter."

"How should I?"—interrupted Miss Cranston.

"How should you not? For if any man had looked half so tenderly on me, I should have known it long ago: Mr. Thomson, madam, is desperately in love with you. He talks about you in his sleep so loud that I can hear him in the garret; which, to be sure, is not far from his room: howsoever he is almost out of his wits about you; and, in sweeping the room, Betty tells me, she has for some time past discovered a hole filled up with a cork, of which I can easily conceive the use."

"How the girl raves!"—cried Miss Cranston.

"It is no raving, I assure you, madam; and if you will only let me make use of the candle, I will shew you some sport."

So saying she seized the candle and stepping up on a chair, applied it to the lips of poor Thomson; who, forgetting where he was, sprung up with as loud a roar as if all the devils in hell had been torturing him; and it was not without the utmost difficulty he could be prevailed on to go to bed, though entirely ignorant of the affront.

*The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer.*  
Philadelphia, October 15, 1783.



### *From the Kitchen* by Jan Longone

An expectant hush fell over the crowd. Strong men stared and shook their heads in wonderment that any rational person would so tempt fate as to eat something everyone knew was poisonous. Women held their breath; they say one fainted. A medical doctor stood by. He had already advised both the crowd and



his client that this mad act would result in frothing and foaming at the mouth, acute appendicitis, brain fever, possible stomach cancer, and in all likelihood, certain suicide! The date was September 26, 1820; the place, the courthouse steps in Salem, New Jersey; the principal actor, the eccentric Col. Robert Gibbon Johnson; the mad act, eating a basketful of raw tomatoes.

So the story goes, has gone, and has been repeated scores of times in almost yearly articles in major American newspapers and journals. "Everyone" believes that before that time, Americans did not eat tomatoes because they were thought to be poisonous; and after that event, which acted as a catalyst, tomatoes slowly entered the main stream of American diet. Is this bit of culinary lore true? Well, yes and no.

Culinary historians are just beginning to examine the use of the tomato in America and throughout the world. Special mention must be made of the pioneering research of Rudolf Grewe and Karen Hess, to both of whom this author is indebted. To trace the history of the tomato in America, one must examine travel and discovery literature, garden books, herbals, materia medica, diaries and a wide range of other sources in addition to printed cookbooks and handwritten receipt books.

Rarely has there been so much misinformation, contradiction, plagiarism and misinterpretation as is found in historical references to the tomato, or *Lycopersicon esculentum* to use its correct, scientific name. The literature, however, does reveal a fascinating chronological tale of the travels of the tomato from the New World to the Old, back to the New.

Native to the New World, the wild berry-like tomato spread northward from its ancestral home in the Peru-Bolivia-Ecuador regions of South America to become fully cultivated and a staple in the diet of the Aztecs by the time of the Conquest. Indeed, our word "tomato" derives from the Nahuatl/Aztec *tomatl*. Accounts of sixteenth century Mexico mention tomatoes in the market place and as a major ingredient in numerous dishes. The most common use of the tomato, combined with chili peppers, was as a multi-purpose sauce, and, combined with red, yellow or green chilis and crushed squash seeds, as the gravy in casseroles of meat, fish, and fowl.

A vivid, 1570 description of the tomato seller

in the market appears in Fray Bernardino de Sahagún's *General History of the Things of New Spain*, translated by Arthur J. O. Anderson and Charles E. Dibble (Santa Fe, N.M.: School of American Research, 1961).

The Tomato seller sells large tomatoes, small tomatoes, leaf tomatoes, thin tomatoes, sweet tomatoes, large serpent tomatoes, nipple-shaped tomatoes, serpent tomatoes. Also he sells coyote tomatoes, sand tomatoes, those which are yellow, very yellow, quite yellow, red, very red, quite ruddy, ruddy, bright red, reddish, rosy dawn colored.

The bad tomato seller sells spoiled tomatoes, bruised tomatoes, those which cause diarrhea; the sour, the very sour. Also he sells the green, the hard ones, those which scratch one's throat, which disturb—trouble one; which make one's saliva smack, make one's saliva flow; the harsh ones, those which burn the throat. . . .

Although references to the tomato are not prominent in the early literature, the first published European citation appeared within twenty-five years of the arrival of Cortez on the Mexican shores. In *Della Historia e Medicinale* (Venice, 1544), Petrus Andreas Matthiolus mentions the tomato as having been brought to Italy "in our time." He goes on to indicate that in Italy the tomato was eaten "fried in oil and with salt and pepper." This last observation is repeated and repeated, with slight variation, for about 200 years by authors writing in a dozen European languages.

Ten years later, in his *Cruydboeck* (Antwerp, 1554), Rembert Dodoens devotes an entire chapter to the tomato. It is here that we begin to find reference to the "coldness," the danger, the possible poisonous aspects of the tomato. This information, often with contradictory statements of the efficacious uses of the plant (helpful for eye disease, good against scabies), is also repeated in the literature for two centuries.

By 1553, an illustration of the tomato, drawn from plants in the author's garden, is found in the *Herbarium des Georg Oelinger* (Nurnburg). In the first Spanish book on gardening, *Agri-cultura des Jardines* (Madrid, 1592), Gregorio de los Rios mentions the tomato and observes that it was said to be good for sauces.

The first edition of the renowned John Gerarde *Herball* (London, 1597) states that tomatoes "do grow in Spain, Italy and such hot countries from whence myself have received seeds for my garden where they do increase and prosper." He then repeats the earlier information that, "In Spain and those hot regions, they used to eat the apples, prepared and boiled with pepper, salt and oil; but they yield very little nourishment to the body and the same naught and corrupt. Likewise they do eat the apples with oil, vinegar and pepper mixed together for sauce for their meat, even as we in these cold countries do mustard."

The term "apples" refers to the tomato. It was also variously known as the golden apple, love apple, apple of Paradise, Peruvian apple, Turkish apple, apple of the Moors and wolf peach.

Thus by the end of the sixteenth century, the literature establishes wide knowledge of the tomato and its use as food. The northern writers, however, are still emphasizing its possible poisonous aspects even as the southerners are eating and enjoying it. It is abundantly clear that tomatoes were grown throughout Europe and around the Mediterranean basin within one hundred years of Columbus' voyages and only seventy-five years after they were first encountered by Cortez in Mexico.

Seventeenth-century sources document the continued spread of the tomato throughout the world. In *Paradisi in Sole* (London, 1629), John Parkinson, referring to tomatoes as "apples of love" and "Yellow Amorous Apples," indicates that although they grew naturally in the hot countries of Barbary and Ethiopia, he grew them in his gardens in England only for curiosity and for their "amorous aspect or beauty of their fruit." He then repeats the earlier information that, "In the hot countries . . . they are much eaten of the people, to cool and quench the heat and thirst of their hot stomachs."

Joannes Eusebius Nieremberg's *Historia Naturae* (Antwerp, 1635) mentions that the tomato is "described as being used to make a pickle, and as bringing out the flavor of foods and stimulating the appetite." He then offers a dozen positive medical uses of the tomato plant. Writing of his voyage to North Africa in *An Account of West Barbary* (Oxford, 1671), Lancelot Addison notes that, "Besides the salad ordinary in other countries, they have one sort rarely met in Europe which they call . . . Tomatoes. This grows in the common fields, when

ripe is plucked and eaten with oil; it is pleasant but apt to cloy."

By the end of the seventeenth century, the first formal printed recipes using tomatoes appear. They are found in *Lo Scalco alla Moderno* (Naples 1692/4) by Antonio Latini. Naples was then still a part of the Spanish empire and, intriguingly, all the recipes using tomatoes are labelled *alla Spagnuola* or Spanish style. In this work the recipe for tomato sauce harks back to its Mexican origin in that it includes chili peppers. Fifty years later a Spanish cookbook, Juan de la Mata's *Arte de Reposteria* (Madrid, 1747), offers a very similar tomato sauce recipe but this time *without* the chili peppers. As culinary historian Rudolf Grewe has pointed out, "The tie with its Aztec origins cut, the tomato has finally been assimilated and integrated into Spanish culinary traditions."

By about this time, in fact, the tomato was being integrated into the culinary traditions of many of the world's cultures. Eighteenth-century literature is replete with references to its use in Bohemia, Syria, Egypt, the West Indies, India, the East Indies, the Moluccas and Cochín China, in addition to the countries already discussed.

By mid-century the tomato was no longer a culinary curiosity in northern Europe. Philip Miller's *Gardeners Dictionary* (London, 1752) mentions that the tomato is "now much used in England," especially for soups and sauces. Abbé François Rozier, in his *Dictionnaire d'Agriculture* (Paris, 1789), indicates that the tomato is used in sauces for all kinds of foods and that the juice is expressed and preserved for winter by the addition of salt and a little vinegar. He calls the tomato a "delicate and refreshing food" and observes that it is much sought after in Italy, Spain, Languedoc, and Provence.

By the last third of the eighteenth century, cookbooks from England, France, Italy, and Spain frequently contained tomato recipes. We know that books from all these countries influenced American cooking. Cookbooks containing tomato recipes were brought to and bought in America during the eighteenth century. This includes various editions of the most influential English cookery book of the day, Hannah Glasse's *The Art of Cookery*. No tomato recipes appear in the first edition (London, 1747) but later editions, including some we know were used in the Colonies, did contain them.

In addition, it is clear that immigrants from these countries brought their food preferences

and customs with them to America. There are stories of an Italian painter abortively attempting to introduce the tomato to Salem, Massachusetts in 1802; of a French refugee from St. Domingo somewhat more successfully attempting to do the same in Philadelphia in 1798; and of old French settlers on the banks of the Kaskaskia in Illinois growing and eating them around 1802.

The American writer Kenneth Roberts tells us that, although many New Englanders shunned the tomato in colonial times and in the early days of the Republic, seafaring Maine families did not. In *Trending into Maine* (Boston, 1938), Roberts explains that sea captains were introduced to the tomato on voyages to Cuba, the West Indies, and Spain and brought seeds back with them. He goes on to say that the wives planted the seeds and used the tomato in sauces and ketchups (variously spelled catsup, catchup, ketsup and ketchup). He explains that ketchup was an integral adjunct to many Maine dishes from those days to his own. His family recipe for ketchup is for a completely unsweetened variety; he strongly agrees with State of Mainers who feel that sweetened ketchup is "an offense against God and man, against nature and good taste."

The first printed reference to tomatoes growing in America appears in William Salmon's *Botanologia* (London, 1710). Salmon mentions that he has seen them grow "in Carolina which is the south-east part of Florida." A half century later, Bartram mentions the tomato in its context as a food plant in his "Diary of the Journey through the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida from July 1765 to April 10, 1766." *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society* (Philadelphia, 1942).

In *Notes on the State of Virginia* (Paris, Lond., 1784-85), Thomas Jefferson indicates that tomatoes were common in Virginia gardens in 1782. He records their yearly appearance in the markets of Washington from 1801 to 1809, the years of his presidency, and he includes tomatoes routinely in his *Garden Book* from 1809 to 1824.

A manuscript recipe "To Keep Tomatoes for Winter Use" is found in the 1770 records of Harriet Pinckney Horry of South Carolina, and another handwritten treasure calling for one hundred tomatoes to make ketchup appears in the 1801 receipt book of Mrs. Samuel Whitehorne of Newport, Rhode Island.

Additional evidence of the acceptance of the tomato in late eighteenth-century America is its appearance in various seed catalogs, including those of the David Landreth Seed Co. (1784) and the Bernard McMahon Co. (1794), both of Philadelphia. American farm books and garden calendars of the day routinely list working with tomatoes among the chores to be done season by season. Bernard McMahon, in his *American Gardener's Calendar* (Philadelphia, 1806), mentions that the tomato is "much cultivated for its fruit, in soups and sauces . . . is also stewed and dressed in various ways, and very much admired."

The first cookbook published in America containing a recipe using tomatoes appears in 1792. The recipe, "To Dress Haddock in the Spanish Way" is found in Richard Briggs' *New Art of Cookery* (Philadelphia, from the London edition of 1788). This book was very popular among the Quakers of Philadelphia and influential through its use in Mrs. Goodfellow's Cooking School, which flourished in that city in the early nineteenth century. For the next twenty-five years, many cookbooks published in America contained some tomato recipes. For example, tomato sauces and methods for preserving tomatoes can be found in Nicolas Appert's *The Art of Preserving* (New York, 1812); A Society of Gentlemen *The Universal Receipt Book*, (New York, 1814); Mrs. Maria Eliza Rundell's *Domestic Cookery* (New York, 1817); Priscilla Homespun *The Universal Receipt Book*, (Philadelphia, 1818); and Dr. William Kitchener's *The Cook's Oracle* (Boston, 1822).

And so we come to 1820 and Col. Johnson's mad act of eating tomatoes. It is now clear that many Americans were eating tomatoes prior to this time although it is only with the publication of Mary Randolph's *The Virginia Housewife* (Washington, 1824) that tomato recipes began to appear routinely and in abundance in American cookbooks. The usual lag time between the development of a body of recipes and their first appearance in print, as well as knowledge of Mrs. Randolph herself, indicate that both she and her compatriots were using tomatoes prior to 1800. Mrs. Randolph offers more than a dozen recipes for tomatoes, including marmalades, soys, gaspacha and catsups. This is one of the earliest printed appearances for tomato catsup in any cookbook. Prior to this time, most catsups were made from mushrooms, walnuts, anchovies, and oysters.

After Mrs. Randolph, American cookbooks invariably included tomato recipes. For example, the first culinary encyclopedia published in the United States, Mrs. Lee's *The Cook's Own Book* (Boston, 1832), lists more than a dozen tomato recipes. These include French, Italian and Regular Tomata Sauces, Tomata Soup, and three different ketchup recipes. And a splendid but little known regional American cookbook, Mrs. Lettice Bryan's *The Kentucky Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1839), offers two dozen tomato recipes including Gumbo, Ochra Soup, A Fricandoo of Veal, Mutton Casseroles, To Fricassee Rabbitts, Fried Squirrels, To Bake Salmon, Spanish Mangoes, Fried Tomatoes, Tomato Jumbles and Tomato Jelly.

As culinary use of the tomato became more widespread, its medicinal qualities were once again being touted. An article in *The Cultivator*, Vol. 5 (Albany, N.Y., 1838) proclaims that, "There has been of late so much said in commendation of this vegetable as promotive of health, that we need not recommend its culture. It is a grateful and healthy vegetable . . . an excellent ingredient in soups, makes a good catsup, and . . . a fine sauce for meats."

One year later, a letter to the editor in *The Farmers Monthly Visitor* (Concord, N.H., Oct. 20, 1839) supplies ample evidence of the apparent health-promoting properties of the tomato:

This plant is one of the most valuable and productive in the gardener's catalogue. When the Cholera raged at Cincinnati, some years since, it was found to be an excellent remedy; and in several instances persons given over by their physicians, have ascribed their cure to the eating of ripe Estomatos, in a raw state. One person in almost the last stage of the disease, being left for a time alone, crawled out into his garden where a luxuriant bed of these plants was growing; thinking that the juice of the fruit would cool the burning fever that raged within him. He ate several, and was revived. He ate more, and was soon able to return to the house with more strength than when he crawled out. He ate them every day, and recovered his health. This fact I learned from one who witnessed the horrible ravages of the Cholera in the west seven years since.

Agricultural journals and books of the 1830s through the 1850s repeatedly refer to the

increasing popularity of the tomato. Phrases such as the following are found sprinkled throughout this literature, from every part of the country:

" . . . at last, become common in our market . . ."—Charleston, 1831.

" . . . rapidly gained favor and is now one of the most common of all culinary vegetables . . ."—Washington, D.C., 1854.

" . . . extensively used in the west and south-west . . ."—Albany, 1835.

" . . . a useful article of diet and should be found on everyman's table . . ."—Maine, 1835.

In an article in *The Practical Farmer, Gardener and Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1843), E.J. Hooker observes that the recent discovery that the tomato was a "sovereign remedy" for dyspepsia had greatly increased consumption of the vegetable. He says that "you can't lose with this vegetable. What can't be sold raw can be sold as catsup." He reports that one Cincinnati farmer "cleared \$1000" on his tomato crop and he predicted that four times as many people would be using tomatoes in 1843 as had done so the previous year.

And finally, an observation in *The Cultivator* Vol. 9 (Albany, N.Y., 1842) succinctly sums up the situation: "Everybody cultivates the tomato and every one who has not deliberately made up his mind to be ranked among the nobodies has learned to eat it."

Thus we have traced the tomato from its wild origins in South America to its cultivation in Mexico and its dispersal, via the Conquistadors, to all parts of the earth. We have demonstrated its growing popularity in the United States from the mid-eighteenth century until one hundred years later when it had become the fashionable vegetable.

As to that bit of culinary lore about the role of Col. Johnson in all of this, is it true? As I said at the beginning of this article—well, yes and no.

#### *To Make an Olla—A Spanish Dish*

Take 2 lbs. beef, 1 lb. mutton, a chicken or half a pullet, and a small piece of pork; put them into a pot with very little water, and set it on the fire at ten o'clock to stew gently; you must sprinkle over it an onion chopped small, some pepper and salt, before you pour it in the water; at half after twelve, put into the pot two or three apples or pears peeled and cut in two, tomatas with the skin taken off, cimblins cut in pieces, a handful of mint chopped, lima beans,

snaps, and any kind of vegetable you like, let them all stew together till three o'clock; some cellery tops cut small and added at half after two, will improve it much.

#### *Gaspacha—Spanish*

Put some soft biscuit or toasted bread in the bottom of a salad bowl, put in a layer of sliced tomatas with the skin taken off, and one of sliced cucumbers, sprinkled with pepper, salt, and chopped onion; do this until the bowl is full, stew some tomatas quite soft, strain the juice, mix in some mustard and oil, and pour over it; make it two hours before it is eaten.

#### *Tomata Catsup*

Gather a peck of tomatas, pick out the stems, and wash them; put them on the fire without water, sprinkle on a few spoonsful of salt, let them boil steadily an hour, stirring them frequently, strain them through a colander, and then through a sieve; put the liquid on the fire with half a pint of chopped onions, a quarter of an ounce of mace broke into small pieces, and if not sufficiently salt, add a little more, one table-spoonful of whole black pepper, boil all together until just enough to fill two bottles; cork it tight.—Make it in August.

Mary Randolph, *The Virginia Housewife* (Washington, 1824).

Tomatoes should be skinned by pouring boiling water over them. After they are skinned, they should be stewed half an hour, in tin, with a little salt, a small bit of butter, and a spoonful of water, to keep them from burning. This is a delicious vegetable. It is easily cultivated, and yields a most abundant crop. Some people pluck them green and pickle them.

The best sort of catsup is made from tomatoes. The vegetables should be squeezed up in the hand, salt put to them, and set by for twenty-four hours. After being passed through a sieve, cloves, allspice, pepper, mace, garlic, and whole mustard-seed should be added. It should be boiled down one third, and bottled after it is cool. No liquid is necessary, as the tomatoes are very juicy. A good deal of salt and spice is necessary to keep the catsup well. It is delicious with roast meat; and a cupful adds

much to the richness of soup and chowder. The garlic should be taken out before it is bottled.

Mrs. [Lydia Maria] Child, *The American Frugal Housewife* (Boston, 1832).

#### *Tomata Marmalade*

Gather full-grown tomatas while quite green; take out the stems and stew them till soft; rub them through a sieve; put the pulp on the fire, seasoned highly with pepper, salt and powdered cloves; add some garlic, and stew all together till thick. It keeps well, and is excellent for seasoning gravies. Besides the numerous modes of preparing this delicious vegetable for the table, it may be stewed, after being peeled, with sugar, like cranberries and gooseberries, producing a tart equal to either of those fruits. *Tomatas* make good pickles, pickled green; to peel them, pour boiling water on them, when the skin will come off easily.

Mrs. Lee, *The Cook's Own Book* (Boston, 1832).

#### *Tomata Soy*

For this purpose you must have the best and ripest tomatas, and they must be gathered on a dry day. Do not peel them, but merely cut them into slices. Having strewed some salt over the bottom of a tub, put in the tomatas in layers; sprinkling between each layer (which should be about two inches in thickness) a half pint of salt. Repeat this till you have put in eight quarts or one peck of tomatas. Cover the tub and let it set for three days. Then early in the morning, put the tomatas into a large porcelain kettle, and boil it slowly and steadily till ten at night, frequently mashing and stirring the tomatas. Then put it out to cool. Next morning strain and press it through a sieve, and when no more liquid will pass through, put it into a clean kettle with two ounces of cloves, one ounce of mace, two ounces of black pepper, and two table-spoonfuls of cayenne, all powdered.

Again let it boil slowly and steadily all day, and put it to cool in the evening in a large pan. Cover it, and let it set all night. Next day put it into small bottles, securing the corks by dipping them in melted rosin, and tying leathers over them.

If made exactly according to these directions, and slowly and thoroughly boiled, it will keep for years in a cool dry place, and may be used

for many purposes when fresh tomatas are not to be had.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Directions For Cookery* (Philadelphia, 1837).

#### *Ochra Soup*

Make a plentiful broth in the usual manner, of fresh beef, veal or poultry. Put into it equal proportions of ripe tomatoes and young ochras, having sliced the ochras very thin, and pared and sliced the tomatoes. Boil them gently till completely dissolved, pass it through a sieve, and return it again to the pan. Have enough of the tomatoes and ochra to make it tolerably thick, season it to your taste with salt, cayenne and butter; and as soon as it comes to a boil, pour it into a tureen, on some small bits of toasted bread.

#### *Gumbo*

Peel two quarts of ripe tomatoes, mix with them two quarts of young pods of ochra, and chop them small; put them into a stew-pan, without any water; add four ounces of butter, and salt and pepper to your taste, and boil them gently and steadily for one hour; then pass it through a sieve into a tureen, and send to table with it, crackers, toasts, or light bread.

#### *To Grill Rabbits*

Take two fat young rabbits; case, clean and split them open on the backs, beat them flat with a roller, season them with salt, pepper, nutmeg and mace, and broil them on a gridiron till they are done and of a light brown, turning and basting them with butter as they may require. Have ready in a pan four ounces of drawn butter, to which add a glass of sweet cream, two minced onions, two ripe tomatoes which have been peeled and sliced, a teaspoonful of pepper and a small handful of grated bread; lay the rabbits in, let them simmer a minute or two, and serve up all together in a dish.

#### *Tomato Jelly*

Break up some fine ripe tomatoes; mix with them at least half the rind of a lemon to each pound of the tomatoes, and boil them slowly and steadily to a mash. Squeeze out all the juice, drip it through a thin jelly bag; to each pint of which, add a pound of loaf sugar, broken up,

and the juice of half a lemon. Boil them steadily together till they form a very thick jelly; put it up in small jars, and cover them securely. This jelly will be found very nice and convenient, answering for many purposes that a thinner jelly would not.

#### *Fried Tomatoes*

Select them large and ripe, take off the peelings, cut them in thick slices, and season them with salt and pepper. Have ready a plate of finely grated bread, dip each side of the sliced tomatoes in it, taking care to make as much of the bread adhere to them as possible, and fry them brown in butter, which should be hot when they are put in. Serve them warm; mince very fine an onion or two, fry them in the gravy, and transfuse the whole over the tomatoes.

Mrs. Lettice Bryan, *The Kentucky Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1839).

#### *Tomata Honey*

To each pound of tomatas, allow the grated peel of a lemon and six fresh peach-leaves. Boil them slowly till they are all to pieces; then squeeze and strain them through a bag. To each pint of liquid allow a pound of loaf-sugar, and the juice of one lemon. Boil them together half an hour, or till they become a thick jelly. Then put it into glasses, and lay double tissue paper closely over the top. It will be scarcely distinguishable from real honey.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Directions for Cookery* (Philadelphia, 1848).



### *The World of Maps*

by David Bosse

For many collectors and scholars, a map's decorative and stylistic elements are as fascinating as its geographical and topographical content. Strange creatures and fantastic designs found on many early maps are not only entertaining, but are also revealing of the cultural milieu which produced them. The interplay of art, science, technology and culture can be dis-



cerned in cartography, providing a concise record of man's interpretation of the world. A recently published collection of essays edited by David Woodward, *Art and Cartography* (Univ. of Chicago Press, 1987), illuminates several aspects of this multi-faceted topic which is yet relatively untouched. The insights found in this book make one eager to scan familiar maps in search of overlooked information. Title cartouches, often crowded with symbolism and allegory, are an excellent starting point.

The cartouche, believed to be of Italian origin, began as a panel within a border on which the map title appeared. By the late sixteenth century it had evolved into an elaborate configuration of scrolls, strapwork and architectural renderings. Christopher Saxton's 1579 atlas of England and Wales incorporated heraldry, "classical" motifs, and iconography of the two countries into the titles. Perhaps the height of cartouche design was achieved by Dutch and Flemish engravers of the Renaissance who produced rich imagery mirroring contemporary schools of painting. Later, naturalism replaced abstract composition. Inhabitants of

the mapped region, along with native fauna and flora, were portrayed, supplementing and enhancing the geographic data.

The iconography of the New World was decidedly exotic and often sanguinary. Countless Europeans were the hapless victims of Indian cruelty in the ornamentation of American maps. The dichotomy of representing native peoples as ruthless savages and unspoiled prototypes of humankind can be found in numerous cartouches. A fine example is George Wildey's map of North America published in London in 1717. Here a serene Indian maiden looks heavenward to a portrait of George I, her upraised hand holding an arrow in offering, while at her feet lies the severed head of a colonist, pierced through with a similar arrow.

The cartouche of Willdey's map, engraved by H. Terasson, is typical of the formulaic style common to eighteenth-century British maps of America. Represented with the obligatory Indian are an alligator, two snakes, one with wings, and products of the land, in this case sugar cane and pineapples. The map is dedicated to the King and features his portrait supported by a pair of putti and flanked by Mercury and a female angel trumpeting his glory. Where Willdey deviates from his contemporaries and adds a truly innovative touch is in the panel below the title. Rather than add further decoration or armorial crests, Willdey chose the highly pragmatic tactic of advertising the goods available in his shop.

As a member of the Spectacle Maker's Company and manufacturer of optical instruments and toys, Willdey's business interests were broad. In 1710 he became partners with Charles Price and began selling a series of two-sheet maps published that year by Price, John Senex, and John Maxwell. This apparently



marked his entrance into the map trade. By 1713, several of the plates were owned solely by Willdey, the others being retained by Senex. These earlier plates were reissued by Willdey in 1717 as an atlas with additional maps engraved by Terasson and Emanuel Bowen. The map of North America is one of these. Geographically, it is an exact copy of the 1710 Senex map, the sole difference being the new cartouche and advertisement.

Drawn with no regard to scale, the presentation of Willdey's wares is all the more curious. This odd assortment of goods may have been familiar to the eighteenth-century consumer, but modern viewers will be hard pressed to identify certain items. Willdey's blatant commercialism may come as a surprise to cartophiles. Certainly mapmakers had long promoted their interests by dedicating their works to patrons or soliciting favor in that manner. This, however, was an unprecedented use of cartographic space which strikes one as very modern. Studies of the British economy indicate that the merchants of post-Restoration London developed the principle of display, be it in store windows or newspapers. In this mercantilist climate, Willdey, a minor figure in the map trade, carried the practise to an extreme. Fortunately, it was not adopted by his contemporaries.



### *Perils and Pitfalls*

There was a literary genre, especially popular in the late nineteenth century, which dealt with the "light and shadows" of big cities. Although based on fact, the rich and fashionable sections of the metropolis, as well as the slums and centers of vice, were presented in a sensationalized manner in these books.

The library recently procured a particularly unusual one, in that it is a guidebook to the shadowy parts of a particular city, at a time when it was the focus of international attention. The city is Chicago, and the event was the World's Columbian Exposition.

*Chicago By Night* was published in 1893 by the Diamond Publishing Company of Palmyra, Pennsylvania. Subtitled *The Pleasure Seeker's Guide to the Paris of America*, its publisher was a pulp merchant who sold his wares by subscription, and no author of the book is stated.

The stranger is told about the attractions of the city—the parks, theaters, and the hotels, as well as the amusements and resort areas.

What is unusual about this particular guide, considering the way it was sold, is the fact that it was well written, by someone who actually knew the city and the subjects discussed, and it is neither moralizing nor sensational in nature. It is a guide to the amusements of the city, legal and illegal. The visitor is not so much told what to do or not to do, but what to watch out for if one does choose to stray across the line. The result is a particularly reliable account of criminality and human frailty in our parents' or grandparents' generation, which is both interesting to read and historically important in documenting the part of society which had good reason not to document itself.

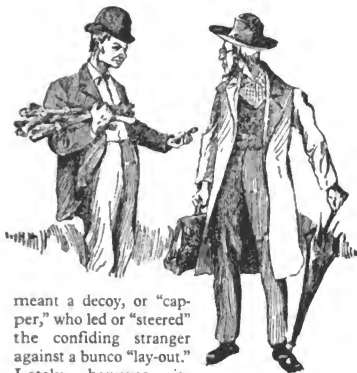
We publish here two chapters, the first dealing with confidence men, the second, with adventuresses. It is part of the overall story of the Columbian Exposition which is left out of the standard guidebooks and histories.



### *Perils and Pitfalls*

It is not insulting the intelligence of the stranger to warn him against the unscrupulous persons who will beset his path, for they are so numerous and make their appearance at such unexpected times and places that the very smartest of us all are occasionally in danger of being victimized. There are probably more "crooked" people in Chicago at the present writing than any other city in the Union, and it is altogether probable that this number will be largely increased during the progress of the Fair.

The criminal classes who infest Chicago at all times are extremely varied. The common tough, whose exterior and manner of comporting himself proclaim his worthlessness, is not very much to be feared. Such gentry will be well cared for by the police during the great rush to the Fair. Indeed, it is quite probable that all suspicious or known disreputable characters will be spotted at once and given a chance to leave the city, a failure to avail themselves of which, will result in their imprisonment until the Fair is over. But there are other gentry who are infinitely more dangerous. The term "bunco-steerer" perhaps best signified their calling. The term bunco-steerer originally



meant a decoy, or "caper," who led or "steered" the confiding stranger against a bunco "lay-out." Lately, however, its meaning has broadened. By "bunco-steerer" is now meant the oily, genial gentleman who approaches you on the street corners and politely inquires after your health, supplementing this query with another as to whether you would not like a chance to get into any sort of game whatsoever. The bunco-steerer will turn his wits to almost any scheme to make money at the expense of his more honest fellow-creatures. He belongs to the great army of confidence men who prey upon mankind in general and upon gullible strangers in large cities in particular.

The confidence man! Ah, beware of him if you value your peace. He may make his appearance at any moment and in any guise. The very suave and polished gentleman who sits opposite to you at the table in the dining-car and chats so delightfully with you as you ride into the city together may be a wolf in sheep's clothing, with designs on your purse. The very clumsy confidence man who walks up and slaps you on the back with a cordial "How de do, Jones, how are all the folks?" and immediately tries to scrape up an acquaintance, is not to be dreaded except by very green people who have never been in a big city before. It is the polished villain, the polite, well-dressed person who, while preserving a dignified demeanor, nevertheless tries to scrape up an acquaintance and then proceeds to divulge—as he will sooner or later—a chance by which a little easy money can be made, who is to be feared. A very good rule to go by is to preserve a polite manner to all strangers, but not to enter into confidential relations with any man who hasn't been introduced to you by

some one whom you thoroughly know. The pleasures of a chance acquaintance may be great but they are accompanied by dangers to your purse. If you go into a quiet little game of cards at a hotel it is a "cinch" that you will lose your money, because the men who invite you into it are cheats and will not give you a fair show. They are confederates and the money they show cuts no figure, because they have entered into a combination to fleece the stranger.

The rhapsodical gentleman who rushes up to you and proceeds to tell you glibly of all the people who live in your town has spotted you for a victim. Look out for him. It is easy to account for the knowledge he displays. Such people make a habit of hanging about the hotel and studying the history of every guest. That is how this sleek gentleman succeeded in ascertaining so much about you, my friend. The hotel people watch very closely for such gentry and when one of them is caught he is never given an opportunity to repeat his offense.

There are two bits of advice which if followed closely will probably save the unwary stranger from all harm. In the first place never enter a place you would be ashamed to have your family at home know you entered; and in the second place never sign any papers or lend any money or valuables at the request of strangers.

Among the devices for snaring the wayfarer's honest dollar is the "snap" auction sale. Passing along a leading thoroughfare one encounters a big shop flanked on the outside by two well dressed young men who are doing all they can to attract custom. Inside, a red-faced auctioneer is expatiating on the magnificence of the plate and jewelry he is offering for sale. Don't be deceived by the plate and jewelry. It would probably be expensive at \$5 a ton. Nevertheless, the auctioneer is eloquent. It is possible, too, that he may exhibit for a moment a really valuable watch or ring, only to deftly conceal it and substitute a worthless one for it as soon as somebody shall have made a bid. Scattered about among the spectators are numerous "capers" who, whenever an article is put up, bid a few dollars against each other. As soon as a stranger makes a bid of any sort the article is promptly knocked down to him and handed over. When he gets away he discovers too late that he has been duped.

One has not space at command to cite all the methods by which the unwary are fleeced out of their wealth. Besides, new and treacherous

schemes are constantly being invented. It is impossible to tell what plot the genius of the confidence man will strike next. These shrewd geniuses have even gone so far as the selling of banana stalks to farmers for seed. It must not be supposed by this that all Chicagoans are dishonest, although many foolish people who contrive to get fleeced generally go home uttering loud cries at the greed and dishonesty of the big city by the lake. But as long as there are geese to be plucked there will be rascals looking out for the chance to do the plucking. Take reasonable precautions and you stand in no danger. But make merry with chance companions in questionable resorts, and, unless Providence has taken you under its especial charge, you will go home a sadder, wiser and poorer man.

#### As to Adventuresses

This should perhaps have been included under the head of the preceding chapter, for if there are any pitfalls and perils more dangerous than those laid by fair and unscrupulous members of the fairer sex we have yet to be made aware of them. The adventuresses of Chicago, however, deserve a brief and exclusive chapter, inasmuch as they constitute a separate class which might, with very great propriety, be asked to go about labeled with the initials D.F. (signifying "Dangerous Females"). Even then, however, it is safe to say, they would not want for victims, for there are some men who would run after a pretty woman if they were morally certain that the pastime would lead to their everlasting damnation.

The term *adventuress* is applied to women of careless reputation who, being much too smart to endure the ignominious career of professional demi-modaines, resort to various shrewd schemes to fleece the unwary. Some of their class work in concert with male partners and in such cases the selected victim generally becomes an easy prey. The confidence man may be dangerous; The confidence woman, if she be well educated and bright, as well as pretty, is irresistible except with the most hardened and unsusceptible customers. The shrewdest old granger of them all, who steers safely through the shoals and traps set for him by male sharpers, will go down like the clover before the scythe under a roguish glance, as it were, from a "white wench's black eye," as Mercutio said.

There is no mortal man in this universe of ours, be he never so homely or ill-favored, who

does not cherish in his heart of hearts the impression that there is a woman or two somewhere whom he could charm if he wished to. It is the spirit of masculine vanity that forms the material upon which the adventuress may work. With the art of an expert she sizes up the dimensions of her victim's vanity the instant she has made his acquaintance, and plays upon it to just the extent she deems expedient and profitable. If it were not for masculine vanity the American adventuress could not exist.

Suppose, for instance, that Mr. John Smith, who is a merchant in comfortable circumstances at home and quite a great man in his town, is taking a stroll down State street in the bright afternoon sunshine. He has just gotten outside of a good dinner at his hotel, prior to which he had a good shave and a cocktail—just the combination to make a well-to-do traveler with a little time on his hands feel literally "out of sight," as the slang phrase goes. Suppose then, as John passes Marshall Field's, he observes a magnificent creature, a royal blonde, mayhap, or a plump brunette (either will do for the sake of illustration) peeping shyly at him from beneath long silken lashes and smiling ever so slightly. Now John may be a deacon in the church at home; he may even be the father of a large family, but if he is human, and animated by the latent vanity that is the paramount trait of his sex, he will instantly experience a sensation of pleasure and attribute the strange beauty's attention to his own long-dormant power to fascinate.

That splendid creature with her fine clothes, her exquisite complexion and her graceful bearing, an adventuress? Impossible! At least so John Smith thinks. She may even have a carriage at the curbstone into which she steps daintily, with her eyes still slyly following the amorous John. There is a delicate invitation in the glance, and if John is courageous he will—pshaw! Let us hope he wont, for it is a dead certainty that the coy beauty is an adventuress of the deadliest and most conscienceless sort. John, who in his confiding soul has set her down as a duchess or a society queen at least, fondly imagines that it is his person of which she is enamored. We, who are better posted, know that it is his worldly wealth that she is after and that even as she gives him an attack of palpitation of the heart by her warm glance she is figuring on how she may most easily possess herself of that wealth.

The schemes of the city's adventuresses are quite as numerous as those of the confidence man, but blackmail is their great card and the one that they play most successfully. As a rule a prosperous citizen of good reputation and standing in his own town, who misconducts himself when away from home, would rather pay any sum in reason than have his friends at home know of that dereliction. That is where the skilled adventuress makes her strong play. If she has the power to lure her victim into a *liaison* she has surely had the tact to draw from him in the two or three days they have spent together all the particulars she needs as to his relations in his own town. What a disheartening shock is must be, must it not, to have this splendid creature, who has vowed a thousand times to the doting John Smith that she loves him for himself alone, strike him on the morning of his projected departure for home for a cool thousand dollars in cash? Of course he demurs, but when she pleasantly hints at the trip she intends to make to his town and the exposure that must necessarily follow what is to be done? Poor John Smith! He is not such a gay dog now. It gradually ends in a compromise of some sort, for the lady is seldom too exacting, and if John is inclined to be docile—to the extent of four or five hundred, maybe—she will probably be very good-natured and let it go at that.

This is the highest type of adventuress—the aristocrat of her profession. From her the types descend in grades, down to the very lowest of all, the birds of the night who prowl the streets in search of victims whom they may lure to the dens of their male accomplices, there to be vulgarly drugged or “slugged” and robbed of their portable valuables.

The “indignant husband” game is a favorite one with adventuresses of the second class, by which term is signified such fair and frail creatures as occupy a somewhat lower place in the plane of rascaldom than the fairy who relies solely upon discreet blackmail without publicity for her means of support. This game is usually played upon very green persons for the reason that very few others would fall victims to it. The fair decoy makes the acquaintance of her quarry on the street, at a matinee or elsewhere. For the first interview she is on her good behavior, and by her repression of any approach to familiarity that her newly acquired friend may make she creates the impression that she is a very nice and decorous person indeed—a little

disposed to flirt, that is all. She does, however, write him to call upon her and of course he does so—perhaps to-day, perhaps tomorrow, but he calls, anyway. By letting fall certain artful hints she contrives to let her victim know that she is a married woman. This of course lends an added spice of interest to the adventure. The idea of poaching on forbidden ground is attractive to the dupe. So an hour passes in pleasant converse, and in the natural course of events the caller becomes sentimental. This much accomplished, he is hers, so to speak. At the very moment that the poor victim is congratulating himself upon his conquest there is a thundering knock at the door.

“My God!” screams the lady, with the dramatic intensity of a Bernhardt, “My husband!”

The startled fly in her net squirms in his seat. Who would not, situated as he is? “What is to be done?” he asks weakly.

“Hide! hide!” says the poor “wife” frenziedly and straightway rushes him into a convenient closet. The “husband” enters and, singularly enough, finds no difficulty in discovering the interloper’s hiding-place. He is gruffly ordered to come out and as like as not finds himself looking down the barrel of a big revolver.

Of course he is willing to make any sort of settlement in order to escape with a whole skin. If he has no currency the “husbands” wounded “honor” will be healed by a check, although he would rather have his watch, seeing that the payment of checks can be easily stopped at the bank.

It must not be inferred from the foregoing that any peaceable gentleman who walks the streets is liable to be dragged by the nape of his neck into a compromising situation and compelled to disgorge all of his portable wealth at the point of a pistol. Far from it. He who walks the straight path of virtue is in no danger whatsoever. It is your frisky gentleman, who is out for a little *lark* and is reckless in his manner of carrying out the enterprise, who is likely to find himself in a snare. “Be good and you will be happy” is a maxim (modernized) that applies very handsomely to this sort of thing. “But you will miss lots of fun!” the frisky man may respond. Well, well, even so, but be very careful, for you know not how soon or how abruptly the languishing angel at your side may change into a fiery haridan, determined to have your money, your reputation or your life—whichever may suit her best.

Only a shade removed from the "indignant husband" game is the old "panel" enterprise, which is so very vulgar and simple in the manner of its operation that it would not be worthy of mention were it not for the author's desire to warn strangers of every grade of intelligence against every possible danger that may lie in wait for him. Beware! O sportive young gentleman in search of a little diversion, of the young woman who on the shortest term of acquaintance invites you to accompany her to her flat or her boudoir, as the case may be. It may be that she has a pair of sharp scissors in her pocket with which she deftly snips off your money pocket; but failing this device, the "panel" is brought into play. While the interview between the more or less affectionate lovers is in progress a panel in the wall slides back, pushed by invisible hands, and a third person, the male confederate of the damsel, slinks through it into the apartment. The amount of plunder he secures depends entirely upon the degree of absorption with which the quarry is wooing his charmer and the progress that he has made in her affections, but however that may be he is tolerably certain to emerge a heavy loser. If the presence of the third party is discovered (and it is surprising how seldom this is the case) a fight is in order and the victim is fortunate if he escapes with only the loss of his valuables to mourn and no physical injury to lament.

It is a sorry subject and one is glad to leave it. Before doing so, however, remember one thing, and remember it very distinctly: No young lady, however irreproachable her appearance, who enters into a street flirtation, can safely be regarded as other than dangerous. Act on this suggestion and you will run no risks. In other words, "Be good and you will be happy." A repetition of the maxim will do no harm.



### Up in the Air

Alan Shepard, Charles Lindbergh, Orville Wright, and Edward Warren? The first three individuals evoke immediate recognition as pioneers in the annals of flight, but the last, probably unknown to any of our readers, was the very first American flyer.

In the second issue of *The American Magazine* (Vol. 1, No. 2) we described Jean Pierre Blan-

chard's 1793 balloon flight from Philadelphia to New Jersey, described by Monsieur Blanchard himself as the first manned visit to the atmosphere. Blanchard's claim is supported in the majority of historical studies of manned flight, but we were quickly informed by several of our readers that, in fact, there had been an earlier successful effort made.

The earliest manned flight in the United States actually occurred on June 24, 1784 in Baltimore. We recently came across an account of the event in the pages of the *Royal Gazette of Jamaica* (Supplement, Aug. 21-28, 1784) as well as the story of an unmanned flight in Philadelphia the following month. The latter event inspired a delightful poem which we discovered in *The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer* (Phila., Dec. 22, 1784). The verse was composed in a spirit of good humor, and yet is remarkably perceptive in predicting commercial and military uses of aircraft which would not materialize for well over a century.



*Baltimore, (Maryland) June 25.* Yesterday the ingenious Peter Carnes, Esq. made his curious aerostatic experiment, within the limits of this town, in the presence of a numerous and respectable concourse of people, whom the same of this superb balloon had drawn together from the east, west, north, and south, who generally appeared highly delighted with the awful grandeur of so novel a scene, as a large globe making repeated voyages into the airy regions, which Mr. Carnes's machine actually performed, in a manner that reflected honor on his character as a man of genius, and could not fail to inspire solemn and exalted ideas in every reflecting mind. Ambition, on this occasion, so fired the youthful heart of a lad (only thirteen years old) of the name of Edward Warren, that he bravely embarked as a volunteer on the last trip into the air, and behaved with the steady fortitude of an old voyager. The 'gazing multitude below' waited to him their loud applause, the receipt of which, as he was 'soaring aloof,' he politely acknowledged by a significant wave of his hat. When he returned to our tereene element, he met with a reward from some of the spectators, which has a solid, instead of an airy foundation, and of a species which is ever acceptable to the residents of this lower world.



*Philadelphia, July 20.* Saturday afternoon the large and elegant air balloon lately brought to

this city by the ingenious Mr. Carnes, was let off from the New Workhouse Yard. About six o'clock it rose from the ground, and ascended very majestically, amidst the approving acclamations of thousands of admiring spectators, (the wind carrying it slowly to the southward) until it got to so great an height as to appear to some no larger than a barrel, to others much smaller, and seemed then stationary, though rather inclining upward, when unfortunately it caught fire, and in a few moments was reduced to atoms. The stove or furnace which was affixed to supply it with the proper air, fell near the New Playhouse.

At the moment of its catching fire, the feelings of a number of people at a distance were very much hurt, on the supposition of a person having gone up with balloon; and their apprehensions were increased by the falling of the furnace, which, to those not near, presented to their imaginations the dreadful spectacle of a man falling from an immense height. Happily, however, the apparatus which held the person, broke near the ground, and he only sustained a fall of about ten feet, when, had he gone up with the machine, he must in all probability, have fallen as many hundred feet.



### THE PROGRESS OF BALLOONS

Assist me, ye muses (whose harps are in tune)  
To tell of the flight of the gallant balloon!  
As high as my subject permit me to soar  
To heights unattempted, unthought of before.

Ye grave learned Doctors, whose trade is to sigh,  
Who labour to chalk out a road to the sky,  
Improve on your plans—or I'll venture to say,  
A chymist, of Paris, will show us the way.

The earth, on its surface, has all been survey'd,  
The sea has been travell'd,—and deep in the shade

The kingdom of Pluto has heard us at work  
When we dig for his metals, wherever they lurk.

But who would have thought that invention  
could rise

To find out a method to soar to the skies,  
And pierce the bright regions, which ages assign'd

To spirits unbodied, and flights of the mind.

Let the gods of Olympus their revels prepare—  
By the aid of some pounds of inflammable air  
We'll visit them soon—and forsake this dull ball  
With coat, shoes and stockings, fat carcase and all.

How France is distinguish'd in Louis's reign!  
What cannot her genius and courage attain?  
Throughout the wide world have her arms  
found the way,  
And art to the stars is extending her sway.

At sea let the British their neighbours defy—  
The French shall have frigates to traverse the sky,  
In this navigation more fortunate prove,  
And cruise at their ease in the climates above.

If the English should venture to sea with their fleet,  
A host of balloons in a trice they shall meet,  
The French from the zenith their wings shall display,  
And souse on these sea dogs and bear them away.

Ye sages who travel on mighty designs,  
To measure meridians and parallel lines—  
The talk being tedious—take heed if you please—  
Construct a balloon—and you'll do it with ease.

And ye who the heavens broad concave survey,  
And, aided by glasses, its secrets betray,  
Who gaze, the night through, at the wonderful scene  
Yet still are complaining of vapors between.

Ah, seize the conveyance, and fearlessly rise  
To peep at the *lanthorns* that light up the skies  
And floating above, on our ocean of air,  
Inform us, by letter, what people are *there*.

In Saturn, advise us if snow ever melts,—  
And what are the uses of Jupiter's belts;  
And (Mars being willing) pray send us word,  
greeting,  
If his people are fonder of fighting than eating.

That Venus has horns we've no reason to doubt  
(I forget what they call him who first found it out)

And you'll find, I'm afraid, if you venture too near,  
That the spirits of cuckolds inhabit her sphere.

Our folks of good morals it woefully grieves  
That Mercury's people are villains and thieves,

You'll see how it is,—but I'll venture to show  
For a dozen among them, twelve dozens below.

From long observation one proof may be had  
That the men in the moon are incurably mad;  
However, compare us, and if they exceed  
They must be surprizingly crazy indeed.

But now to have done with our planets and  
moons—

Come, grant me a patent for making balloons—  
For I find that the time is approaching—the day  
When horses shall sail, and the horsemen  
decay.

Post riders, at present (call'd centaurs of old)  
Who brave all the seasons, hot weather and  
cold,  
In future shall leave their dull *poneys* behind  
And travel, like ghosts, on the wings of the  
wind.

The flagmen, whose gallopers scarce have the  
power  
Through the dirt to convey you ten miles in an  
hour,  
When advanc'd to balloons shall so furiously  
drive  
You'll hardly know whether you're dead or  
alive.

The man who at Boston sets out with the sun,  
If the wind should be fair, may be with us at  
one,  
At Gunpowder Ferry drink whiskey at three  
And at six be at Edentown, ready for tea.

(The machine shall be order'd, we hardly need  
say,  
To travel in darkness as well as by day)  
At Charleston by ten he for sleep shall prepare,  
And by twelve the next day be the Devil knows  
where.

When the ladies grow sick of the city in June  
What a jaunt they shall have in the flying bal-  
loon!

Whole mornings shall see them at toilets pre-  
paring,  
And forty miles high be their afternoon's airing.

Yet more with its fitness for commerce I'm  
struck—

What loads of tobacco shall fly from Kentuck,  
What packs of best beaver—bar-iron and pig,  
What budgets of leather from Conococheague!

If Britain should ever disturb us again,

(As they threaten to do in the next George's  
reign)

No doubt they will play us a set of new tunes,  
And pepper us well from their fighting bal-  
loons.

To market the farmers shall shortly repair  
With their hogs and potatoes, wholesale, thro'  
the air,

Skim over the water as light as a feather,  
Themselves, and their turkies conversing  
together.

Such wonders as these from balloons shall  
arise—

And the giants of old that assaulted the skies  
With their Ossa on Pelion, shall freely confess  
That all they attempted was nothing to this.

K.

*The Freeman's Journal: or, North-American Intelligencer.*  
Philadelphia, Dec. 22, 1784.

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### *The Revolution Remembered— By the Ladies*

In 1980, the library issued as its final Bicen-  
tennial publication, *The Revolution Remem-  
bered: Eyewitness Accounts of the War for Inde-  
pendence* (University of Chicago Press), edited  
by John C. Dann. Copies of the hardback are  
yet available from the library at the special  
Associates discount of \$7.50, postpaid, and the  
paperback edition remains in print.

In putting together the book, the editor  
selected about one hundred pension narratives  
from thousands. Many of the applications not  
used in the book contain interesting informa-  
tion worth preserving in print. The following  
excerpts from pension applications all relate to,  
or were submitted by soldier's widows, and  
have been selected because they provide  
glimpses of what the women themselves  
endured as a result of the war. Few of them are  
especially well written or as full as one would  
wish, but they do help to document the perva-  
sive character of the Revolutionary War, affect-  
ing not only the men in arms, but family life in  
its every aspect.

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*Abigail Adams, the former widow of Samuel  
Wyman (d.1813), applied for a pension in 1837 in*

*Windsor County, Vermont.*

*In her application she related how, shortly after their marriage in September 1774, at Woburn, Massachusetts, she found herself caught up in the Battles of Lexington and Concord.*

That in the March following, that is to say in March A.D. 1775 she and her husband the said Samuel Wyman went to reside in Concord in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. That previous to her said husband's removing to Concord, a number of months before his said removal to that place according to her best recollection, he had been chosen and served as a minute man] . . . during which time he was frequently called out with other minute men to be drilled and to be kept in readiness in case they should be need[ed] to oppose the British. Her said husband was called out a number of times to guard prisoners, which the Americans had taken and confined in Concord jail. This Declarant recollects one time in particular her said husband was called down [to] Concord jail to assist in guarding quite a number of Highlanders who were confined there—he was then gone several days.

On the day of Concord fight, April 19th A.D. 1775 this Declarant, on the morning of that day, well remembers hearing the alarm Bells rung and the cannon fired. Her said husband was then at home, and as soon as he heard the alarm Bells and Cannon he fired his gun upon the door-stone, which was the signal of alarm agreed upon among the minute men. He then went immediately to Concord and as this Declarant afterwards understood engaged in fighting the British—he was gone several hours, when he came running back to the house and said the enemy were coming—this Declarant looked out and saw them coming towards the house where she and her said husband lived, which was on the main road. This Declarant was then sick, having just been confined with her first child which was then only seven days old—she was sitting up in her chair, when her said husband came running in from the fight. He took her up and threw her on to the bed, and wrapping a coverlet round her, caught her in his arms and carried her off into a swamp more than half a mile from [the] house—here he left this Declarant with the woman that was nursing her and w[ent] back to the house. Finding that the enemy had passed, he returned to the swamp, carried this Declarant back to the house—he then took his gun again, and went

immediately after the British and was gone till after dark. He told this De[clarant] wh[en] he came home that he had followed the British as far as Lexington—he went down again the next day to Lexington to be ready in case of any further invasion and returned home after dark as he had done the day before. . . .

† † †

*Rhoda and George Streeter were married October 30, 1775, in Rhode Island. The following year he joined the militia, serving at various times throughout the war. His wife remembered that his frequent absences required her to do much physical labor on their farm and that this was a common experience among the women of her neighborhood. She was granted a pension in 1837.*

That she is the widow of George Streeter who was an Ensign and Lieutenant in the company of militia commanded by Capt. Samuel Day and other Officers during the whole of the revolutionary war and in Col. John Angell's regiment, of Rhode Island Militia. He was an Ensign in 1776 and after that year a Lieutenant until the end of the war in said Company in said Smithfield. As to his particular services she cannot remember them, as to time and place, but during the time the enemy had possession of Newport her said husband was absent from home on service as much as four months each year he was absent on service before that time also.

I well remember he always went when it came to his tour, and I also well remember that the women had to work out doors on the farm when the men were gone to the army. I myself did much hard labor in necessary farming while my husband was absent in the service. I have pulled flax and harvested the rye. This kind of labor most all the women had to do, for the men were all gone to defend against the incursions of the enemy.

† † †

*Samuel Dickinson (1748-1824) was born in Stonington, Connecticut. An ardent patriot, he first enlisted at Cambridge, New York, June 6, 1776, as a private in Captain Theodore Woodbridge's company, in Colonel Samuel Elmore's regiment, and was discharged April 15, 1777.*

*While residing in Washington County, New York, he was engaged in 1779 in protecting the neighborhood against the Tories and Indians. Moving to Stonington he served three tours of one*

month in 1781 under Captain Perrigo. He enlisted in April 1782 in Colonel Samuel Canfield's Connecticut regiment, and was discharged April 4, 1783.

*Dickinson was granted a pension in 1818 and died in 1824 in Warrensburg, New York. His widow Hannah applied for a pension based on his services in 1847 in Warren County, New York. In her application she described how she had tried to trick him into missing a ship in whose service he wanted to enter, an act that led to his subsequent enlistment in another outfit.*

She is the widow of Samuel Dickinson who was a privet in the Revolution and served under Seven Different engagements. Of the first two She has no personal knowledge but was told by her said husband that he enlisted into the Continental Service and served nine months at fort Stanwix in the State of New York in the year 1776 for which service he was Pensioned under the act of 1818.

His second tour Commenced in the month of August 1777 after moving his family to Maloomscoik [Walloomsac, N.Y.] near Benington, Vt. He was attached to a Company of Militia (Captains name not recollected) under General Starks and on the 15th of May before the Battle of Benington by the request of General Starks and Consent of his Captain he went to an eminence where he had a full view of Baumb's Camp and ascertained as near as he Could the Strength of the hessian army, but unfortunately he was discovered and before he got to the foot of the hill he was taken by the Indians and Carried to Baumb's Camp where he was Examined as a Spy and sent to Burgoyne's Camp at fort miller where he was reexamined. His Discharge of 1776 (the only thing they could find against him) was taken from him and Destroyed and after this he was kept under guard nights and Compelled to work Days untill a few Days before the battle at Stillwater, when he was taken sick and in that situation he made his escape. He went immediately to the American army where he had an interview with general Gates and gave him a full Discription of Burgoyne's Army which he had been inabled to gather from witnessing a General review, but the Ague and fever prevented him from Sharing in the honors of the battle at Stillwater. This tour, including his imprisonment, as her said husband said was several Days over a month.

His third tour was not performed untill after she was married to him and they had moved on a farm previously purchased on the east bank of the Hudson river near Saratoga falls in the State of New York and her husband had been appointed first Sergeant in Captain Lakes Company of Militia, many of whom had taken Protection under Burgoyne and had pledged themselves not to take up arms against the king or his allies, among whom was the Lieutenant. And the frequent Depredations Committed by the Indians Soon Caused the Captain, his ensign, and several others to quit the place, and after Several had been killed by the Indians, General Philip Schuyler Sent an order to her said husband in the month of July 1779 to warn out Captain Lakes Company and march them Down to his quarters. He obeyed the order and the Command of the Company was imposed on him and he was ordered to reconnoiter the woods and Dislodge the Indians from their lurking places and Drive them back if Posable—in this Service he was engaged Some Days over half a month and was honorably Discharged, for which service several years after the war Closed he received Several Dollars in Current money.

But obeying Schuyler's orders exposed him to the vengeance of the Tories and Indians, and on the 8th of September, 1779, one of his neighbours (who soon after fled to Canada) was seen to Set a party of Indians across the river as was supposed for the Purpose of killing him or taking him Prisoner, but fortunately her husband Discovered them in a thicket while walking his fields about Sun set—he affected not to have seen them and walked leisurely to the house where she had just got up from a fit of ague and fever for her nurse to make her bed, and in a few minutes their Little family had Silently left the house, her babe ten Days old at her breast to keep it quiet. They Decended the bank of the Hudson in a Direction to have the house Screen them from the sight of the enemy and then walked on the margin of the water untill they made their escape—after this a volentary night guard was kept up in the neighbourhood in which her husband was engaged about a month when he moved his family to Stonington his native town in Connecticut, and while living in Stonington in the year 1781 he performed three tours of Service of a month each and each as a Substitute, the first of which Commenced about the middle of May at

New Port in the State of Rhode island under Captain Robert Perigro.

And when his month expired he returned home and told her he could stay but a short time as he had engaged to go a Privateering on board the Ship *Florow* which was to Sail on such a Day and Such an hour, not recollected, and as She had an aversion to this kind of service she tried to persuade him not to go but in vain. He would not brake his promise, and when the time came for him to start which, she thinks was about the 25th of June, she engaged him in conversation and went a short Distance with him, and when she thought he would have his match to git there in Season She returned home. And in a month from that time he returned home and told her that when he Came in Sight of the Port he saw the *Florow* under Sail, and to Come up with her for Detaining him he went to New Port and Substituted for an other month and had Performed the service. She thinks he served under the same Captain as before, namely Perigro.

There was a body of French troops at new Port During one or both these tours of service and from her husbands intercourse with them he acquired a verietiy of words and sentences in the French Language which he retained through life—he told also of seeing a French General at New Port by the name of Rushambo. He Performed his third tour of service at Fort Griswold in Connecticut, a substitute for one Ross Coon of Stonington, Commencing while the blood was yet fresh in the fort where Ledgere and his men were butchered.

He returned home a few Days before his month expired and told her that Coon Came to the fort and told him if he wished to see his wife alive he must go home amediately, for She Lay at the Point of death—the Same was Communicated to the Commanding officer who (Considering his time so near out) gave him a full Discharge, and they had traveled some Distance before Coon undeceived him. The names of the officers under whom he served have Escaped her recollection.

Soon after performing this tour of service her husband moved his family to Vollandtown, New London County, Ct., where in April 1782 he engaged as a substitute for one year at Stanford, Commonly Called horse neck, in Connecticut. He returned home in April 1783 with an honorable Discharge, which together with his Several

other Discharges have long since been Destroyed. This was his Seventh and Last tour of Service, for five of which She fitted his Cloaths and well remembers the Deep anxiety She experienced During every one of them. She further Declares that she was married to the Said Samuel Dickinson on the third Day of November in the year Seventeen hundred and Seventy Eight; that her husband the aforesaid Samuel Dickinson Died on the twenty second Day of January in the year Eighteen hundred and twenty four and that She has remained a widow ever since that Period. . . .

† † †

*Catharine and William Douglass married January 1, 1778, and he died March 1, 1832. She then married William Oakley, September 11, 1834. Oakley was a Revolutionary War pensioner, and he died November 2, 1835.*

*In 1857 she applied for and received a pension for the services of her first husband. Making her deposition in Rensselaer County, New York, she described having been attacked by both soldiers and Indians.*

That she is the widow of William Douglass who was an Artificer in the war of the Revolution. That in the summer of the year 1775 said William Douglass first enlisted in a company commanded by one Captain Fisher in Colonel Van Schaicks Regiment and marched to Ticonderoga and there assisted in building the Bateaux and rafts for the conveyance of the troops up Lake Champlain. He thence proceeded northward in the expedition for the invasion of Canada under Gen. Schuyler. He was in the siege of St. Johns—at the taking of Montreal and in the subsequent attack upon Quebeck. He was brought home sick the spring fo[llow]ing.

In the spring of the year 1777, he again enlisted in the service of the revolution as an artificer, marched to Ticonderoga, and in the summer of that year, at that place, he was taken prisoner by the Hessians, while attempting to secure and remove his chest of tools, which however he lost. While thus a prisoner he endured much cruel treatment and severe suffering. He made his escape and returned home late in the summer of that year.

The above account of his services I state from his relation of the same, often made to me, from the accounts of others, and from general reputation. And about 20 years since while on a visit

to our friends at Ticonderoga, he showed me the room where he was confined a prisoner and from which he escaped.

In the spring of the year 1778 after our marriage, he again enlisted in the service as an Artificer, was ordered to Albany, and there worked in the Armory until late in the fall. I was there with him and drew his rations—we were there about eight months. In the fall of the year 1781 he again enlisted as a Militiaman, on an Alarm (I do not recollect under what officers) and marched to Skeensborough and was absent there about 4 weeks. While he was absent at this time a party of the enemy, in search of him, attacked our house in the night fired through the doors and windows, broke in, and finding none there but myself, two small boys, and a hired man whom they took prisoner—then plundered the house and fled.

At another time soon after a party of Indians at night made an attack upon our house. Hearing them approach I took my child about ten months old in my arms, escaped through a back window, ran about a mile and a half through the woods to a neighbors.

In the year 1782 my said husband again enlisted in the service as an artificer, under one Captain Persels, and went to Fishkill early in the spring, and there worked at making carriages for cannon about eight months according to my best recollection. I was there with him during that time and drew his rations.

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*Samuel Hewes (d. 1816), enlisted April 22, 1777, in the New Hampshire regiment commanded by Colonel Cilley and served for three years, attaining the rank of corporal.*

*While quartered near Newtown, Connecticut, he met and married Betsey Foot. Their marriage was violently opposed by her Tory father but encouraged by her patriot brother, as she described in her pension application of 1837, given in Norwich, Vermont, at the age of seventy-six.*

I was born as my parents informed me in Newtown (Conn.) and lived in that Town about 21 years—that in the winter of 1778 and 9 in the month of January 1779 I attended a Ball in said Newtown at which several soldiers were present and among them Samuel Hewes. Here I first became acquainted with said Hewes. He then belonged to Col. Cilley's regiment in Gen. Poor's Brigade, which regiment was at that time quartered in Reading near Newtown.

Shortly after this I received a letter from said Hewes, and by advice of my brother I consented to receive his addresses. Accordingly about the last of March or first April of the same year we had engaged to be married and our publishment was written. My Father George Foot who was a tory was violently opposed to the match and forbid the publishment. My Father however at last told Hewes that if he would postpone the marriage until after the next campaign, and if he would go into the Indian country that season, that on his return he would give his consent to the marriage.

Hewes accordingly went with Sullivan's expedition to the Susquehannah country (where my father was in hopes as he said that he would be killed). Hewes however returned with the regiment in the month of November 1779 the week before Thanksgiving, and on the 16th day of December 1779 I was married to said Hewes, and several of the soldiers were present at the wedding at my father's. The Minister, Mr. Beach, was sick and could not come but sent word if we would come to his house he would marry us. Accordingly we went with a part of the company and a part remained at my fathers, to which place we returned after we were married and there had the wedding party.

My husband remained in the army until April 1780 but frequently came to see me at my fathers. My father's opposition was violent against Hewes because he was a soldier, so that he was frequently turned out of doors and I was compelled to leave my fathers house by the influence of the Tories. But I was determined not to yield the point and so persevered unto the end. At the time of our marriage Cilley's regiment was quartered in Danbury a town adjoining Newtown.

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*Hannah Bartholomew married Ichabod Russell in Wallingford, Connecticut, sometime between 1759 and 1762. Her husband joined the Connecticut militia shortly after the Battle of Lexington and remained in service throughout the war, attaining the rank of Lieutenant. Hannah Russell lived in East Haven, Connecticut, with their six children throughout the war. Her husband returned home whenever possible. On these occasions he would recount his services, but these memories had dimmed in her mind when she filed for a*

*pension in Herkimer County, New York in 1837. She did remember her manual labor during her husband's absences.*

... she cannot state the times he was called into the service but he was absent from home most of the time according to her recollection in the war and came home at different times and then went away again into the service; that at one time she sowed rye when he was gone into the service, and she in haying time pitched the hay and her son a little boy loaded the hay; her sons name was Stephen who was then eight years old; and she made fence on the farm and see to the putting in crops and harvesting them in her said husband's absence in different years during the war. . . .

† † †

*Lydia Attwood, the widow of Samuel Lee, applied for a pension in Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1837. Her husband, who had been a coastal sailor prior to the war, had just finished nine months of service in the Swanzy, Massachusetts militia when they were married in 1777.*

*One of her most vivid memories was of a messenger rushing into her bedroom at the time the British landed at Warren and Bristol. Her husband reentered the service for short periods in order to answer alarms in Rhode Island and was a captain of a cartel that made two or more trips between New York and Rhode Island in 1782.*

*Samuel Lee died in January 1795 in North Carolina, and his widow then married Sheffield Attwood of Bristol, Rhode Island, who died in 1829. Her claim for a pension for her first husband's service was granted.*

... after this guard service she does not recollect any other military service performed by her husband untill the enemy landed in Bristol and burned a part of that place and Warren, which was in the spring of 1778 and a few weeks only after her said husband had left the guard service. She well recollects that occasion. A messenger came to their house early in the morning. Her said husband was out, but she had not risen from her bed, being confined with a young infant, and the messenger in a hurry to give the alarm that the enemy had landed near Warren burst open her bed room door, said the enemy were coming, and that the militia must repair without a moments delay to a particular place he mentioned. Her said husband had heard the news and soon came in, took his gun,

and left home immediately and did not return for several days, she can not tell the number. . . .

† † †

*Betsey Cross married Abner Wood November 15, 1769 in Stafford, Connecticut. Her husband was commissioned an ensign in Colonel Chapman's Connecticut regiment June 10, 1776, and served six months, after which he served in various tours as lieutenant and captain. The length of his service was not stated. He died in 1821.*

*His widow was allowed a pension on her application executed March 15, 1837, in Cortland County, New York. Ninety-one years old at this time, she recounted how she not only had to do the farm work during his absences, but was the recipient of frequent complaints, due to her husbands recruiting activities, from other women in her neighborhood.*

That she was obliged during her said husbands absences to work out doors doing farming work to support herself and children, and it was so for several seasons. Whether her husband went as a volunteer or was drafted, she does not know. She knows he was often engaged in drafting the soldiers, and she recollects that women were frequently complaining of him for drafting their husbands and friends.

† † †

*When Hannah Robertson successfully applied for a pension in 1838 in Fairfield County, Connecticut for the services of her husband, Seth Robertson, her attitude was still one of resentment at her husband's frequent absences.*

... Seth Robertson, formerly my husband, was born about the year 1756 tho' I can not be exact for the family records I do not now find. I understood that he had been a soldier in the United States' service in the war of the revolution before we were married. I believe that it was in a town to the North in the year 1775 as stated in the annexed Deposition of Abram Bulkley.

Also I well remember of his returning from a tour to New York and the soldiers dress that he had on. I believe that he was under the command of Capt. Samuel Wakeman in the winter of 1775-6 and that the time of service was long as three months or more as stated in the annexed Deposition of Mrs. Sarah Wheeler.

We were married by the Rev. James Johnson,

then Pastor of the Church and Congregation in Northfairfield in that part of the town of Fairfield that was afterwards set off as said town of Weston in said Fairfield County. But it appears that said Pastor did not keep any records of marriages during the revolution and that he is dead. And although I think that there was a family record of it yet after great search we presume it to be lost. But from circumstances and my impressions I think that we must have been married before the 1st day of April 1776. But I clearly remember of going down to see my said husband while he was on guard on the shore of Long Island sound at or near Black Rock in said town of Fairfield in the service of the United States in the war of the revolution and carried him some cakes &c. to eat and remember the mans horse that I rode upon, which was after we were married and I know that he staid a long while after that I should think as much as several months longer. I think that it was in the year of 1776 and that the time of service in all was as much as eight months according to the annexed Deposition of Nathan Bulkley.

When the enemy went up and burned Danbury in Connecticut in April, 1777, we lived within about 50 rods of the road where they passed, and we had then one Son of several months old, who was born before we moved there. I was terrified and distressed and fled with my child, my husband being gone pursuing the enemy and in return as I have understood was in the battle at Ridgfield, and my impression is that the time of service was about or was one week and that he was in said United States service as much as six months more in that year under Capt. Wakeman as stated in the annexed Deposition of Oliver C. Danford Esqr. or otherwise.

In the year 1778 I believe that he was enlisted in the said United States service under Capt. Jonathan Squier and performed somewhere about the North River as long as six months according to the annexd. Deposition of Joseph Gray and that he served in the Continental team service.

In the year 1779 my said husband was gone at the burning of said town of Fairfield. I've heard him tell that he was among the militia at the burning of said Fairfield and of a narrow escape from the Regulars and other circumstances and I should think that the time of that service was about one week [sic., month?].

In 1780 or 1781, the year in which Eben Davis served with him three weeks, I believe that he was on guard at said Fairfield as much as six months at that time in all.

Indeed my said husband was gone in the United States service through a great part of the revolutionary war. I was troubled to think that he should love to be going so much in the war and leave me with helpless children in very poor circumstances. I must certainly think that he was in said service as much put all together as three full years or more.

I do not know that my said husband ever had any Commission or that there is any documentary evidence of his services or any other evidence except the annexed. Many old persons that knew the facts are dead. After the revolutionary war we lived in said Weston where my said husband died in the year 1811. I have continued to reside in said Weston ever since his death, am the only wife he ever had, and remain his widow.

† † †

*Margaret Strozier was 101 years old when she applied for a pension in Meriwether County, Georgia, in 1842. Her husband, Peter, whom she married in 1758, volunteered for service in Georgia in 1779, and served five years according to her testimony. After their first two years of separation her farm was overrun by Tories, and she was forced to become a refugee.*

*After the war her family was reunited and returned to Georgia, where Peter Strozier died January 18, 1807.*

... She said Margaret Strozier remained on the Farm where her husband left her in 1779 for two years. About the end of that time she was broken up by the Tories and every thing of any consequence destroyed, she being known as the wife of a Whig who was absent in the Army with Clark fighting. She fled with her family of little children through South Carolina, half begging and starving, suffering greatly from want and cold, exposure and raggedness during the months of January and February 1781, and joined her husband in North Carolina not long after the battle of Kings Mountain. Her husband served sometimes as Cavalry and sometimes as Infantry, but generally in the Cavalry. Captain Carr was intimate and often at her house before he went into the Army. ... Whilst her husband was absent she seldom and only

occasionally heard from him, such was her desolute situation, the broken intercourse of the country, and the disturbed state of the times.



*Sarah Knight had been a widow twenty-four years when she applied for a pension in Christian County, Kentucky, in 1847. Her husband, John Knight, died while visiting North Carolina and Georgia "to hunt up evidence to establish his claim to a pension," after their house at Red River, Tennessee, had been destroyed by fire.*

*According to her testimony, her husband served seven tours of three months each in the North Carolina militia. She described how their marriage ceremony had been guarded by soldiers and how her husband would sneak about their neighborhood to visit her, presumably to avoid the many Tories in the vicinity.*

. . . she is the widow of the late John Knight who was a Soldier in the Revolutionary war, from Randolph County North Carolina. That when the war first begun in the South (she is informed in the year 1779) that said John Knight had some little dispute and difficulty with his family relations and he run off from home and entered said Service at headquarters, she does not know where headquarters were, being quite young and paying no attention to such things, neither does she know the name of his officers, and continued in said Service untill the fall of the year before the battle of Guilford, when he returned home.

And she further saith that said Knight often told her that he was in the States of South Carolina and Georgia—that he was sometimes at Charleston and Sometimes at Savannah that he was marched about nearly all over those States and continued in that Service untill his return home as above mentioned. . . . She states that said John Knight and herself were raised in the Same neighbourhood and that he was Seven years older than herself . . . she was married to the said John Knight in the County of Randolph, North Carolina in the month of June subsequent to the battle of Guildford, to wit, in June one thousand Seven hundred and eighty one. There was "cider" made out of early June apples at the marriage makes her think it was June. She was married at the age of eighteen, making her present age 84 years, by Capt. Edward Williams, who was a magistrate in said County as well as Captain, and that she was

married by the publication upon three separate days of the "Banns" by a minister of the name of Richard Shackleford at a Meeting House within a mile and a half of her home. That John Knight was then commanding a company and that he had a number of his men with him at the wedding, among whom were William Crabtree and Joseph Newton and that the house was well guarded during the festival, which continued two days and, then said Knight rejoined his main company again. That Said Knight, when his company was near, would sometimes, stealthily visit her and when he did so, at the approach of night he had to take a bed and lie in some concealed place untill morning and thus it continued untill the end of the war.



*Francis Ketner (1748–1831) married Elizabeth Miller in Berks County, Pennsylvania, July 10, 1771, and shortly thereafter moved with her and her father to Surry County, North Carolina.*

*Beginning in 1776 her husband served a number of tours with various North Carolina militia units. Francis Ketner was away on duty in 1781 when the British army passed her house, and his wife defiantly confronted them. A pension was issued to her in 1841 when she was eighty-six years old.*

. . . The next he went a tour of two Months with a Waggon load of Amunition from Salem to Henry Court house in Virginia and from there to some place where the Main Army was and carried the powder to them, and while he was gone the British army passed by her house, coming from the Shallow ford on the Yadkin River to Houser Town, and Robed her of all her corn and small grain, meet, and every thing almost that her and family had to live on, even her Ducks and Chickens. Some of them asked her if she had a husband. She said yes. "Where is he," they asked. She told them he was gone with a waggon to haul a load of amunition to the American army "to Shoot you red coats that have robbed me of my living." This happened shortly before the Battle of Guilford, and on the very night of said Battle her husband said Francis Ketner returned home, as she heard the Cannons firing in morning of the Battle. . . .



*Mary Magdalena Schaffer married John George Pfeifer, or Peiffer, in 1781, in Berks County, Pennsylvania. While he was away in service the*

following year she relates that she became paralyzed with fear of an Indian attack.

Although John George Pfeifer was unable to obtain a pension during his lifetime, his widow was pensioned by the state of Pennsylvania on account of his services in 1838. She died October 10, 1844.

After their marriage, deponent states, that her said husband was out twice on military duty, and both times went, as she then understood and now believes, up the north branch of the Susquehanna River, above Northumberland in pursuit of Indians. The first of these two last services, must have been in March or April 1782, from the recollection that her eldest daughter, Barbara, was not more than one or two months old at the time, and lasted, she would say, at least two weeks, and the other was the summer following for about the same length of time. She cannot remember under what officers he marched or served at either of the periods mentioned, and if she ever did know, it has entirely escaped her memory.

During her husbands first absence on duty, in the Spring of 1782, deponent was baking bread in an oven, a short distance from the dwelling, and while attending to it she became so much alarmed, from dread of the Indians, that she fastened herself in the house, and was unable or unwilling to return to take her bread from the oven in consequence of which it was lost.

† † †

*Polly Fitzgerald, the former widow of Nathan Faris, or Farris, applied for a pension in 1835 in Pulaski County, Kentucky. She described how their home on the Kentucky frontier was attacked, and witnessed the brutal murders of both her husband and one of their children.*

... Nathan Faris her late Husband entered the Service of the United States as a Captain Commanding a Volunteer Company under the Command of the then Colo. George Rogers Clark, and joined the Army at what is now called Louisville in the State of Kentucky and Continued in the army in service during the campaign and was at the taking of an outpost on the Wabash and also at the taking of Vincennes in the Illinois and got an honorable discharge.

Shortly after his return from the Campaign aforesaid he engaged in the erection and establishment of a Station in that part of Kentucky now called Green River within about ten miles

of Colo. Caseys Station. A party of Indians one morning about day light attacked and took the Station, and killed my husband, the said Captain Nathan Faris, his Brother, and One of Our Children, with sundry other persons. They took my child by the feet and dashed his brains out against a tree. As soon as my husband was wounded he said he must die and directed me to take the two surviving children and make my escape, which I did, and carried with me our two surviving children herein and before mentioned, Polly and Rebecca, now Polly Hudson and Rebecca Johnson. The Indians burnt destroyed and carried away every thing about the Station, among the rest my husbands discharge above mentioned.

† † †

*Barbara Mercereau nee Van Pelt, was born October 19, 1752. She was the second wife of John Mercereau, whom she married in 1777. Although John Mercereau was unable to obtain remuneration for financial losses he incurred during his four years of service as a spy for General Washington, she applied for and received a pension for his services in Broome County, New York, in August 1842, at the age of ninety. She died in Union, New York, March 10, 1847.*

That she is the widow of John Mersereau who in the Revolutionary war was a Spy for Gen. Washington for more than two years after the war commenced and an Assistant Commissary of Prisoners.

That a few days after the British landed on Staten Island Gen. Mercer came to her husbands house and engaged him to go to Staten Island and get what information he could in relation to the strength of the British Army and report to General Washington, which he did, and gave to General Washington the information required. That he continued in this service for several years under General Washington and done no other business but to spy out the strength of the enemy, their situation and their movements. He had the confidence of Generals Washington, Lee, Putnam, Green, Lay Fayette and others. That when General Washington was retreating through New Jersey with his army in 1776 he put up all night at the deponents house and this deponent provided supper for Washington and Eighteen other officers.

That on the following morning after the Army had moved onward this deponent

thought best her husband being gone on duty to follow the army and started just before the British arrived at that place which was Woodbridge, Middlesex County, New Jersey. That she over took the retreating army at New Brunswick landing and stopped there all night. From this they continued to retreat untill they crossed the Delaware. The Army made a halt and this deponent stopped with the army where she remained in the family of a Mr. Ingraham nine months. Her husband was all this time on duty watching the motions of the enemy and otherwise such information of their movements as he could for the Americans.

That after this nine months she moved from place to place as the army moved, her husband being continually in the service as a spy and an Assistant commissary of Prisoners. That her husband John Mersereau from the beginning of the war served as a spy and as an Assistant Commissary of Prisoners at least six years untill the end of the war. That her husband and Joshua Mersereau by their exertions and watchfulness after the American Army had crossed the Delaware saved the army from being attacked by the British. In searching along the River they found several boats such which the British intended to raise and cross the River. By this timely discovery they prevented the British from crossing the River.

This deponents husband in the beginning of the war was considered a wealthy man but when the war ended he was worth nothing. For his losses he in 1819 made application for a remuneration of damages sustained by him during the war but his claim was rejected. From old age and loss of memory she is unable to state the exact length of the different services of her husband but the foregoing is according to her best recollection.

She further declares that she was married to the said John Mersereau as his second wife on the 19th day of October 1777 by the Rev. Mr. Jackson, a Dutch reformed minister at her mothers house on Staten Island, and that her husband John Mersereau Died on the 21st day of February 1820, and that she still remains a widow.

† † †

*Eunice Lewis applied for a pension in Orange County, New York, in 1842, at the age of seventy-eight. She stated that her husband had enlisted in the spring or summer of 1776 or 1777 and served*

*three years in the Connecticut Line under Captain Strong and Colonel Bradley, returning to his home in Monroe, New York, at the end of this term of duty. He reentered the military in April 1782 and served for nine months under Captain Abraham Westfall in the regiment commanded by Colonel Weisenvelt, guarding the western New York frontier. His last service occurring shortly after their marriage, she recounted how she went to join him in the field, and stood watch with him during the night. Her pension was allowed.*

... she was married to the said Jacob Lewis on the 26 day of November 1781 by Nathaniel Satterly then an acting Justice of the Peace in and for the said County [Orange Co., N.Y.] and who was authorised to perform the marriage ceremony. Her name before marriage was Eunice Miller and her marriage took place at her fathers house in the town [Monroe], county [Orange], and State [New York] aforesaid. She further states that she was married to the said Jacob Lewis at least four months before her husband entered the service under Capt. Westfall, and she has a perfect recollection of going across the Shawangunk mountain and living with her said husband Jacob Lewis three days in a block house called Kuykendalls block house, and of standing and keeping the company of her said husband one night while he was standing out as a guard. And that her said husband Jacob Lewis died on the 26th day of July 1820 and that she has ever since remained a widow as will more fully appear by the proof annexed.

† † †

*Alexander Kelsoe enlisted November 1, 1775, as a private in Captain John Bartley's company, in Colonel Richardson's South Carolina regiment, and went on an expedition against the Tories. After his discharge he moved about Virginia, then settled in Sullivan County, North Carolina. There he reenlisted about September 1, 1780, serving as a private in Captain George Maxwell's company, which under the direction of Colonel Isaac Shelby was at the Battle of King's Mountain. Discharged in November, he married Margaret Balch in May 1781 in Washington County, North Carolina. From the fall of 1781 until the following spring he twice enlisted for a tour against the Cherokee. He was granted a pension in 1832, and died in September 1835.*

*Margaret, his widow, applied for and received a*

*pension for his services in 1843, while a resident of Perry Township, Morgan County, Indiana. Then eighty-eight years old, she described her many displacements during the war. Although unable to remember the year of her birth, her recollections of the war were vivid.*

That she is the Widow of Alexander Kelsoe who was a private of Militia in the service of the United States in the Army and War of the Revolution.

That said Alexander Kelsoe about the Year eighteen hundred and thirty two or three, as she believes from information of her family (her memory of late events not being as good as of things that took place when she was Young and was never good of dates) then residing in Morgan County in said State of Indiana made his Application for and obtained a Pension of twenty dollars per annum under the Act of Congress. For more particular proof as to his service, she refers to his declaration in the War Office.

She states that she was always informed and believes that she was born in the fall season of the Year, but of what year she has forgotten. She very well recollects that she was married to the said Alexander the next spring after the Battle of Kings Mountain and in the month of May (in which Battle he was engaged as she believes). She distinctly recollects that she was twenty six years of age at the time of her marriage.

She resided in Mecklenburgh County in the State of North Carolina near the Town of Charlotte in the early part of the War. She recollects well when Captain Scotts Company of Volunteers started out on the Snow Campaign (so called on account of the Snow being on the Earth all the time). She had two brothers James and William Balch in said Company. She remembers that she furnished her brother William who was the Ensign in said Company with a silk Hankerchief for a flag for his company.

She recollects being at Meeting at Captain Scotts when the Company arrived upon its return, whilst the preacher was preaching, and recollects the exclamation of the Captains Wife and the faling [feeling] it produced. She recollects very well going from the South side of the Cataba River where she lived across the river a journey of thirty miles to her brothers to ascertain if he had returned from Gates's defeat. As

she was going on her way when she crossed the River at Beatties Ford there was a guard, they stopped her and questioned her about her name, and business. She answered them. One of them said he knew her connexions and that they were all good whigs. She then understood from them that they were stationed there to keep the Tories from crossing the river. Her youngest brother John Balch went out for the Battle of Ramsoms Mill and was in it as she was informed and believes.

She had three brothers in Gates's defeat James, William and Amos as informed and believes. After this (Gates's Defeat) she with others fled with the intention of going to her brother Stephen B. Balch a Presbyterian Preacher of George Town in the District of Columbia, but being informed that grain was scarce in the district they stopped at Staunton in Virginia and stayed there one winter and part of the next summer. Thence she with others returned to a place called Little Limestone in then North Carolina now Tennessee. She remained there untill the Spring after the Battle of Kings Mountain when as she before above stated she was married to the said Alexander according to an agreement made before the Battle of Kings Mountain.

They (the declarant and the said Alexander Kelsoe) were married in Washington County then N. Carolina now Tennessee. She recollects that their marriage License was issued by Colo. Sevier the Clerk of the Court of said County at Jonesboro.

The Minister who solemnized their marriage was John Causson a presbyterian preacher, who resided near them, their regular preacher Samuel Doke being absent at Presbytery. After their marriage they remained in the same place about two years. She recollects the said Alexander's going out for the expedition to Kings Mountain, and his bringing back with him a led horse said to be got there. She does not recollect whether said Alexander was in the foot or horse at Kings Mountain, she thinks he served part of the time on foot and part on horse. In some of his tours he was on the foot service and most of which service was before their marriage as she is informed and believes.

After their marriage and after the Battle of Kings Mountain her said husband served two tours of duty against the Cherokee Indians and Tories. One of these tours she thinks (it is her best impression) he performed on horse. She

does not recollect whether on the other he was a footman or horseman. She does not recollect the length of the tours, nor whether they were in the Same Year or not. She recollects that the Indian depredations which rendered the call necessary first broke out in Blount County. There were many forts in that County at the time. She had a sister in one of them as she was informed. She forgets the name of it. It was attacked with only two men in it. They assisted by the women kept up a fire and the enemy gave up the siege and retired. Another fort about the same was burned.

She recollects the first family attacked by the Indians in that Season. They were by the name of Kirk. The Old gentleman and one son escaped. Just after this it was that her husband started out on the first of the two tours which took place as before stated after the Battle of Kings Mountain.

She recollects that about this time Young Mr. Cunningham went out with his sister to milk (in her neighbourhood) and both were killed by the Indians. In the first of said two tours she has the impression that her husband was under Captain Carson or that that Captain was along, his first name she has a feint impression was Robert.

Her husband she has the impression (not confidently) in one of his said two tours was destined to a place called Hightower, as she supposed in the Cherokee Nation. The expedition was in warm weather. John Wallace was killed in that expedition as she was informed and believed. She recollects that after this a short time they brought a few Indian prisoners in the part of the county near where she lived. The young man above mentioned by the name of Kirk whose family had been attacked rushed among the prisoners and killed some of them—was about to kill an old Indian Woman—but spared her upon her protesting that her Indian son John had never killed white men. She can not state where her husband started to go in his Second tour. Both tours she thinks were not far apart.

She recollects that Saml. Handy or Hanly whether about this time or not she is unable to remember went to Cumberland Mountain with a Company. Being attacked by Indians his men all fled, leaving him to stand alone. His company reported him dead. He was much respected. His funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Henderson who was his preacher. She was

present and heard it. It was highly affecting. She still recollects the words of one of his sentences describing the manner in which he died "So died our brave and noble Captain." In a few days afterwards and which rivited the words upon her memory Captain Handy returned sound and well. It was said his men appeared to be sorry that he lived.

Her husband the said Alexander may have been in the foot service at Kings Mountain she remembers his stating upon his return that the British overshot the Americans as they went up the side of the Mountain.

She states that she well recollects that her oldest son (Charles) was a child when the said Alexander went out in one of said expeditions against the Indians. In one of the said Indian Campaigns she thinks Dougherty was an Officer, what office he held she can not state nor whether said Alexander was under his command or whether under the command of Colo. Hubbard. Said Dougherty was at one time she recollects a major or Colonel and was afterwards in her impression a general. . . .



*Lydia and Joseph Ray were married March 21, 1771. Filing for a pension in Smith County, Tennessee in 1837, his eighty-five year old widow described how she was plundered by the British in 1781, shortly after her husbands death and while pregnant with their last child.*

That she is the widow of Joseph Ray who was a private Soldier in the army of the Revolution. He was drafted in the Month of September 1780 under Captain George Hodge, to serve a tour of six months. She and her husband lived at this time in Orange County State of North Carolina about Seven miles from Hillsborough. They had been married ten years before that time by Captain Robert Lytle, a Justice of the peace. They had three children when he entered the Service. In august before, Colonel Armand was Stationed in the neighbourhood with his troop of light horse. She thinks that they had to suport and feed thirty men and thirty horse for a short time in order to recruit them. When Col. Armand left he gave her husband a tickett on the Government which was never paid.

In September as above State[d] her husband entered the Service. In two or three months after he entered the Service her oldest child

James sukumed and died and she wrote her husband a letter, as the army was not far off. Her husband, rather than leave his family in a forlorn situation, made an arrangement with his captain and gave him one thousand dollars in the currency of that time which was continental paper money. This the Captain received for the purpose of hiring a substitute for the ballance of the time he required it and hired a Substitute who Served out the ballance of the time of her husbands Service, which was Six months in all.

It was in the february following as well as she recolects that the battle of Guilford was fought. The Brittish army marched before this—passed in one half mile of where she lived. She was then a widow. Her husband was sick when he returned and died—Doctor Gillett attended him until his death. Left in this Situation with three small children to take care of, the Brittish army as above Stated camped close by, and the consequence was, knowing that her husband though dead Still had a Substitute in the American army, they took every thing that Suited them, her flour, meal corn, and fodder, oats, a large number of cattle, (She had 14 Milch cows the Sumer before, but they striped her of every one except one cow which was out of their reach), her husbands clothing, and the most valuable of and her children she put into her chest and then put it into the Stable and buried it there, but it was all in vain for they found and took it.

Another circumstance [which] tended greatly to add to her distresses and hurried her husband to make the arrangement with his commanding officer was her State of Pregnancy, but She was not confined nor was her youngest child born until after her husbands death, for she recolects distinctly her helpless Situation when the Brittish army Stripped her of almost everything she had.



*Christiana Teulon was twice married to soldiers of the American Revolution. It was as the widow of her second husband, Charles Teulon, that she applied for and received a pension in Abbeville District, South Carolina, in 1836. In her application she described how she had encountered a party of British foragers, one of whom stabbed her in the breast.*

I was born 20th June 1756 in the City of Limerick in the Kingdom of Ireland, the daughter of George Patterson and Catharine

Teulon his wife. From Limerick my parents removed from Kilkenny in the West of Ireland and afterwards to Glasgow and from thence to the neighborhood of Edenburgh. To avoid a press my father enlisted in the Regiment which was afterwards ordered to America. He served at the siege of Quebec and after his discharge got his bounty land and took his abode not far from Charlotte, North Carolina, and sent for his family. My mother came out to him with one of my sister Jenny. We landed in Charleston in June 1768, where my father met us and carried us to his house in what was afterwards called the New Acquisition.

I was married first to George Henderson in March, 1772, a Lieutenant in Captain Sumter's Militia Company. He died after the Snowy Camps [Snow Campaign], as well as I recollect in 1775. He had resigned his Commission sometime before on account of ill health.

On the first of January 1779, Charles Teulon and I were married at Briar Creek in the State of Georgia by the Reverend Mr. Lewis, a presbyterian minister. Teulon was a warm and active friend of America. During the war he was almost always out with the Militia and always a volunteer, never stood but one draft that I know of, and that was in an Expedition against Quarter House under Captain McGaw. He was at the battle of Fort Moultrie a private in Captain Snipes Company and received three wounds and had a rib broken on Goat Island. At the Siege of Augusta he was in a party of scouts and received in a skirmish a Sabre wound in the head. He was in a great many expeditions which from the great lapse of time I cannot now recollect.

During the siege of Augusta I staid this side of the River at the house of one Lamar, where a Mrs. McFoy was living. One day while at the house of one Flanagan a foraging party of British and tories came. They charged me with being a rebel and having a husband out and knowing where they were. I denied knowing where they were, as I did not know in fact, and a man called Conner pushed at me with his bayonet and gave me a severe wound in the left breast, and I believe he would have killed me if one Blainy had not pushed him back as he made his lunge, which shortened the blow. I still bear the scar of this wound, from which I suffered a long time and felt the pain many years after it was healed, particularly while nursing, and feel it even yet sometimes.

My husband died the 12 October, 1812. In the latter part of his life, when he was hypochondriac, a set of swindlers got away his land which was all he had and I was left in poverty. . . .

† † †

*Mary and Eddy Phetteplace were married in the fall of 1775, and the following year he died of fever, after having served for ten months in Captain Benjamin Hoppin's company of Colonel Christopher Lippitt's Regiment of Rhode Island State Troops. She married Thomas Smith in 1783.*

*When her daughter Phebe Paine sought an arrears payment in 1854, Thomas Paine made the following declaration in which he remembered that as a widow of Eddy Phetteplace, Mary Smith had not smiled for a year after his death.*

I Thomas Paine of Gloucester in the County of Providence and State of Rhode Island in the 81st year of my Age on Oath testify and say I was formerly well acquainted with Mary Smith widow of Thomas Smith. She died the 18th day of September A.D. 1836. This I very well remember being a very near neighbor and our family assisting at the burying Grounds.

Her last husband the said Thomas Smith departed this life in march 1799, and she remained his widow till her death as before stated. They were married and settled on the farm as our neighbors, where they always lived, just about the close of the War of the Revolution, and I was then about 10 years old. She was previously the widow of Eddy Phetteplace as I was always told and fully believed.

When I was a boy I used to go there and carry yarn for this widow to weave, for she took in weaving at that time, and I recollect there was something a little singular or strange in her actions, as she moaned deeply the loss of her husband, the said Phetteplace for several years, and it was always said in our neighborhood that she moaned him so deeply that she was not known to smile or laugh for the space or term of one year after his death.

† † †

*Mary Williams provides us with a touching narrative of a widow whose husband re-fought the Revolution in his old age. She related her tale in 1846 in Bulloch County, Georgia, to which she and her husband had migrated from North Carolina after the war.*

This declarant says that she was born in the State of North Carolina, on the 7th of October, 1769, and is now in the 77th year of her age, and deposes that by reason of old age and the consequent loss of memory, She cannot swear positively as to the precise length of her husband's service, but according to the best of her recollection of the conversations of her husband on the subject of his military adventures, Samuel Williams served not less than five years, principally under General Green, Col. Rhodes, Armstrong and Major Ivy, but under other officers whose names have escaped this applicant's memory. Of so many names, she can only recall a few, and of the complicated details of battles, victories and defeats, of marches and counter-marches, charges and routs, returns and departures, sickness, blood and desolation this applicant only remembers to have been often told that all or most of these dire calamities occurred in the State of South Carolina. Her husband frequently recounted these melancholy scenes to her; and she has many times heard them spoken of by numerous other individuals, who were well acquainted with Samuel Williams in his life time.

This declarant will undertake to relate the few facts and circumstances that still linger on her memory, in the fervent hope that the wise and good men who have the sacred trust of searching out the records of the past, and of granting the claims of the widows of deceased revolutionary soliders, may compare her imperfect account, and unconnected facts, with the most perfect details of revolutionary history, as it exists in the national archives at Washington city, and she feels convinced that her brief statements will bear to stand the test of comparison and wear the semblance of truth. This applicant declares her belief that her husband applied for a pension in his life time, and that the facts were proved by John Best, with whom he was for a time companion in arms, but that from some delay or mismanagement, or other cause, neither of them succeeded then in getting their pensions.

She has heard that her husband enlisted in the army at a very early age, (she thinks at the age of 16 years) and that he served throughout a greater part of the war. She recollects mention having been made of his great sickness and distress in a hospital in some town or city; She can swear positively to having seen large and distinct marks of wounds or bruises on each of her

husband's hips; she has heard that he deserted his father's house when a boy to fight and suffer for his country; One night, having, in company with some 30 men (she believes a scouting party) taken shelter in the second story of an old house on the road, the party were that night attacked by a company of British or Tories, and her husband narrowly escaped with his life, after refusing to stop when called, and was shot at as he fled.

Being in the Battle of Eutaw Springs, he narrowly escaped in a retreat. It appears from what this declarant has heard, that at the time of that battle Gen. Green rode a fine horse which, being a present from his father or some other distinguished individual, he highly prized, and fearing the horse might be shot in the engagement, he called to Samuel Williams and said "here my little soldier mount this horse and escape for your life," and then the General after having given some hasty directions as to his horse, plunged again into battle.

She remembers to have heard that her husband was present when the gallant DeKalb fell, and also in some engagement where a sarjeant hovered over that individual, and cried aloud, "Save the brave DeKalb." She has also heard her husband discourse of his having served with DeKalb, and of having been present at a conference between DeKalb and Marion previous to Gate's defeat, at which S. Williams was present and narrowly escaped.

He often mentioned the fact that one of the companies with whom he served, was attended by a white washer woman, who on one occasion when the army reached a wide creek which they had to wade very deeply, after the whole company had ridiculed the woman and refused to help her over the water, Samuel Williams kindly offered to take her over on his shoulders which proposal the female replied that he was too young and little for such a service. He notwithstanding carried her over safely, and she told him she would remember him for that, and pay him for it some day. It was this same washer woman who afterward by her care saved his life in the hospital before alluded to.

This is nearly or quite all this applicant remembers of the circumstances of her husband's service in the war, except in reply to the interrogator propounded by the war Department. The applicant has at her house the record of her age, as well as that of her husband. She believes from report that her husband served

both as a Regular and among the State Troops of North Carolina. If her husband ever received a discharge, this declarant knows not where it is. The applicant is known to many persons in Bulloch County, who will testify to her character for veracity, and their belief that her husband Served as a soldier in the revolution. She has never entertained any doubt of this fact, nor has she heard of any other persons doubting this.

In conclusion it may not be improper to state, that it is generally known in the applicant's neighborhood, that her husband became insane or foolish on the subject of the Revolutionary War. In these fits of mental derangement, he would imagine that he was engaged in battle; he would order about the troops; charge upon the supposed enemy; call aloud on familiar names of persons who served under him, and would shout or bid defiance to the British and Tories. During these paroxysms he went armed with the back of an old Sythe blade and occasionally with an old gun with no Lock. During most of his life after the war, he wished and prayed to die on the 4th of July, and accordingly he expired on the 4th of July in the year of our Lord, 1833 after fighting, as is believed by all who knew him, heroically for his country. The Declarant cannot add aught else in this declaration but submits her claim to the decrees of providence and justice.



*For a fair number of frontier women, the war was not over for fifteen years after Yorktown. In her seventy-sixth year, Margaret Wintermote, the former widow of George Ward, applied for and received a pension based on his service during the Revolution.*

*She made her deposition in Darke County, Ohio, in 1844, and died on November 6, 1855.*

That she is the widow of George Ward who was a private in the American army of the Revolution. Deponent would state that said George Ward served in the Virginia line and that he either served under Captain Sylvester Ward or enlisted under him as a recruiting officer. All the information that she had on this subject was from seeing a written discharge that said George Ward received from George Washington and which was (lost or destroyed as herein stated) and from the information derived from said George Ward after their marriage, as well as from other persons. . . .

And Deponent further declares that she was married to the said George Ward after his service in the Revolutionary war had expired and on the 12th day of February A.D. 1783. That she was married by a man by the name of Felty Powers, a minister of the Dunkard order she believes, in the County of Hampshire and said State of Virginia. That as near as she recolects licence was not then required by law for marriage, but notice was given by publication that said marriage should occur. And also that it was recorded in a family Bible which was afterwards destroyed as hereinafter stated by said Deponent.

That after said marriage she lived with said George Ward in Hampshire County about four years and then removed to near Clarksburgh in Harrison county, Virginia, and lived there about two years and then removed to Tigers [Tygart's] Valley in Randolph county, Virginia, and resided there until about February, 1791, when said George Ward died of Consumption, leaving Deponent his widow and three children living viz: David Ward, Mary Ward, and George Ward. Deponent further states that after her husbands death she went to live or stay in a house occupied by one Joseph Kenan and his family on a farm adjoining that where Deponent lived when said George Ward died. This was done for the personal safety of herself and children as the Indians were then committing depredations on the frontier settlements.

And in the month of May, as near as Deponent recolects, next after the decease of her said husband, a little after dark, when Deponent had put her three children and one of Kenans children in bed on the floor in the House (which was a log house) and Kenan had laid down on another bed in the same room, the said Kenans wife and Deponent being in the same room also but not retired to rest, two Indians opened the door the stepped into the room (one Indian remaining *outside* to watch and guard the door). They said something in broken English, when Kenan, raising himself partly up in the bed, was instantly shot through by one of the Indians.

Deponent sprang to her children and caught up George Ward (then a *babe*) in her arms—David another child raised partly up and was knocked over by one of the Indians, Deponent caught him as he fell and slipped into a small back room that was dark and put her son David, then about 7 or 8 years old, out at the window

and gave him the babe and told him to run to the woods. There was a small hole or window through which deponent put the children, but it was so small that she did not expect she could get through herself, until after she had put the children out, when upon trial she succeeded in getting through and taking her two children with one of the Kenans which had got out of bed and came around the house from the other side. She ran about three miles to one John Hamiltons where they found protection temporarily until the alarm was given and the Indians pursued.

Deponent would further state that her child Mary was tomahawked and scalped before her in said bed as well as said Kenan, and one of the Kenans children was killed out of doors, and Kenans wife was taken prisoner by said Indians and carried away captive. Said Kenans wife as deponent has been informed was taken to Detroit and kept about four years, until her brother by the assistance of a Frenchman succeeded in rescuing her from the Indians, for after her return she saw her and conversed with her about the appalling and afflicting scenes they witnessed on that eventful night: Jacob Lewis and a man by the name Carley and of them being in another small apartment or kitchen, made their escape at the same time. The Indians at that time before leaving the house tore up her beds and took away all of her cloths and bedding of use and destroyed every thing they could about house including her husbands papers and books among which was the aforementioned discharge from Washington and the family Bible containing the record of her own and her husbands ages and marriage as deponent never could find them afterwards. . . .



### *Two Seventeenth-Century Poems*

While the history of the American colonies in the seventeenth century includes many tough, strong-willed characters and not a few scoundrels, there are a number of individuals who are remembered for their gentleness, their open-mindedness, their devotion to higher ideals. Any list of nominees for early American sainthood would probably include John Eliot (1604-1690), apostle to the Indians of Massa-

chusetts, and William Penn (1644–1718), the unusually talented and tolerant founder of Pennsylvania.

We here present a poem on each man, the one a highly laudatory memorial of Eliot by the Reverend John Danforth (1660–1730), minister at Dorchester, the other a somewhat humorous but highly critical portrayal of Penn by Francis Bugg. While neither author rivals Milton or Dryden, they were not without certain talent. The Eliot piece appeared as an appendix to *Knelling to God, at Part with Friends* (Boston, 1697), Danforth's first publication other than an almanac. The Penn poem appeared in Bugg's *News from Pensilvania* (London, 1703). Francis Bugg had been a Quaker but left the denomination at about the time Pennsylvania was settled, claiming that its leaders had strayed from the original, simple faith.



#### A POEM

To the Blessed MEMORY of the *Venerable*  
Mr. JOHN ELIOT,  
TEACHER to the Church of CHRIST in *Rox-*  
*bury*,  
and a PROPAGATOR of the Gospel to the  
*Indians*  
in *N-England*. Who rested from his Labours,  
*May, 20. Anno Dom. 1690. AEtatis Suae. 86.*

Shall ELIOT slip away? & not his *Sons*  
Spy & Regret it, with *Athletick Groans*?  
None Cry *Alarm*, when *Horse & Chariots*  
taken?  
None *Feel*, when *Israel's weal's Foundation's*  
shaken?

Lately, a stately Stone pluckt out; none 'spy it?  
Nor run to stop the woful Breach made by it?  
Where's sweet Tongue'd *David*, sad Song'd *Jer-*  
*emiah*,

*Jon'than* to wail, to Elegize *Josiah*?  
Where's matchless *Moses's Mule*? Had I his  
STAFF,

I'd find one *Grave*, and 'Grave one *Epitaph*.  
*English and Indian Work*, he did so well,  
Define we cannot, which did which excell  
Pagans, *This Paul* converts; *Peter* doth use  
His Talents chiefly to confirm the *Jews*.

*Paul* to *Barbarians*, own's Himself a Debtor;  
Our *John* a brave DIVINE, T'Himself, no bet-  
ter

Dates supererrogate, in the vast Cost  
And Pains, expended to Reduce the lost.

A brave DIVINE, said I? I had not mist,  
Sure, had I Stil'd Him an EVANGELIST.

To Trace their *Pagan Genealogies*  
Was not his Task, yet would his curious Eyes  
Maugre oblivions Dust, 'venture to scan  
At least by guess. These hideous *Wrecks* of  
PAN:

And thought, he trackt, to *Palestina's Strand*:  
How e're; He was resolv'd, to th' Holy Land  
Them to reduce; [might *Heav'n a Moses make*  
him]

Nor did their barb'rous *Heathenism* shake him.

Th' *Eternal Mind in Mortal Airs*, nev'r blew  
Unformed Blast; His Sov'reign Shalms yet flew  
On *Syriac Wings*; His Gentleness equips  
His Sacred Chariot with *Chaldean Chips*:  
*Three Other*, His own *Mother-Tongue* beside,  
Upon His *Pascal Cross*, He Sanctify'd.

His *Tharsian-bred Apostle* don't refuse  
To sharp his Tools with *Philistines*, to use  
*Greek Poets*, cited to the Sacred Bar,  
T'wait on *Effata's* more *Oracular*.

Like *Hercules* toils ELIOT, left that He  
Should to *Barbarians*, a *Barbarian* be.

Since *Babel's Trait'rous Tower* was Thundres-  
mit,

By *Heav'n's* *Inraged Ire*, & fell, & split  
ONE TONGUE into a *Thousand Shivers*, none  
Can tell the Wounds, which this one *Wo* alone,  
Hath more than scan'd the *World with*; next th'  
*Expulsion*

At first from *Paradise*, & th' next *Convulsion*  
In *Grandsire Japeth's* Time, no Storm before,  
The Universal *World* e're delug'd more:  
But now, thro' matchless *Grace*, to *Eliot's*  
given

The *Key* t'expel what lockt men out of *Heaven*.  
His *Tongue* sails right, with *Indian Tempest*  
tost;

Puts in for *Peter's Plea*, at *Pentecost*.  
The *Ambassadour* unto Them dares preferr  
*Offers* of CHRIST, without *Interpreter*.

Th' *Incarnate Furys*, straitway from the *Pit*  
Of *Darkness* worse then *Egypt's*, Rise & Spit  
On all their *Daemons*, whilst their *Breast &*  
*Brow*

They to the LORD, & to His *Baptist* vow.

One Testament *Seventy Interpreters*  
Translate to *Greek Antiquity* avers;  
*Both Testaments*, yet ELIOT alone  
Converts into the *Indian Tongue & Tone*;  
*Abel*, tho' dead, yet speaks, in one Tongue  
more;

*Isay's*, *Apollo's Eloquence*, before,

Ne're Rode in such a *Chariot: Luke* Physician,  
(Tho, skill'd In Pulse,) would scarce tell the  
Condition  
Of His own *Gospel: Paul*, with his much Learn-  
ing

Would here be Posed:--

For 'though to many *Regions* He did pass,  
Yet no *west-Indian Antiquary* was.

Sir *Thomas Eliot* was Great *Brittains* Glory:  
Our *Saint* shall have a *Chronicle* in *Ages* Story:

Great *XAVIER* brings the *Crucifix & Libel*,  
To *Indian* Souls, of *Masses*; Ours, the *Bible*.

*Sanctius*, for this, owns Him a *Tutulary*:  
Calls on him & him joyns with *GOD & MARY*:

*Eliot* before such cursed *Adoration*,  
Would chuse much rather, an *Annihilation*.

Yet made His *Works* before mens *Eyes* to shine,  
That they might *Glorifie* the *Name Divine*.

The *Indian-Work* lay greatly on his *Heart*;  
Until the *Last*, when *He* and *That* must part.

They parted not without most solemn *Blessing*,  
While *Clouds* thereon were to his *Soul Distress-*  
*ing*.

He dyes; His *Work*, when *Time Dyes* shall sur-  
vive;

'Tho' Dead, yet speaks, that th' *Indian Work*  
may Live,

And no *SUCCESSORS* doth good *Counsel* give  
'Address (I pray) our *Senate* for good *Orders*,

'To *Civilize* the *Heathen* in our *Borders*.

'*Virtue* must turn into *Necessity*;

'Or this brave *Work*, will in its *Urn* still lye.

'Till *Agriculture*, and *Cohabitation*,

'Come under full *Constraint* and *Regulation*,

'Much you would do, you'l find *Impracticable*,

'And much you do will prove *Unprofitable*.

'In common *Lands* that lie unfenc'd you know

'The *Husbandman*, in vain doth plow & sow:

'We hope in vain, the *Plant of Grace* shall thrive

'In *Forrests*, where *Civility* can't Live.

'In *English Towns*, when they their *Months*  
do spend,

'Make *Them*, *Gods* *Worship* with us, to attend.

'Whilst I us'd (as you must) *sharp Discipline*,

'The *saving Gains* were *Theirs*, the *Pains* were  
mine

'Their *Tender Sons* to *Sacred Learnings*  
*Throne*

'None can advance, but such *Divines* alone,

'As are most *Expert* in their *Dialect*,

'If *Teaching* in their own *Tongue* we respect

'Such *Youths*, (if *GOD* vouchsafe to *Sanctity*

'Their *studious minds*) the *sacred Oars* may *Ply*,

'Each *Sabbath* too, through *Starry Arches*  
bring,

'*Their Common Homage* to our *MIGHTY*  
*KING*.

'Look well to the *Uprising Nursery*:

'You know full well, none more for *Schools* than  
I

'To drown their *Woes*, some drown their  
*Wits*, and *All*

'Their *Common Grace*: *Correct* that *Fault* you  
shall,

'If you be *Instant*, only *OUT OF SEASON*

'Your *Hope* soars out of sight of all my *Reason*,

'If you expect, (while *LORDS DAYS* hold their  
*Station*)

'To *Lecture* them, on *Week-Days*, to *Salvation*.

'Is it impossible to make a *Purse*,

'T' Invite a *Lecturer*, in *Turns*, to *Nurse*

'Your *English Flocks*. That those may have good  
*Dressing*

'That have most need, upon the *Day of Blessing*?

'Their *Indian Teachers* are but *Weak*; I *Wiss*;

'Their *Preaching*, by their *Hearers*, slighted is:

'Take then *this Way*, to readvance the *Standard*  
Of *Holiness*, by late backslidings *Slander'd*.

'Let fire-hot *Zeal*, boile in your *thirsty Veins*,  
To save poor *Caitiffs* from *Eternal Pains*

'Our *Antient Heroes*, with their *English Pray-*  
*ers*

'Did *edify* *THEIR* *Souls*; yet then, such *Ayres*  
'Were *Unintelligible*, more by far,

'Than now adays, (since long *Converse*) they are

'Call many *English Suppliants*: Let them *Kneel*,

'With *Them* & for *Them*; for their saving *Weale*.

'Joyn hand in hand: Help up the *Weak*, *Heav'n's*  
*Stairs*:

'*Salvation*, serves in pay of *Joyned Prayers*.

'The *Friends of Christ*, & *Souls*, Let none be  
mute

'In any *Tongue*, that can *GODS Throne* salute:

'*FAST* with and for *THEM* also twice a *Year*,

'Twill shew, and bring their *Resurrection* near.

'May *GOD* in *Heav'n*, & may poor *Heathens*  
see

'That much affected, & concern'd *All* be:

'*CHRISTS* *Intercessions* may they have  
rebound,

'Echo'd from hence, 'Twill to their *Weal*  
redound

'(Grand *Usurer*) I, nev'r gave *Heav'n* a *Mite*

'But gain'd, & gather'd, *Thousand Millions* by't

'Never *Regret* (*Brave Hearts!*) your vast  
*Expence*

'Twixt *Indian Traders* & their *Teachers* made;

'What *Blessings* *These*, what *Blastings* *Those*  
*Invade*

'*Those* often are annoy'd with *mischiefs*, whiles

'These doe enjoy most sweet *Caelestial smiles*.

His *Counsels*, we have done with; And return  
To close the Ashes of his Sacred *Urn*.  
When Pious *Grandsir* lately came to visit  
This *Saint*, then at *Heav'n's Gate*, And said  
*How is it?*

Such was his sense, he sagely made reply,  
I am Afraid: But not afraid to Dy:  
Sir! *Thankfull Joy*, My Motto is, (Quoth He)  
Unto Another; And I Joy to see  
What *Lights CHRIST* sets in's *Churches*, & that  
still

GOD hath His *Folk* that doe His *Temples* fill.  
How solemnly He *Blest* 'em, some can tell;  
Like *Paul*; Begging, mean while, their *Pray'r's*  
as well:

And may they *Blessed* be! May they inherit  
A Double Portion of *ELIJAH'S Spirit*.

On Golden *Letters of His Name* I mused;  
*JOHN*, distill'd *HONY*, *ELIOT*, *TOILE* pro-  
duced

*Pains bring in gains; for sweets, he sweat:*  
*thus frau't*

*With richest Lading, To His Port, He's brought.*

This Vessel yet of Honour, had not been  
So soon seen under Saile, Had not our Sin  
Deserved of Provoked such a sign  
Of *Woe* descending from the *Wrath Divine*.  
This blurs the *Trophys* of our *New Elections*,  
With Interlinements of sad *Interjections*.

*Indians!* Your Hearts are Marble, if Distress  
Seize you not, for Unprofitableness.  
Fear you not *Wrath poor Souls!* will you not  
*grieve*

Th' *Ambassador of Peace* has tak'n his Leave.  
He Lov'd your *Nation* dearly; did 'ie not?  
(Adding your *Language* to the *Polyglott*;)   
In ways unparellel'd, his strange Compassion  
Drew Soul & Substance out, for your Salvation.  
*Heav'n's Fiery Balls, Flames, Smoke & Thun-*  
*dring Shot*

And *Bloody Drops*, (late Prodigies) are not  
More signal than this Death, at such a season,  
Such was *Methuselah's*: and we have Reason,  
May we have Grace, t' repent the Provocation,  
With speed, that crys aloud for Desolation.  
Yet Muse! Don't overgroan" *they Fathers* Glee  
In's reimbraced Colleague should with Thee,  
Advance new *Sonnets* to His *Jubilee*  
Indulcity'd, sweet *ELIOT* by Thee. J.D.

FINIS.



Dear *William Penn* is come agen

To set all Things to Right;  
Whate'er Men say, he is as Day  
Proceeding from the Light.  
He ply'd the Court, we thank him for't,  
Much Service he hath done,  
To keep us free from Slavery,  
And hath much Honour won.  
He hath done Things with Three great Kings,  
Which no Man else could do;  
And with the Crown got high Renown,  
And mighty Favour too.  
But as by Hap, he did Kidnap,  
And promis'd us great Things;  
Of us poor Souls he makes great Fools,  
Our *Moses* he's with Kings.  
With *Charles* the King he high did spring,  
And to *New-Market* rode,  
Like apish Thing, and which was King  
Was hardly understood \*.

With *James* so high he was very nigh,  
And counted it no Sin;  
He pleaded high for Liberty,  
And Jesuits came in.  
No Cross, no Crown, was then laid down,  
And good Men all forgot;  
And he, poor Fool, was made Close-stool  
To bring about a Plot.  
One time he said, being not afraid,  
That *James* was Lawful King;  
But since that, it is his Lot  
Another Song to Sing.  
Two Thousand Pounds is somewhat round  
To give unto King *Will*;  
And by C.M. to give to Jem,  
To keep in Favour still.  
With Sophistry and Flattery  
He pleased hath Two Kings,  
that seem to war, and still to jar,  
But Time to Light all brings.  
Thus he hath spent what hath been lent,  
In Hopes to be repaid;  
To be sincere, he is come here,  
And makes us now afraid.  
And now I'll trow no Man he'll know  
No more after the Flesh;  
And I foresee he'll make us flee,  
And send us home to Thresh.  
But I hope no Limb of Pope  
Shall with us much prevail;  
Now is our time, now is our time,  
Our selves for to bewail.  
Who can but see that such as he  
No otherwise can be,

But Atheist, or Platonist,  
 By such Divinity?  
 That lofty Thing that's call'd a King;  
 And *Quaker* here bears Rule;  
 "Twill come to pass 'twixt Horse and Ass  
*Will. Penn* will be a Mule.  
 But I wonder such a *Quaker*,  
 That preaches not to fight,  
 Should Seal all Charms with Coat of Arms,  
 That should not be by Right.  
 His noble Coat by War was got,  
 And most his Father had;  
 With it *Wills* proud, and preaches loud,  
 Tho' it was got so bad.  
 Three Bullets brave in his Scutcheon have  
 This Musroom in his Seal;  
 He's grown so high, but soon must die,  
 And part with all his *Wear*.  
 The *Quakers* then will want *Will. Penn*,  
 And soon he brought to Nought;  
 Both he and they will in One Day  
 Be utterly forgot.

\*Because he kept his Hat on.



### Recent Acquisitions

#### BOOKS

*The Carolina and Georgia Almanack . . . for . . .*  
 1784. Charleston, 1783 or 1784.

Seabrook, Whitmarsh B. *An Essay on the Agricultural Capabilities of South Carolina*.  
 Columbia, S.C., 1848.

Dalcho, Frederick. *Practical Considerations founded on the Scriptures, Relative to the Slave Population of South-Carolina*. Charleston,  
 1823. Pro-slavery piece advocating religious instruction by native South Carolinians.

Sims, Alexander Dromgoole. *A View of Slavery*.  
 Charleston, S. C., 1834.

*The Reporter, Devoted to the Interests of Marble and Stone Workers*. Chicago, 1868-80. (Complete 1870-72, and scattered, 1868-69, 1872-80). Unlocated trade journal and Chicago imprint.

*The Wilmington Almanac, or Ephemeris, for . . .*  
 1794. Wilmington, Del., 1794. Previously unrecorded variant printing of early Delaware almanac.

*Freemasons. Charleston, S.C. Grand Lodge, Ancient York Masons*. [Charleston, S. C., 1799].

*A View of the New-York State Prison in the City of New York*. N.Y., 1815.

*Society of the New York Hospital. An Account of the New York Hospital*. New York, 1811.

With folding plate, floor plans, and inventory of hospital library.

*The Picture of New York, and Stranger's Guide*. New York, 1828.

Henry, Samuel. *A New and Complete American Medical Family Herbal*. New York, 1814.  
 First illustrated herbal printed in the United States.

Gronovius, Johannes Fredericus. *Flora Virginica Exhibens Plantas*. Leiden, 1762.  
 Contains unusual map of Virginia.

Marshall, Humphry. *Catalogue Alphabetique des Arbres et Arbrisseaux*. Paris, 1788. French edition of work by noted Pennsylvania botanist.

Kahn, Per. *Norra Americanska Farge-Orter*. Abo, 1763. Dissertation on American native dyes.

Marshall, George. *Marshall's Practical Marine Gunnery*. Norfolk, Va., 1822.

*The Cabinet of Literature . . .* New York, 1835.

Vetromile, Eugene. *Indian Good Book . . . for . . . Tribes of the Abnaki Indians*. New York, 1857. Contains charming prints of Abnaki settlement in Maine.

Mailhe, Jean Baptiste. *Discours qui a Reinporte le Prix a l'Academie des Jeux Floraux sur le Grandeur et l'Importance de la Revolution . . . dans l'Amerique*. Toulouse, 1784.

Gauld, George. *Observations on the Florida Keys*. London, 1796. Second edition of description of Florida by British military map maker, containing material not in 1790 edition.

Tyson, Edward. *Vipera Candi-sona Americana, or The Anatomy of a Rattle-Snake Dissected*. Oxford, 1683.

Arnold, or, *A Trait, and It's Consequences*. 2 vols. London, 1809. British novel with American Revolutionary setting (although having no relation to Benedict Arnold).

McHenry, James. *The Hearts of Steel. An Irish Historical Tale*. 2 vols. Philadelphia, 1825.

Swan, Abraham. *The British Architect; or, The Builder's Treasury of Stair-Cases*. Boston, 1794. Second American edition of first architectural book published in the United States.

White, Andrew Dickson. *A Letter to William Howard Russell*. London, 1863. Interesting and perceptive argument, by University of

Michigan history professor, that Russell, author of the popular *My Diary, North and South* (1862), had misread American public opinion. Aimed at a British audience.

Bazon, M. de. *Apostrophe aux Anglais sur les Affaires Presentes*. Agen, 1781. Bibliographically unlocated poem on the British defeat in the Revolution.

Mathews, Alfred E. *Pencil Sketches of Montana*. New York, 1868. Folio viewbook of Montana's natural beauty and early mining towns.

Stoddard, Solomon. *A Guide to Christ*. Boston, 1714.

## MAPS

Tardieu, Pierre François. *Northwest Part of the State of New York*. n.p., 1816. Interesting map of the Macomb Purchase, showing new roads, settlements.

Wyld, James. *Map of Upper Canada*. London, 1846.

Lea, Philip. *New Map of Jamaica*. Published by George Willdey. London, 1715.

Bastide, M. *Plan pour Ouvrir une Communication de la Mer du Nord*. Paris? c. 1795. Large, colored map proposing an early transcontinental canal through Nicaragua.

Currier, Nathaniel. *Plan of Lyons, Ill.* New York, 1836. Speculative town plat by half of Currier & Ives.

Squire, Bela. *Map of Illinois*. New York, 1836. *Plan of Elgin Settlement*. Toronto, MacClear & Co., c. 1850.

Mitchell, Samuel. *Sketch of the Country Occupied by Federal and Confederate Armies on the 18th. and 21st. July 1861*. Published by W.H. White. Richmond, Va., c. 1861.

West & Johnson. *Map of the State of Virginia*. Richmond, 1862. Confederate folding map, picked up by a Union soldier at Fredericksburg from a dead Confederate soldier's knapsack.

Cover: "A View of the Battery and Harbour of New York, and the Ambuscade Frigate." Drawn by John Drayton, eng. by S. Hill, Boston, in John Drayton, *Letters Written During a Tour thru the Northern and Eastern States of America* (Charleston, S.C., 1794), opp. p.20.

Page 2. Henry Shenk Tanner *Plan of the City of New York, in Tanner's Universal Atlas* (Philadelphia, 1835).

Page 3. Lt. Bernard Ratzer *Plan of the City of New York* (London, 1767).

Page 4. *The New-York Magazine; or, Literary Repository*. August, 1794. Drawn by J. Anderson, engraved by I. Scoles.

Page 5. *New York Daily Advertiser*. May 20, 1793. p.3.

Page 6. *A New and Accurate Plan of the City of New York in the State of New York in North America*, 1797. Drawn by Benjamin Taylor, eng., by John Roberts from *Valentines Manual* (New York, 1853), opp. p.324.

Page 6. David Longworth *Plan of the City of New York*, 1808, from *Valentines Manual* (New York, 1852), opp. p.452.

Page 7. William Hooker *Plan of the City of New York* (New York, 1824).

Page 8. *The Cabinet of Literature* (New York, 1835), p.262.

Page 18-23. *Appleton's Journal* (New York, 1871), pp.228-231.

Page 24. *Rochester, N. Y. City Directory For 1884*.

Page 25. *Chicago City Directory For 1888*.

Page 27, 28. *Rochester, N. Y. City Directory For 1889*. The text for *Requisites For, And Complete Method of Hog-Teaching* (Phila., [1802]) has been enlarged 142%.

Page 43. *Rae's Philadelphia Pictorial Directory and Panoramic Advertiser* (Phila., 1851).

Page 49. Thomas Porter *Picture of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1831), v.2, p.3.

Page 50. *A Guide to the Lions of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1837), p.31.

Page 51. *New York American*. February 16, 1827.

Page 54. John Gerard *The Herball or Generall Historie of Plantes* (London, 1597), p.275.

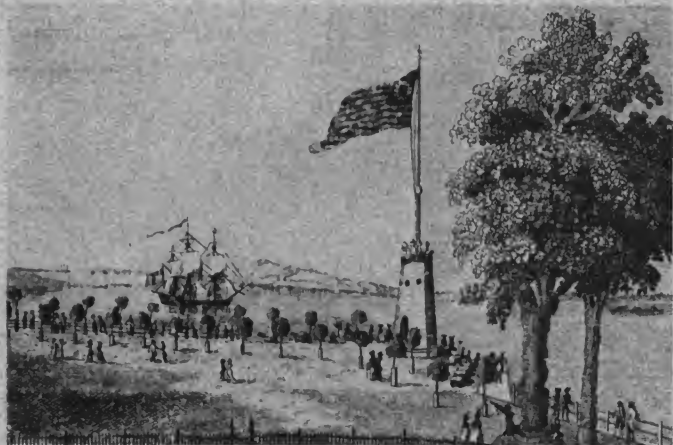
Page 63. *Chicago By Night* (Palmyra, Pa., 1893), p.57.

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# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



## AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE

Published for the Edification and Amusement of Book Collectors,  
Historians, Bibliographers and the Discriminating General Public.

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### CONTAINING

- I. On the Road to Poonamalle: An Irish Officer's View of the War for American Independence, by Ira D. Gruber.
- II. "Apple Bee" and "Quilting Bee" in New York State in the 1830s As Described by Richard Weston, Edinburgh Bookseller.
- III. "Journal of My Tour in Fall of 1825," Accompanied by Sketches in Watercolor and India Ink, by Rev. John Henry Hopkins.

Departments: Making A Point—Pencil Manufacturing in the Nineteenth Century; From the Kitchen—There Were Always Oysters; Another Slice of the Big Cheese—Jeffersonian Era Poetry; "The Ewing Papers"—Part Three; and Recent Acquisitions: Books and Manuscripts.

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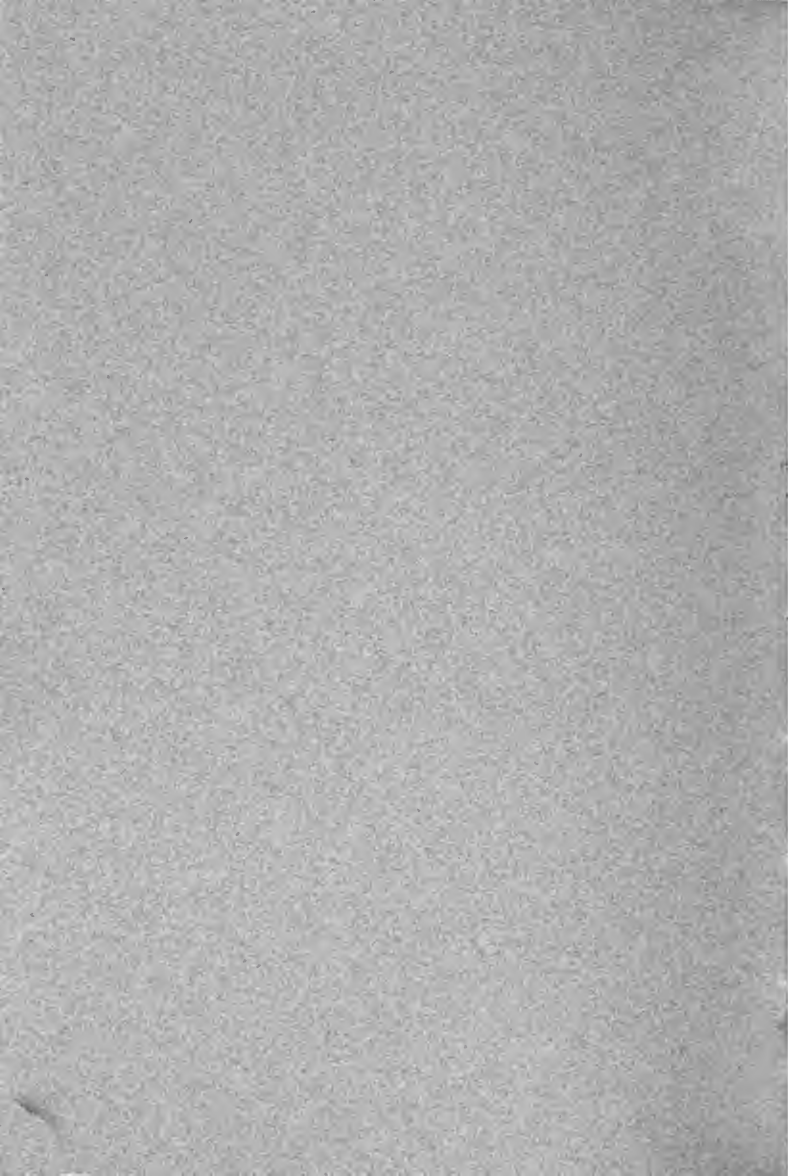
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# *On the Road to Poonamalle: An Irish Officer's View of the War for American Independence*

IRA D. GRUBER

Nearly one third of all officers serving in the British army during the War for American Independence were Irish. These officers were typically members of Ireland's leading families. Their great-grandfathers had come from England to conquer Ireland in the seventeenth century and remained to rule through the army, local government, and the Irish Parliament. They received their commissions in the British army from the King of England's representative in Dublin, the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland. The Lord-lieutenant used commissions as patronage to build a majority in the Irish House of Commons and to ensure support for British troops stationed in Ireland. Because British governments were eager to have troops in Ireland and to have the Irish pay for them, those governments gave their Lord-lieutenants considerable latitude in dispensing commissions. So it was that 464 of 1,463 British officers whose nationality was recorded between 1774 and 1777—thirty-two percent of all the officers in forty-eight regiments of foot—were Irish.<sup>1</sup>

Notwithstanding the substantial number of Irish officers in the British army in 1775, diaries and letters of those officers from the American War are comparatively rare. Irish officers do seem to have had their share of service in the colonies: all of nine regiments in which a majority of the officers was Irish in 1775 went to America. Nor is there any reason to suspect that Irish officers were less literate than English or Scottish officers. It may well be that the Irish wrote as often of their experiences as any other officers but that their writings either have been destroyed or have remained as yet in trunks and attics. Whatever the reasons, comparatively few Irish accounts of the American War are known. Only eight of some eighty-two collections of British officers' papers for the American War are Irish; and only two of the eight contain the private correspondence of a junior officer.<sup>2</sup>

Thus the emergence of twenty letters written by an Irish officer who served as a company commander in the American War—twenty letters that appeared at Sotheby's in 1984 and that are now in the Clements Library—has raised some intriguing questions and possibilities. These twenty letters will not make it possible to judge definitively the homogeneity of an officer corps that was forty-one percent English, thirty-two percent Irish, and twenty-seven percent Scottish.<sup>3</sup> They will support comparisons between one Irish officer's views and those of other British officers, and they will provide that officer's perception of the inner workings of a regiment of infantry. Were his attitudes toward the revolution and the war different from those of his fellow English and Scottish officers? Did he behave or perform differently from them? If not, what did shape his perceptions of the rebellion, combat, and regimental life? In short, who was this Irish officer? Who was Loftus Cliffe and what was his American War?

Loftus Cliffe was a poor relation; that is, he was the youngest surviving son of a younger son of a prominent Anglo-Irish family. His relations, the Cliffes and Loftuses by birth and the Tottenhams and Leighs by marriage, had dominated County Wexford and supported British kings since the mid-seventeenth century: as members of the Irish House of Commons, as officers in the British army, as clergymen in the Anglican Church, and as officials in Wexford. His great-grandfather had migrated to Ireland as secretary at war of the army under Cromwell, acquired land in Wexford, and served as a member of Parliament and as high sheriff. His grandfather had supported William III and sat for twenty-three years in the Irish House of Commons; of four uncles, two had been members of Parliament and two had been officers in the army; and his cousins held among them no less than five seats in Parliament, eight commissions in the army, two Anglican parishes, and three civil offices in Wexford. But notwithstanding the prominence of his family, and the support that uncles, aunts, and cousins could give, Loftus Cliffe and his brothers had been unlucky. Their father had never attained the status of their grandfather or of some of their uncles, and their father had died while they were children and before providing fully for them. Loftus' brother, Bartholomew, had become "one of the Attorneys of his maties court of Exchequer in Ireland," and his brother, John, an Anglican clergyman.<sup>4</sup> Yet neither Loftus nor his brothers had the wealth, standing, or prospects of their nearest relations.

Indeed, Loftus Cliffe barely had the resources for a career in the British army. He struggled constantly to pay his bills, to gain promotion, to educate his illegitimate son, and to provide for his own retirement. He never found a way to take a wife and establish a family. He had begun his military career in 1760 at a time when junior officers could no longer expect to live on their pay and allowances and

in a regiment that was created temporarily for the Seven Years War. As soon as the war ended, his regiment was disbanded, and he was retired on half pay. Lacking wealth and influence, he was unable to get a commission in an established regiment—a lieutenancy in the forty-sixth foot—until 1771. Thus when he embarked for America in 1776, he was thirty-four, six or seven years older than the average lieutenant, and without the experience of war to sustain a claim to promotion—to offset his lack of money and influence. He did see action at New York in 1776, and in New Jersey during the following winter. But not until he had served a second campaign—until he had taken part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown—was he successful in getting a captaincy in the

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fifty-second foot. Sent home with his new regiment in late 1778, he passed the remainder of the war in England, training his company and debating the merits of the American War with the local militiamen. Finally, in early 1783 he was ordered to India, where he hoped to make his fortune—to provide both for his son Arthur and for his own retirement in County Wexford. His dreams of “coming home independent” evaporated among banyan trees and water buffalo. He died soon after reaching Madras; his last letter was written at Poonamalle in January 1784.<sup>5</sup>

Perhaps because he could not rely on wealth and influence for promotion, Cliffe tended to be unusually attentive to his duty and unusually concerned with his reputation. Although ill with the “bloody Flux” at New York, he refused to be left behind when his regiment was going into battle: “I thought I was too young a Soldier [too inexperienced] to run the Hazard.” Subsequently, fearing that sightseeing in New York City had cost him another chance for action, he resolved not to “run the Hazard again by lying out of camp.” And when accused of disobeying an order that he had not received, he stubbornly refused to acknowledge being disobedient or to compromise his reputation. He appealed to the commander in chief of British forces in America and remained confined in a soldier’s tent for more than a week, unable to “stand erect” or gain relief from the summer sun. On yet another occasion, he was prepared to accept orders to the West Indies, where he stood a far better chance of dying of disease than of gaining promotion or glory. He would go because, he said, “its my Duty.” Cliffe was not obsessed with duty or reputation, but he was unusually attentive to both.<sup>6</sup>

Indeed, Cliffe’s sense of duty as well as comparatively limited means and opportunities kept him from finding much pleasure in America. Some British officers, particularly those with money and staff appointments, vigorously improved their leisure. They organized elaborate balls; wrote, directed, and acted in plays; enjoyed sleighing, shooting, and bathing; laid out a track and staged horse races; and even played golf on the “maneuvering ground” of Long Island. Cliffe certainly approved of entertainments and enjoyed his fellow officers. But having little money and serving in a regiment that spent one winter at sea and another skirmishing with rebels—a regiment that was almost constantly employed—he had to be content with modest pleasures. He dined and drank with other junior officers; visited his cousins, Lieutenant Charles Leigh and Ensign Walter Cliffe; went sightseeing; or played whist. He was occasionally, he said, tipsy; and while at New York in 1778, he engaged in a “spurt of folly” that left him seriously in debt. But inclination—and necessity—kept him close to his duty.

Necessity may also have made Cliffe more dependent on his family than many British officers. At least he was remarkably concerned with hearing from his family, having their advice and support, and retaining their esteem. He shared with them the frustrations of seeing younger men promoted before him—“a parcel of Boys jumping over our Heads, some of whom might scarcely blush to be at School.” He asked whether he should seek promotion in one of the regiments being raised in the British Isles. He borrowed money from his brothers for new clothes and old debts; he asked them to be guardians for his illegitimate son; he was deeply hurt and excessively apologetic when they reproved him for his “spurt of folly”; and he shared with them his satisfaction and relief at having done his duty and

survived the battles of Brandywine and Germantown. He clearly preferred the company of his family whether in New York or Yorkshire; and he longed for the time when he would have money enough to retire among his brothers and cousins in Wexford. More than anything, he sought news from home. When no one wrote to him, he complained stridently: "for God's sake do write"; "I have more impatiently expected the opening of each packet . . . than ever I did the Relief from the most disagreeable Picket. . . ." When someone did write he was most appreciative: a few lines from mother, especially before a battle, were "better than a drham to any Irishman."

Cliffe's dependence on his family made him a good correspondent. He was not a gifted writer, and he knew little of great events or leading men. But he was determined to please his family and promote a correspondence. He was, therefore, willing to take great trouble describing the details of his life and making those details as dramatic, amusing, and vital as he could. Join him floating down the Delaware River under rebel batteries in the fall of 1777:

. . . it was full Moon, and I thought gave greater Light than ordinary that Night we were stealing down in the profoundest Silence, with muffled oars when unluckily I coughed, tho' very softly the Naval officer told me the Consequence; *Bang* comes a twelve pounder close to our stern then another, they fired the fourth and some small arms, providentially without hurting our Boat & only grazing one, when a few shells thrown in from Province Island . . . had them quiet. . . .<sup>8</sup>

Hear him describe his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Enoch Markham:

. . . the younger Brother to the A[rch] B[ishop] of York; Nature fore-knowing their future Occupations, bestowed (instead of dividing) the mental powers upon the Clergyman & seeing the other then unworthy of further notice, did not deign him even the requisite for a Soldier . . . but in lieu gave him an insensibility of Danger, that will some day or other (if it does no greater mischief) uncollonel the Regiment."

Or, consider Cliffe's use of imagery to make his correspondence more vivid. He found himself "packed up on board an East India man like a Mouse in a cheese not able to turn about for want of room untill we shall eat our way"; Wat Cliffe was "getting fat as a porpoise"; rebel fire at Germantown "came ding dong about us"; and he was reduced to bread and cheese at New York in part because he was "too close Neighbours to the Hessians to find an Ox or Sheep in the Woods . . . if they meet even a milch Cow, take her aside and knock her in the head at once and say *this be verry good for Hesse Mans*. . . ."<sup>10</sup> These images may have been commonplace among British officers of the American War, but it was most unusual for an officer to bring them into his correspondence or diary.

If, then, Cliffe lavished time on his letters—if he provided not merely vivid images and amusing vignettes but also remarkably detailed descriptions of his

service—what did he have to say about America, the rebellion, and the war? Like many British officers, he found the land, the cities, and the people unexpectedly attractive—indeed, poignantly so against the “waste” of war. Although rural Manhattan was “very barren, being hilly & full of brushwood,” he had never seen “a more beautiful country” than Long Island: “peaches & Nectarines grow upon Hedges so plenty that even the Soldiery were not able to consume them. . . .” And the cities clearly were “worth talking of.” New York, he thought, “a very pretty town near as large as Cork and nobly situate for Trade” and Philadelphia, “most spacious . . . built in a regular Quadrangle designed to reach from Delaware to Schuylkill . . . now tho in infancy capable of containing at least 50,000 Souls . . . the houses . . . of brick but not quite so superb as in New York, but I could spend 5000 a year in many of them. . . .” Were Philadelphia “built entirely to the Schuylkill [it] wd equal most of your Capital Cities in Europe, the Streets have each a foot path on either side floored with Brick and Sloping from the Houses to channels washed by numberless pumps. . . .” Even the people were “remarkably clean” and orderly. The “Police of this City [Philadelphia] before the troubles would have shewn you a Pattern notwithstanding the wisdom of your Mace & Rod. . . .”<sup>11</sup>

Cliffe had no such praise for rebels in arms. Only gradually and grudgingly did he concede that some might be worthy of respect. The first American soldiers that he encountered at New York in 1776 seemed cowardly, drunken, dirty, and disorderly. They abandoned formidable earthworks without a fight, showing “the greatest pusillanimity that can be imagined from Men who pretend to fight for liberty & independence.” Their dead and wounded “stunk infamously of Rum”; and those who surrendered were “pale as Death & tottering every Limb . . . expecting instant Death as the reward for their iniquitous temerity.” Learning from a captured orderly book that Washington had punished his men severely for cowardice, plundering, and drunkenness, Cliffe concluded that nothing could instill discipline in the “Rebel Rabel.” He seemed genuinely surprised to find that some Americans had “made a very good stand” on Long Island and that a “Captain of the Rebels” hanged as a spy was “a very genteel looking fellow.” He continued to doubt that the Continental army would be able to survive a general engagement; and even when it did during the Philadelphia campaign of 1777, he found fault with American soldiers. Those who stormed the Chew House at Germantown were “culpable” for their “Licentiousness”—for throwing away their lives in a mad assault. Those who defended Mud Island “must have been brave fellows, altho the remains did not wait for the Storm that was intended. . . .”<sup>12</sup>

The rebels’ stubborn defense of Philadelphia in 1777 together with their capture of General John Burgoyne’s army at Saratoga in October forced Cliffe to consider whether or not the war could be won. Until the autumn of 1777, he had said little about the nature of the rebellion or Britain’s prospects for success. He had rather casually assumed that the rebellion was near collapse, that it had been sustained into 1777 by Washington’s fortuitous victories at Trenton and Princeton and that it would end as soon as the rebels risked a general engagement, “which God Grant.” Once the rebels had survived Brandywine and Germantown and defeated Burgoyne at Bemis Heights and Freeman’s Farm, Cliffe began to question his assump-

tion of a British victory. Although he conceded that Burgoyne's surrender had "deranged our Plan of Operation, & perhaps will retard the Opening of the next Campaign," he thought the most the rebels could expect from their success "would be to obtain Terms of Grace."<sup>13</sup> This optimistic assessment was based on the assumption that European countries would not tolerate an independent America:

. . . for certainly if she could hold herself United, what with Emigration & encrease of Population in time she must become a Match for the United Powers of Europe, beside the more immediate Consequences of the Defection, that every American appenage must fall from Europe. . . .<sup>14</sup>

Yet Cliffe recognized that America had already shown "herself a Match for all the Powers of her Parent State;" and after France entered the war on the side of the rebels, he could only "hope this [1778] and another Campaign will finish to the Honour of our Country this unhappy Rebellion. . . ." His confidence shaken, he was glad in December 1778 to "say farewell America."<sup>15</sup>

Cliffe was certainly not alone in his admiration for the beauty and abundance of America, his growing respect for American soldiers, and his diminishing confidence in ultimate British victory; these views were widely shared by British officers serving through the opening campaigns of the war.<sup>16</sup> But he went quite beyond most officers in his praise of George Washington. With the exception of Charles Stuart, who seems to have lauded Washington as a way of denigrating Generals Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, British officers rarely said anything positive about the American commander in chief. Although Cliffe did hold Washington responsible for fomenting a rebellion that was destroying a flourishing country, he came gradually to admire his skill as a general and politician. His praise was at first tentative: "If this [the American success at Harlem Heights] was a Scheme of Washingtons it certainly was well concerted." By the following year he was willing to say that the attack on the British lines at Germantown "was silent & well concerted tho' unsuccessful" and that Washington was shrewdly pragmatic in allowing the farmers of Pennsylvania and New Jersey to sell food to the inhabitants of Philadelphia while the British were there.<sup>17</sup>

That Cliffe could acknowledge the increasing effectiveness of Washington and the Continental army and still hope for a British victory—that he could have thought of keeping the colonies after Burgoyne surrendered and France entered the war—was primarily the result of his confidence in the British common soldier. Cliffe and nearly all other British officers continued throughout the American War to think their men superior to any enemy. They did so because British troops repeatedly proved they had the discipline and morale needed to succeed in the close ordered combat of muskets and bayonets—in battles that required men to stand, load, and fire while under fire or to use bayonets to drive an enemy from fortifications, woods, or houses. Cliffe learned at New York in 1776 that his men did not need rum to sustain them in combat. Not one of seven men in his regiment wounded at Harlem Heights allowed himself "to be taken precipitately off and some continued to fire after being severley wounded. . . ." So too in the campaigns

1777 and 1778. Although there was no rum and much bad weather on the long march to Brandywine, the soldiers "never murmured"; they attacked and routed "an Army strongly posted, numerous, & unfatigued." The following June at Monmouth they relied on their bayonets "with true British spirit" to repel an American attack.<sup>18</sup> Only exhaustion (at Brandywine and Monmouth) or vastly superior enemy forces (at Germantown) could even temporarily stop British infantry.

Cliffe was not so confident in British commanders as in the rank and file. Most of his fellow officers had been pleased when the King appointed General William Howe commander in chief. Most also approved Howe's first efforts to end the rebellion—his victories on Long Island



General William Howe

and Manhattan in the late summer of 1776. But when the war continued into the winter of 1776 and then through another campaign, many began to blame Howe for prolonging the war unnecessarily: for failing to exploit his victories, for wasting good weather with ineffectual maneuvers, and for putting too much emphasis on a negotiated settlement. Cliffe shared the initial enthusiasm for Howe, particularly his efforts to spare lives by avoiding frontal attacks on rebel fortifications and by refusing to let his men be drawn into meaningless engagements. Cliffe also admired Howe's bravery. But when the war dragged on inconclusively, Cliffe did not join those who blamed Howe. He merely stopped discussing his performance. Since Cliffe continued to praise the British rank and file even when they suffered defeats, it is significant that he suspended judgment on Howe. He may well have begun to lose confidence in Howe late in 1776, but he remained reluctant to criticize him while relying on his support for promotion. Of Howe's successor as commander in chief, Sir Henry Clinton, Cliffe said only that he too was brave, "as little sparing of his own Person as of the Rebels. . . ."<sup>19</sup>

Did Cliffe blame anyone for Britain's failure to end the rebellion? At the beginning of his service in America he was confident that the British army could defeat the rebels and restore royal government. By the end of the campaign of 1777, he was very uncertain; he thought America "a Match for all the Powers of her Parent State." How then did he explain the decline of Britain's prospects? The British army had done its duty; perhaps Howe had not. But Cliffe and many other British officers had no doubt that the Hessians—the various German contingents serving with the British—bore a large share of the blame. He conceded that the Germans were brave and that their Yagers were "the best opponents in the world to the [American] Rifles to whom they shew no mercy." But he condemned the Hessians for plundering indiscriminately: "the Houses of friends or foes are equally *damned rebel Houses* especially if there's a good Celler." Thus Loyalists became rebels, and rebels, desperate opponents of the Crown. Cliffe also held the Hessians responsible for suffering "themselves to be taken prisoners" at Trenton in December 1776 and for giving Washington the victory he needed to preserve his army and save the

rebellion.<sup>20</sup> Cliffe was not so adamant as some of his colleagues in condemning the Hessians. He was clear that they had alienated the colonists wherever they went and that they had given the rebels a chance to save themselves during the critical winter of 1776–1777.

After returning home, Cliffe discovered another cause of British defeat. His fellow officers had long accused some members of Parliament of encouraging the American rebellion by criticizing the ministry's coercive policies. Cliffe probably heard these accusations while in America, but he paid little attention to politics until he returned to England and was posted to Yorkshire, a center of political opposition to the North ministry and to the American War. By early January 1779, Cliffe was complaining of being "surrounded with Rebels even in Regimentals." The local militia officers who shared a mess with Cliffe and the other officers of the fifty-second regiment turned every meal into a debate and made each toast a test of political loyalty. Lord Lumley, a militiaman who was also a member of Parliament and a staunch opponent of the American War, bolted from the mess whenever one of the regulars proposed a toast "repugnant to his principles." Cliffe obviously enjoyed drinking "Confusion to all Rebels" or "desolation abroad"—both of which sent Lumley ("Lord Luney") into retreat. Outside the mess, opponents of the War did have the upper hand. When Lieutenant Colonel Turner Straubenzee of the fifty-second visited his brother, he found that even a child could be sympathetic with the Americans:

Colonel Strawbenzie . . . fondled a fine little boy his Nephew on his lap who seemed to admire his uniform was handling his Epaulets Sword &c the Col: sd. my Boy you'l be a Soldier. no no says the Bratt so long as you're oppressing the poor Americans I'l be no Soldier. . . .

Indeed, reported Cliffe, "the Inhabitants have petitioned to have us removed and we are to march next Thursday. . . ."<sup>21</sup>

On the whole, Cliffe's attitudes toward the American War were quite similar to those of other British officers. He was perhaps more willing than most to concede Washington's merits and to ignore Howe's faults. But he and other officers believed that the British army had served well in America and was not responsible for the continuation of the rebellion. Flaws in Howe's strategy, indiscipline among the German-allied troops, and criticism of the American War in Parliament had allowed—even encouraged—the rebels to gather strength. By 1778 Cliffe and many of the officers who had served in America were unsure whether Britain could sustain its authority in America, whether it could continue to govern a powerful, rising people with abundant resources. That Cliffe's views of the war were so ordinary, so widely shared, shows how British he was in his attitudes and assumptions. There was little that was distinctive in his general appreciation of the American War.

But Cliffe was a far more sensitive observer of details than most British officers. Most, for example, seem to have shut their minds to the suffering that fighting brought, especially to rebels and other Americans. Cliffe always remained aware that foe and friend alike shared fear and pain and a fragile claim to life. His

awareness may have been heightened by the harsh conditions of his service, by his proximity to the enemy, or by the illnesses that beset him during his first year in America ("a bloody Flux," "rheumatizm," and "Scurvy" of the "Breast").<sup>22</sup> He had an inherent aversion to rebels. Yet when he saw prisoners trembling with fear or a "genteel" young officer swinging from a hangman's rope—when he noticed a "Captain Van Clift" and a "General Clinton" among his enemies—he was moved by a sense of shared humanity. He also found the destruction done to New York by fire and armies of occupation very depressing: "the gloomy prospect the Town affords would affect even a Hessian." Invalids and women had been "left inhabitants of the streets, their poor effects they were able to save from the fire becoming a prey to soldiers & sailors, notwithstanding night & Day watched by the wretched owner. . . ." Even after a year's experience of war, he could still feel repelled by news that the British had put some four hundred sleeping rebels "to the Bayonet" at Paoli. "Jack this was necessary for our own preservation, but I am happy that it was not my Duty to see it done." Rebels remained individuals, sometimes with hopes cut short: "among those desperate Quixots [who attacked the Chew House at Germantown] fell a Captain very genteely dressed and a fine looking fellow."<sup>23</sup>

Cliffe's passion for details also served to illuminate British tactics. Consider his description of how one company commander fought the rebels at Harlem Heights in September 1776:

. . . Johnson and his . . . Company behaved amazingly, he goes thro his Maneuvers by a Whistle, for which he has often been laughed at, they either form to right or left or quat [squat] or rise by a perticular whistle which his men are as well acquainted with as the Batallion with the word of Command, he being used to Woods fighting and having a quick Eye had his Company down in the moment of the Enemies present & up again at the advantageous moment for their fire, killed several and had not one of his Company hurt during the whole time he drove the Enemy before him. . . .<sup>24</sup>

Captain Mathew Johnson was not the only officer who sought to minimize casualties while attacking the rebels. On Long Island, General Howe had ordered his troops to close as rapidly as possible with the enemy, limiting thereby the amount of fire that his men would receive before they were able to use bayonets and superior discipline to gain a victory. Other officers employed Howe's tactics or modified them slightly; there was room for tactical innovation within brigades and regiments. But Cliffe's description of Johnson's company at Harlem Heights shows more clearly than any British account of the Revolution how far a junior officer might go in modifying conventional tactics. Had Johnson followed the general orders issued on Long Island and Manhattan, he would have received one volley from the rebels and then rushed upon them with bayonets, relying on speed and discipline to save British lives and defeat the American troops. As it was, Johnson sought to save lives and defeat the enemy with fire power and discipline, ordering his men to take cover while the rebels were firing and to fire when the rebels were most vulnerable—when they were loading their weapons. (Cliffe did not say when

the British stood to load their own muskets.) Johnson's tactics may have gone beyond what other officers could do, particularly in getting his men up and down without disordering the company. But if his method succeeded—as Cliffe says it did—Johnson could hope to gain a victory and keep his men together to pursue the beaten enemy, to avoid the confusion that accompanied a bayonet attack and that could forestall a pursuit. Unfortunately for Johnson and his tactics, his success at Harlem Heights was fleeting: he was surprised by a large number of American troops and was forced to withdraw.

Just as remarkable as his account of Johnson's tactics is Cliffe's narrative of two disputes that disrupted the forty-sixth regiment. King George III, his secretary at war, and the senior officers in the British army took considerable trouble to ensure that the officers in each regiment lived in harmony, that they worked well together. Whenever a general inspected a regiment, he inquired into the relationships among the officers and noted any ill will. Officers might not always like one another, but they were expected to reach accommodations and work effectively together. The most serious disagreements might lead to reassignments or to courts martial. Yet as policy required harmony, it was rare for a British officer in the American War to describe a quarrel among the officers in his regiment.

Cliffe did far more than describe quarrels; he was at the center of them. In the summer of 1777 while the British army was preparing to embark at New York for the Chesapeake, Cliffe and six other company commanders in the forty-sixth regiment failed to comply with an order that they had not received. The new major of the regiment, Joseph Ferguson, put all seven officers under arrest and threatened to keep them there unless they acknowledged their disobedience. Although confined to their tents, Cliffe and one other officer refused; both appealed to Sir William Howe; and both remained under arrest until the army sailed for the Chesapeake, when Ferguson decided they had confessed to disobedience. Cliffe, of course, denied having made a confession. Subsequently, after the British had captured Philadelphia, Cliffe and Ferguson quarreled again. Cliffe had obtained his colonel's permission to use a vacant house as a junior officers' mess. Ferguson, angry at not having been consulted, seized the house. When Cliffe protested, Ferguson asked whether Cliffe had "the presumption" to charge him with "misapplication of Qrs."<sup>25</sup> The dispute ended in the spring of 1778 when Cliffe obtained a captaincy in the fifty-second foot.

Cliffe did have the last word, providing his family and posterity with caricatures of his colonel and major. Lieutenant Colonel Enoch Markham, who commanded the forty-sixth foot, had not "even the requisite [intelligence] for a Soldier." He was "a good person," but his stupidity together with "an insensibility of Danger" jeopardized all who served with him. Major Joseph Ferguson, a Scot without the usual "insinuating manners & address," was considered no "wiser than our Colonel." He might weigh "every thought & word," but his scale was not, as Cliffe put it, "always on the Bal[an]ce." Together Markham and Ferguson had sought "to support a Consequence by Tyranny" in the forty-sixth regiment.<sup>26</sup>

Although Loftus Cliffe thought of Ireland as his home, although he relished news of Irish scenes and friends and longed for retirement in County Wexford, his deepest attachments were to his family and to the British army. He wanted, above

all, to have the esteem and affection of his family and the respect of his fellow officers. As his family had long been closely tied to the British army and British administration in Ireland, Cliffe had little trouble reconciling familial and professional duty or finding both compatible with his attachment to Ireland. Indeed, family, army, and Ireland were so closely blended in Loftus Cliffe that there was little prospect of his seeing the American Revolution as an Irishman. It was quite natural that he should have viewed the revolution and the war as did most other British officers. He and they admired America, detested rebellion, gave only grudging respect to rebels in arms, and remained confident in the British common soldier. He and his fellow officers also came gradually to doubt whether or not Britain could win the war and to blame the Hessians and Parliamentary opposition for the growing strength of the rebellion. What did distinguish Cliffe's accounts of the American War from those of other British officers was not so much perspective as detail. Determined to please his family, Cliffe took the time to write full and vivid descriptions of his life in America. Thus he created remarkable glimpses of men and women suffering from war, of a British officer experimenting with tactics, and of a regiment disrupted by disputes over authority and reputation. Nothing distinctively Irish, but original and arresting, nevertheless.

## NOTES

1. Returns of annual reviews, 1774-1777, War Office Papers, Class 27, Vols. 30, 32, 34-36, Public Record Office, Kew, England.
2. The regiments with a majority of Irish officers were the 9, 27, 28, 29, 45, 46, 49, 55, and 63, *ibid.* The eight Irish officers: William Bamford, Guy Carleton, Loftus Cliffe, W. Glanville Evelyn, Frederick Mackenzie, Enoch Markham, Francis Lord Rawdon, and Peter Russell.
3. Returns of annual reviews, 1774-1777, W.O. 27/30, 32, 34-36.
4. Sir Bernard Burke, *A Genealogical and Heraldic History of the Landed Gentry of Ireland* (London, 1912 and 1958); the Papers of Loftus Cliffe, Clements Library.
5. This sketch of Cliffe's career is drawn from published army lists and from his papers. His age is estimated from the return of the forty-sixth foot, reviewed at Dublin, May 15, 1775, when he was thirty-three, W.O. 27/35. That he died soon after reaching Madras is an assumption. He does not appear in the army lists after 1784.
6. Loftus Cliffe letters Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), Feb. 17, 1778, and [Feb. 15-17, 1783], Cliffe Papers, Clements Library.
7. Quoting Cliffe letters, Jan. 20, 1778, Oct. 24, Mar. 5, and Nov. 12, 1777, *ibid.*
8. Nov. 12, 1777, *ibid.*
9. Feb. 17, 1778, *ibid.*
10. Mar. 5, 1783, Dec. 11, 1778, Oct. 24, 1777, and Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), *ibid.*
11. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), Oct. 24, 1777, *ibid.*
12. Sept. 21, 1776 (both letters), Oct. 24 and Nov. 12, 1777, *ibid.*
13. June 11 and Nov. 12, 1777, *ibid.*
14. Nov. 12, 1777, *ibid.*
15. Nov. 12, 1777, July 5 and Dec. 11, 1778.
16. Cliffe's views have been compared here, and throughout this essay, with those of the English and Scottish officers whose papers are in: *Major Andre's Journal* (New York, 1968); Marion Balderston and David Syrett, eds., *The Lost War* (New York, 1975); James Phinney Baxter, ed., *The British Invasion from the North* (New York, 1970); E. A. Benians, ed., *A Journal by Thos. Hughes* (Cambridge, England, 1947); Charles Cochrane Letters in the Stuart Stevenson Manuscripts, The National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh; Elizabeth Ellery Dana, ed., *The British in Boston* (Cambridge, Mass., 1924); James J. Graham, ed., *Memoir of General Graham* (Edinburgh, 1862); Edward

W. Harcourt, ed., *The Harcourt Papers* (Oxford, 1876–1903); Banastre Tarleton Letters, Tarleton Papers (manuscripts and microfilm), the Liverpool Record Office, Liverpool; Harry Miller Lydenberg, ed., *Archibald Robertson . . . Diaries* (New York, 1971); Eric Robson, ed., *Letters from America* (New York, [1950]); E. Stuart-Wortley, ed., *A Prime Minister and His Son* (London, 1925); *New Records of the American Revolution* (London, 1927); John Peebles Letters, Order Books, and Diaries, Cuninghame of Thorntoun Papers, The Scottish Record Office, Edinburgh; Letters of Alexander and William Leslie, Leven and Melville Muniments, the Scottish Record Office, Edinburgh; G. D. Scull, ed., *The Montresor Journals* (New York, 1882). See as well Stephen Conway, "To Subdue America: British Army Officers and the Conduct of the Revolutionary War," *William and Mary Quarterly* (July 1986), 381–407.

17. Cliffe's letters Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Oct. 24 and Nov. 12, 1777, Cliffe Papers, Clements Library.

18. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Oct. 24, 1777, and July 5, 1778, *ibid.*

19. July 5, 1778, *ibid.*

20. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), Jan. 2, 1777, *ibid.*

21. Jan. 4, 1779, *ibid.*

22. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), Jan. 2 and Mar. 5, 1777, *ibid.*

23. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Bat), Oct. 24, 1777, *ibid.*

24. Sept. 21, 1776 (to Jack), *ibid.*

25. Feb. 17, 1778, *ibid.*

26. Jan. 20, Feb. 17, 1778, *ibid.*



*"Apple Bee" and "Quilting Bee" in  
New York State in the  
1830s As Described by Richard Weston,  
Edinburgh Bookseller*

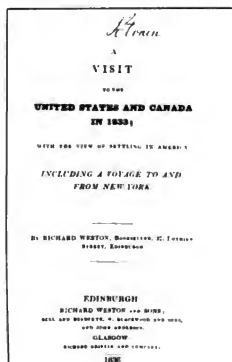
The vast literature of European travelers in America in the nineteenth century has always found a receptive audience among history students and scholars. While visitors tended to bring strong prejudices of their own which colored their impressions of the new land, each of these books will include at least a few anecdotes or descriptive passages which are unique and which document some aspect of our social and cultural history. A few of these travel accounts are exceptionally illuminating.

Richard Weston's *A Visit to the United States and Canada in 1833* (Edinburgh, 1836) is one of the most unusual and original of the travel narratives of his era, but due to its great rarity, is largely unknown.

Weston was a very literate, perceptive, and opinionated bookseller from Edinburgh. On the death of his wife, with his personal finances in disarray, he decided to visit America with at least half an intention to settle. An older brother had emigrated decades before, seemingly had prospered, but had lost contact with the family back in Scotland. Like so many would-be immigrants, Weston had highly impractical ideas about how to make a living in America—he had visions of a maple sugar farm until he discovered that sugar making was far too much work for even the locals! His Scottish ways caused him to dislike other non-Scottish British immigrants and to find most characteristics of American democracy offensive and oppressive. On his way across the Allegheny Mountains of Pennsylvania, he noted that, "I am getting familiar with the nasal sound of voice and the high cheek-bones by which an American is so easily identified. Every generation descending from the ancient stock exhibits a gradual assimilation in voice and features to the Indian."

On departing from Cincinnati, "with joy and humility I thought on the kindness of providence in protecting me thus far in this my voyage of discovery. America had long been the object of my idolatry . . . but the reality has dispelled all these pleasing illusions—I find it to be a fit place for the destitute, and for swindlers and bankrupts of all kinds. . . ." Weston decided that America was "good for the Old Country, for it acts as a safety valve for the scum, the froth, and the steam to evaporate." He apparently wrote the book in large part to discourage fellow Scots from emigrating.

Weston's negative impressions are neither unusual nor historically significant, but in spite of his professed attitudes, he was fascinated by American insti-



tutions and folkways and he was a careful reporter of what he saw, particularly in the rural, backwoods areas of New York. His descriptions of a county election, of a camp meeting, of court proceedings and a militia court-martial are exceptionally good, and perhaps uniquely complete are his narratives of an "apple bee" and a "quilting bee" he attended while visiting a nephew in Warren County, New York. His account of these festivities are here reprinted in their entirety.



One evening I was invited to an "apple-bee" at the house of Mrs. M'Queen, a widow lady who resided a few miles from my nephew. As this species of amusement is peculiarly national and characteristic, and has not been described, so far as I know, by any other writer, I think it proper to give a few specimens. I have frequently had occasion to be of opinion that society in America, more especially in the less populous districts, is still to a great extent in its infancy; and the reader will probably consider that opinion strengthened by the puerile and frivolous sports of which I am now about to give an account. Our party arrived about sun-down; the stranger was made welcome, and a chair set for him nearest the fire, a large blazing wood one. A number of ladies were employed taking the rind off the apples, dividing them into quarters, and taking out the seeds; while others strung the pieces on cords with a needle, and hung them in festoons on the walls inside and outside of the house, till they were completely dry, to be afterwards boiled with sugar and water and eaten. The ladies were all neatly dressed, some in silk and others in cotton; they sat very quietly in a group by themselves, seemingly anxious to get their work soon over, and rarely looking up, except when a new visitor arrived, when an occasional titter or giggle might be heard. The gentlemen were in a group also, and employed in a similar manner, some having paring machines to strip the skin off the apples. The room was large; and I counted forty males and forty-five females. A glass of cyder was occasionally served round, but the most perfect silence was observed. I whispered to a person beside me, "The lads and lasses in my country would not be so quiet." "Oh," said he, "stop a little—you will see by and bye that we can be as merry here as your people." Finding myself the only idler, I requested to be allowed to assist, which was granted me, but apparently with reluctance. I then offered to sing them a Scotch song, which was listened to; but still no interruption to the silence maintained by the rest of the company. "By and bye," our entertainer said, "we shall have enough."

The company now went out to a brook that gurgled past the house, and washed their hands, the lads and lasses seeming now a little more merry. During their short absence, the room was swept, and all the apples removed; and on their return the ladies and gentlemen again sat down in groups by themselves—still not a word was spoken. Tarts and cyder were handed round by the lady of the house and her two young daughters tastefully dressed. The sports of the evening then commenced with the following play:

*Act 1st.* "Marching to Quebec."—(This is quite national). A gentleman steps into the middle of the room, and eyeing the ladies with a keen glance, selects a partner, and leads her by the hand into the middle of the floor, then putting his arm round her neck, salutes her (kissing is very common in America, and the ladies rarely blush). They then march together round the room, singing the following words:

The drums are loudly beating—the British are retreating,  
The Americans are advancing—and we'll onward to Quebec.

When they come round to the spot they started from, the lady on the floor selects another gentleman, who salutes her; her late partner acts in a similar manner, and the two couples march round the room singing the same words. This ceremony goes on till the whole party are on the floor.

*Act 2d.* "Dodging the Devil."—The ladies and gentlemen being again all seated as before, the two parties stand up, leaving a small space between them and the seats. The gentleman at the head takes the hand of the lady opposite, leads her into the midst, and putting an arm round her neck, salutes her; they then walk together between the lines singing. The lady darts off, and the gentleman pursues till he catches her, when he again salutes her, and conducts her to the foot of the row. The next couple then commence in the same manner, and so on till the whole have gone through.

*Act 3d.* "Lose the Supper."—The whole company being formed into a circle, a lady and gentleman alternately, a gentleman goes into the middle, turns himself round, and selects a lady. He then leads her into the middle of the circle, and salutes her, when she darts off, and he pursues; and if she does not get into her former place, she must stand in the midst and select a gentleman, who salutes her; and then she darts off as before through the ring (for they must take their places from behind). Should the gentleman get into her place, she has to repeat the same ceremony again and again, and be kissed by every one she selects. This creates a great deal of laughter and merriment, especially if the lady be often beaten.

*Act 4th.* "Pleased or not pleased."—A gentleman steps into the centre of the room, and turning round to the ladies, selects one, leads her into the midst, and salutes her. As she appears to be angry and sulky, he leads her back to her seat, regretting, as it were, that he should have offended her. She is still cross and fidgetty; and her partner says, "Miss So-and-so, you are displeased; what will please you?" She answers, "If Mr So-and-so will measure so many yards of tape with Miss So-and-so, I will be pleased." Perhaps she orders twenty yards of tape to be measured, that is, twenty kisses, sometimes on the brow, the cheeks, the mouth, the hand, the foot, on bended knees, through the back of a chair, through the tongs, or in the bob-stay fashion—which last is performed by the gentleman kneeling on one of his knees, and seating the lady on the other, their hands being folded round each other's necks, and sometimes back to back, kissing over each other's shoulders. The first lady being now restored to good humour, another is selected, who appears sulky in her turn, and has to be propitiated in a similar manner and so on.

*Act 5th.*—The company being formed into a circle, a gentleman seated in a chair in the centre, they walk round him singing,—

Here are as many wives as are stars in the skies,  
Some are as old as Adam—  
Stand on your feet, and kiss complete,  
Your humble servant, Madam.

The gentleman rises, selects a lady, takes her on his knee, puts his hand round her neck, and salutes her, then seats her in the chair, and retires. The rest of the party continue walking round her singing,—

Here are as many boys as are stars in the skies,  
Some are as old as Moses,  
Stand on your feet, and kiss complete—  
Take care, don't bump your noses.

She now rises, and selects a gentleman, who seats himself, and repeats the same ceremony as before. Sometimes the rhyme is changed to the following words:

My love is little and pretty,  
She wears a little straw hat,  
Her cheeks are as red as a cherry,  
Her eyes are black as jet;  
Why cant I love my love,  
Why cant she love,  
Why cant I love my love,  
Better than any body?

*Act 6th.*—The company being formed in two rows like a country-dance, the gentleman at the head takes hold of the lady opposite with both hands crosswise, and suiting the action to the word, sings as follows:

First a step advance—now again retire,  
First this hand—then that hand,  
Is all my heart's desire.

He now puts his arm round her neck, salutes her, and sings—

Now we'll cast off all worldly cares,  
And meet again in bliss;  
Come walk with me, my dearest dear,  
And take a social kiss.

again suiting the action to the word. They then walk hand in hand down between the lines, singing till they reach the foot, when he salutes her, and the next couple commence.—Sometimes the following words are used, with a slight variation in the figure:

Arise, my true love, and present me with your hand,  
And we will march together to some far distant land,  
To some far distant land my true love and I will go,  
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio—  
Where the girls do card and spin,  
And the boys do plough and sow,  
And we'll settle on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.

*Act 7th.*—The company again in a circle, with a gentleman in the centre, who selects a lady, leads her in, put his arms round her neck, and salutes her. They now stand up together, holding each other's hands high up to allow the whole party to pass through between them, while the two sing,—

The needle's eye it goes so swift,  
The thread it runs so true,  
It has caught many a smiling lass,  
And now it has caught *you*.

At this last word they lower their hands and capture a lady, who is saluted by the gentleman; the first lady now retires to her seat—the arms are held up as before, and a lady and gentleman alternately caught till the whole have had their turn.

*Act 8th.*—The company standing in a circle as before, a chair is set in the midst, which is taken by a gentleman, who looks disconsolate. The company march round him singing,—

Here is a young man forsaken,  
He has a contented mind,  
And tho' his true love has left him,  
He will get another as kind;  
He will get another as kind, Sir,  
I will have you for to know,  
He is so well provided for,  
He has two strings to his bow.

He rises and selects a lady, sits down on the chair, takes her on his knee, puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her; he then leaves her sitting on the chair, and to go through a similar course.—Occasionally the same figure is gone through to the following words:

O, Brother Jonathan, how merry were we  
That night we sat under the juniper tree,  
The juniper tree, he-ho!  
Rise up, Brother Jonathan, and choose you a woman;  
Best to have a good one, or else to have no one,  
And see she be handsome and young.

With the words altered when the female's turn comes round.

*Act 9th.*—The company all standing on the floor, a lady and a gentleman alternately, holding each other by the hand; one of the ladies stands in the centre apparently weeping, with a handkerchief in her hand, which she occasionally applies to her eyes. The rest walk hand in hand around her singing,—

Over the hill and mountain,  
The fields are covered with snow,  
There is a chrystal fountain,  
Where murmuring waters flow,

There stands a young maiden forsaken,  
Lamenting over the green,  
Crying Charlie, Charlie, Charlie,  
Come to my arms again.

The lady now chooses a gentleman as her Charlie, and puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her; she then retires, and the company continue to march round the gentleman, who in like manner seems grieved, and wipes his eyes with a handkerchief, singing the same words, with the substitution of the word "Sally" instead of Charlie,—and so on.

*Act 10th.*—The party all on the floor in two rows; the gentleman at the head takes the lady's hand opposite, puts his arm round her neck, salutes her, and then marches with her to the bottom, singing,—

Hey Charlie Cole, are ye wakin yet?  
The drums and fifes are beating yet;  
If you are wakin, I will wait,  
And we'll kiss our girls in the morning.  
When Charlie Cole heard tell of this,  
He thought it would not be amiss  
To give his girl a hearty kiss,  
And to stop with her till morning.

When they come to the bottom, after again saluting, each falls into their several ranks, and the rest follow in the same manner, till the whole have gone through.

*Act 11th.*—The company being all seated, a gentleman rises, and going to the ladies' side, selects a partner and salutes her; the couple then march down the floor singing,

It's a very pleasant night,  
Since a long stormy day,  
We are going to the ball, boys,  
Fal lal de ray!  
We are going to the ball, boys,  
And will dance till it be day,  
And we do not care a cent  
What the old people say.

"And so it is day," I exclaimed, as the play concluded just when the sun had begun to throw his light on the eastern sky. The party now broke up, after an entertainment in which there was no drunkenness nor quarrelling, every one seeming only to enjoy the fun that was going forward. We had many country dances between the acts; sometimes we partook of a piece of sweet-cake, home-baken, but even in eating we were temperate. Next day I called with a copy of the last night's entertainment, which I presented to Mrs. M'Queen, who prized it highly. This lady and her husband had emigrated from Thornhill, in Scotland, many years ago, and had never been happy. She appeared still more miserable

when she heard I was about to return, and begged that I would take one or both of her daughters with me, who however, she said, were in happy ignorance of the comforts of *home*, a phrase she could never apply to the country of her adoption. The soil of her farm, which she had long occupied, was exhausted, her husband was dead, and she expected shortly to be under the necessity of hiring out her son and two daughters as helps. After a life of toil, and hardship, and privation, she had no prospect in her old age but misery. Many were the evils she denounced against the person who had entrapped her to come here. "Oh," said she, weeping aloud, "that I could but get back! Surely you will take one of my daughters with you; they are both smart, and can turn their hands to any thing." I was exceedingly grieved at her distressed situation, but was compelled, from my funds being then low, to decline her request. . . .

When I returned to my old quarters, I found that my manuscript of the plays had excited some curiosity, most of them being traditional. There was in the neighbourhood a Mrs. M'Laren from Dennyloan-head in Scotland, who, with her husband and family, had been induced to settle here about five years ago, under the delusive prospects held out to them. They had been very comfortable at home, but, like many thousands, had thought to better their condition. They were, however, miserably disappointed; the husband, as well as herself, had to hire himself out, and they struggled on for some time without making matters better. At length he requested a relation to lend him some money, as he wished to go to Scotland to dispose of some property he had at Denny, promising to return and pay the money. He accordingly left his wife and two children, having been upwards of two years absent when I was in the place, never having even sent a letter.

This lady told me that a Mr. Aldridge, her next neighbour, was to have a "Quilting Bee" that night; and if I would promise to write it out, as I had done Mrs. M'Queen's entertainment, he had said that he would keep it in remembrance of me as long as he lived. This I promised to do. I accordingly accompanied Mrs. M'Laren to the house of this gentleman, whom I had met several times before. The following is a description of the entertainment prepared for us: A square frame was fastened together at the four corners, and suspended from the roof. I may remark here that the Americans use few blankets, the duty on woolen goods imported being 50 per cent; the covering on the beds may possibly be a pair, very often a single one, the rest being quilts, such as I am about to mention, perhaps a counterpane, which, however, is generally too expensive. The lining of cotton was laced to the frame, several folds of cotton cadice being laid on it, above which was placed the upper covering, also laced to the frame, and around the frame itself a square of clap boards for seats to the ladies. A Mr. Vantassel, who kept a home or public-house at some distance, was in attendance with liquors of various kinds, his bar-room being a closet. The ladies began to assemble and take their seats before sundown, each having provided herself with quilting needles, thread being furnished to them; a pasteboard pattern was used to form the dicing, which was drawn on the cloth with chalk. After sundown, the gentlemen began to arrive, and took their seats at a respectful distance from the ladies; but as these fair dames knew there was no such ceremony in my country, I was allowed a greater latitude, and sat between two of them,—not a word was to be heard among them, scarcely a look

given, only an occasional titter perhaps. The gentlemen also were as silent as if they had been figures of wax-work; but their feet were not idle, the see-sawing being carried on with one knee over the other by many of the company. There were 38 males and 35 females present. The scene was strange, but I knew that fun and kissing were coming, and that the real bee was in their minds, though at present lying dormant. The quilt was finished in about three hours, and taken down, hands washed, the frame put away, and the room swept. A fiddler, the same at whose house I had been at the raising, was engaged, and he could play well; refreshments were handed round to each, the women and men sitting separate, with the solitary exception of myself.

The mirth began with the play, "The British are retreating, and the Americans are advancing." Then country dances commenced, with an occasional play, such as I have formerly noticed. The next was a new one, which I shall here insert.

"The Grandees of Spain."—A lady is seated in a chair at the end of the room, the rest of the company likewise seated, the ladies on the one side and the gentlemen on the other. A gentleman rises, and taking hold of another gentleman's hand, leads him towards the lady in the chair, and says,

Here is a knight just come from Spain,  
He means to court your daughter Jane.

*Lady Mother.*—My daughter Jane, she is too young,  
To be caught by our flattering tongue.

*Gentleman.*—Be she young or be she old,  
For a price she may be sold;  
But fare you well, my lady gay,  
For I will go another way.

*Lady Mother.*—Turn back, turn back, thou Spanish knight,  
And scour thy boots and spurs more bright.

*Gentleman.*—My boots and spurs have cost you nought,  
And in this land they were not bought,  
Nor in this land shall they be sold  
Neither for silver nor for gold;  
So fare you well, my lady gay,  
For I will turn another way.—(*He goes away.*)

*Lady Mother.*—Turn back, turn back, thou Spanish knight,  
And choose the fairest in thy sight.

*Gentleman.*—Yes, I will choose, thanks my lady,  
And take the fairest that I see.

He now looks among the ladies, and selects one, takes her by the hand, leads her into the centre, and putting his arm round her neck salutes her, then leads her away

and seats her at the bottom. He then selects a gentleman, as the first had done, he having resumed his seat, and makes the same proposal to the lady-mother—and so on till the whole are gone through.

The first Spanish knight now takes his lady by the hand, and leading her up to her lady-mother, puts his arm round her neck, and salutes her,—she seems to be sore lamed with hard walking, and has also a halt. The knight says to the lady in the chair, "Is this your daughter?" She replies angrily, "No." He then leads his lady away, threatens, scolds, and beats her, while she promises to behave better; sometimes she will not till she gets several beatings. At last, however, she behaves herself, and is again led up to her mother by the knight, who puts his arm round her neck, kisses and fondles her; he then says to the old lady, "Madam, is this your daughter?" and she answers, "Yes." The knight now says,—

Here is your daughter safe and sound,  
And in her pocket a thousand pound,  
On every finger a gay gold ring;  
Here is your daughter back again.—(*He then retires.*)

The mother bids her daughter take off her glove, and perceiving that she has no gold rings on her fingers, says "Where are the rings?" "I never had any," she replies. "Where is your thousand pounds?" "I never had them." "How did he use you?" "Very ill." "What had you to eat?" "Mud." "What had you to drink?" "Muddy water." "Where did you lie?" "On needles and pins, the points uppermost." The mother gets into a rage, rises and pursues the Spaniard, overtakes him, and thrashes him well with a stick. This ceremony is continued till all the parties are gone through.

"The Manual Exercise."—The whole company formed into a circle, a lady and a gentleman alternately; a gentleman standing in the midst says, "Attention! put your left hands on your right shoulders every one." (Done). "Put your right hand on your left shoulder—be steady; kneel down on your right knee every one—be steady." One of the circle leans against his neighbour, and overbalances him, when the shock being communicated to the rest, in a moment they are all lying sprawling on the floor. They then rise up and run to their seats.

"The Ladies' Toilet."—The company being all seated, the ladies and gentlemen separate, a chair is set in the midst, which is taken by one of the former. She proposes going out to visit, and requiring some finery alleges how very awkward it is for her to visit Miss Such-a-one, and others, who will all be dressed. One of the ladies then offers to lend her a petticoat, another a pair of stockings, a third gloves, and so on, every one offering something. (They do not give them, but only say so.) She goes out, and returns again; and throwing off her finery, asks each what article of dress they had lent her, when, if any of them claims an article which they did not previously say they had given, she orders a gentleman to kiss her it may be twenty times. This is a stirring play. The lady now leaves the chair, which is taken by another, and the same form is repeated.

Matters were kept up with great spirit by the dancers, of whom Mrs. M'Laren was decidedly the best; she was frequently asked to perform by herself, which she

did gracefully. A young man challenged her, saying he would dance her down, but she fairly beat him. Several of the company congratulated me on the activity and noble carriage of my country-woman, and asked if the Scottish girls could all dance as well; I said it was not uncommon for our servant girls to spend half a year's wages in order to acquire this graceful accomplishment, and it was always reckoned a part of female education. The last play was, as on the former occasion, "We will dance till it is day, and we don't care a cent what the old folks say;"—and it was day when the play ended.

I was invited to many apple-bees, quilting-bees, and husking-bees, in the neighbourhood, every one vieing with another to show me all that was to be seen.

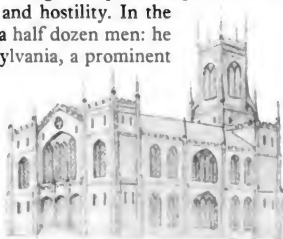


# *"Journal of My Tour in Fall of 1825," Accompanied by Sketches in Watercolor and India Ink*

REV. JOHN HENRY HOPKINS

**J**ohn Henry Hopkins (1792–1868), author and artist of the following illustrated travel journal, was rector of Trinity Church in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The Protestant Episcopal Church had been very slow in meeting the challenge of denominational expansion on the frontier, and at the time Hopkins made his trip from Pittsburgh to Meadville, then on to Niagara and back to New York by way of the Erie Canal, his parish was one of the few congregations in Pennsylvania west of the mountains. The purpose of his excursion was to encourage the formation of a new church in Meadville and to solicit funds in New York and Boston for the new Gothic church Hopkins had designed in Pittsburgh. A permanent congregation did materialize in Meadville as a result of Hopkins' visit (Christ Church), but donations for Trinity Church were not forthcoming, the east coast financial world momentarily being hit by an economic slowdown and the established clergy wary of giving to an individual parish beyond their dioceses.

At the time the journal and sketches were made, John Henry Hopkins was a relative newcomer as a clergyman (ordained in 1824), but he was a rising, energetic presence in the Episcopal Church. Born in Ireland, the only child of Thomas and Elizabeth Fitzakerly Hopkins, he emigrated with his parents in 1800. His father had been a merchant in Dublin but never achieved much economic success in America, and he separated from his wife. Hopkins records in his journal (November 23) meeting his father in the street in a way that suggests a strained and distant relationship. Hopkins' mother was the dominant influence on her son. She ran private schools in Trenton, N.J., and Philadelphia, had high social aspirations, a love of art, a fiery Irish temperament, and an iron will, all of which her son inherited and improved upon. John Henry Hopkins, the future Bishop of Vermont, was a man of remarkable energy and ambition, broad in his intellectual interests but narrow in his interpretations of right and wrong, and possessing a sense of determination which commanded both respect and hostility. In the course of his life, he accomplished the work of a half dozen men: he was master of an iron furnace in western Pennsylvania, a prominent member of the bar in Pittsburgh, headmaster of several innovative secondary schools, architect and author of the first American book on the Gothic style, musician and composer, lithographer, painter, editor, pamphleteer, missionary clergyman, and bishop. His children carried on the tradition of accomplishment, sons becoming clergymen, a noted geologist, a physician, a leading figure in the



Trinity Church, Pittsburgh



Hopkins Family c.1828 by Rev. John Henry Hopkins

insurance business in California. His namesake composed "We Three Kings of Orient Are." During the Civil War, Hopkins stridently promoted pro-slavery views which infuriated fellow northerners, but as Presiding Bishop of the General Convention of the Episcopal Church, he accomplished what none of the other major Protestant denominations were able to effect—a reconciliation between the northern and southern branches immediately after hostilities had ended.

The travel diary itself is not particularly valuable as a historical source, other than providing a time framework for the sketches and incidental observations. But the sketches are highly significant, not merely as records of Hopkins' artistic talent, but as the very earliest views we have of several localities on the just-completed Erie Canal, and as particularly fresh and original glimpses of Niagara Falls and its vicinity in its early period of tourism.

Because most of the names and places mentioned in Hopkins' travel journal are easily identifiable, footnotes have not been thought necessary. Full names, provided in brackets, have been obtained from Laura G. Sanford, *The History of Erie County, Pennsylvania* (Phila., 1862); lists of clergy appended to the *Journals of the General Conventions, Protestant Episcopal Church*, for 1823, 1826. The most complete biography of Bishop Hopkins is John Henry Hopkins, Jr., *The Life of the Late Right Reverend John Henry Hopkins* (New York, 1873). Hopkins' architectural publication is *Essay on Gothic Architecture with Various Plans and Drawings for Churches, Designed Chiefly for the Use of the Clergy* (Burlington, Vt., 1836).

## Journal of my tour in fall of 1825.

*Tuesday*, October 25th. 1825. Commenced my journey to Meadville in the stage. Arriving at Mercer that night found that a few Episcopalians lived there and in the neighbourhood, and that some likelihood existed of the establishment of a small congregation if an acceptable preacher could occasionally attend them.

*Wednesday*, Octob. 26th. Arrived at Meadville and took up my abode in the hospitable dwelling of J[ohn] B. Wallace, Esqr. The Court was in session and business prevented the same attention to church affairs that was desirable. The use of the Meeting house however was again obtained and notice given accordingly.

*Thursday*, Octob. 27. Appointed to preach this evening, but the weather became stormy and it was recommended by Mr. W. to postpone service, as many of the congregation could not attend without great difficulty. To this I acceded of course, not desiring to produce inconvenience to any.

*Friday*, Octob. 28. Visited several of the families in company with Mr. W. and preached in the evening, when I baptised 36 children, 3 of Mr. Herrington Junr. and 3 of Mr. Shryock. Sermon on Repentance.

*Saturday*, Octob. 29. Visited some more of the families of the place, and conversed with Mrs. W. on the subject of amusements as connected with the christian education of children, and with Mr. Atkinson on Baptism.

*Sunday*, Octob. 30. Mr. W. under a necessity of going in the stage to Erie on account of a cause expected to be tried there the following day, much to his regret as well as my own. In pursuance of previous arrangement with Mr. Selden I attended the Episcopal Sunday school a little before 11 O'Clock A. M. and addressed the scholars and teachers in a brief and plain manner. Then preached in the meeting house, to a full congregation on the *reasonableness* of an atonement. Again in the afternoon on the character of a virtuous woman, after which I catechised the scholars who answered very well, and lastly at night on *prayer* I delivered a third sermon to a very full auditory. Could not avoid comparing the happiness of this day spent in some poor manner in my Masters service, with the listless and almost useless days which preceded it. On this Evening I also baptised a child of Mr. Pearsons.

*Monday*, Octob. 31. An unprofitable day chiefly spent in preparing for travelling—declined several invitations to tea, using this as an apology.

*Tuesday*, Novr. 1. Set out with Mrs. W. and her family for Erie but progressed no further than the turnpike gate next beyond Waterford. Roads were bad and the night set in with rain.

*Wednesday*, Novr. 2. Arrived at Erie by 9 O'clock and found there a few Episcopalians. Preached at night in the Court house to a very full congregation and baptised 8 children, 2 of Mr. Justice [Thomas] Forster, 2 of Mrs. Bailey his sister, and 4 of Sailing Master Tewkesbury. Much gratification was expressed and a good hope appeared that in this place a small congregation could be formed without difficulty. The Presbyterian clergymen attended the services with devout attention and expressed themselves to me after it was over with much kindness. Mr. [David] McKinney, the Pastor of this handsome new Meeting house desiring that I should officiate there on my next visit.

*Thursday*, Novr. 3. At 4 O'clock A. M. started in the stage along with Mr. W. and his family for Fredonia where we arrived that evening, distance 45 miles.

*Friday*, Novr. 4. At 4 O'clock A. M. pursued our journey to Buffalo. Distance 45 miles.

*Saturday*, Novr. 5. Took a Post coach and drove to Niagara on the American side, distance 28 miles. Arrived at the house of Whitney in the village of Manchester about 1/2 past 4. P. M. in time to take two sketches of the falls.

*Sunday*, Novr. 6. Crossed the River below the falls in hopes to attend Divine Service at Chippewa, 3 miles above on the Canada side, but were too late, service beginning at 9 O'clock. We spent the morning in examining the falls, dined at Forsyths and returned to Whitneys in the afternoon. Notwithstanding the pleasure derived from this stupendous display of the sublime and beautiful in the works of the great and beneficent Creator, yet such a mode of spending his holy day was exceedingly discordant to my feelings. But there was no help for it. At Manchester there was neither building nor congregation for an Episcopalian, and Sunday on this occasion shined no Sabbath day to me, altho my meditations and reflections were of a character suited to the time as far as practicable. After all, I felt in some considerable degree self condemned, and doubt much whether I should not rather have tried to hold a family worship rather than indulge my curiosity in looking at the falls. Or if others had been unwilling to join me, have worshipped my Saviour in reading and prayer alone.

*Monday*, Novr. 7. Rose at dawn of day to make sketches of the falls, as our journey was to be recommenced at 1/2 past 9 O'clock. Succeeded in securing 3 interesting views, and then proceeded in the stage to Lockport, where I procured specimens of their minerals. On the way sketched the Devils hole. Got on board the canal boat in the evening.

*Tuesday*, Novr. 8. Proceeding down the canal to Rochester where we stopped to view the town. Was much disappointed in the New Episcopal church of which I had heard so much. Several mistakes obvious which a greater familiarity with the Gothic style would have enabled them to avoid. Not a single buttress about the building. The pinnacles are set down on the roof, and there is an unfortunate union of Roman pediment and cornice with Gothic battlements. The interior has a handsome ground and cieling for which they deserve credit, but the details are unhappily selected. The gallery runs strait between the pillars which has a very bad effect and the pulpit and chancel look gaudy instead of solemn. I made some sketches of the Genesee falls below the town, but saw nothing in the church worth carrying home.

*Wednesday*, Nov. 9. Still on board the boat proceeding to Utica. Arrived as far as Montezuma by night fall.

*Thursday*, Nov. 10. Still progressing towards Utica. Arrived at night where we took another boat.

*Friday*, Nov. 11. Arrived at Schenectady at 2 O'clock in the following morning and started in the stage 15 miles to Albany and thence in the steamboat on Saturday to New York, 165 miles.

*Sunday*, 13. Arrived at New York at 5 A. M. and bid farewell to the family of Mr. Wallace. After breakfast proceeded to find Bp. Hobart [Bishop John Henry

Hobart] by whom I was received with great cordiality and kindness. He invited me to drive with him and then proceeded to say that I should make his house my home while I staid at New York. This invitation I accepted with much satisfaction. Heard the Bp. preach in the afternoon at Trinity and was much pleased both with the matter and manner of the sermon. At night I preached at Dr. [Thomas] Lyells (Christ church) a large congregation. Sermon on first clause of the Lords prayer. Bp. thought I was not full enough on *baptismal regeneration* and we had a frank and pleasant argument about it.

*Monday, 14.* Got my letters from the office and delivered them. Found no encouragement as to my object of raising money for the church. Bp. and all the principal clergy unanimous in determining to do nothing lest they should draw down censure from the laity. I thought I would wait a week to see what could be effected.

*Tuesday, 15.* Saw Dr. Lyell married in church to his 3d wife. The couple did not kneel nor was there any other service but that of the ceremony itself. The Bishop officiated. Here I may as well note two departures from the Rubric. They baptise in church *after the congregation are dismissed*, and they frequently read the *whole burial* service in the church, instead of reserving the latter part for the grave. These things are not a little strange in such staunch advocates for rubrical propriety. They are also in the habit of repeating the Gloria Pater after every chant and after each of the psalms for the day as well as after *all* the psalms in metre and they likewise read the *whole* Litany. They sing after sermon in the afternoon and the clergyman sits while they sing until they come to the doxology. Their churches are fine and expensive buildings. St. John's for instance cost \$ 190,000. There is a singular incongruity as it seems to me in the groined arches of St. Pauls, which is designed to be of the Corinthian order, as thus, exhibiting a *plain* arch springing



from the centre of the entablature. To my eye it has a very bad effect the foot of the arch being quite too small for the size of the columns, and the contrast between the richness of the one and the poverty of the other being altogether abrupt. Trinity and Christ churches are intended to be *Gothic*, but are altogether incongruous. The portico of Trinity

church has some beauty indeed, but considerable defect, and the rest of the building is neither one thing nor another. Christ church is little better. But St. Thomas's Church now almost completed is much more correct as a Gothic building and has many handsome points about it but the octagonal towers are not high enough and there are no buttresses between the windows. The cieling is an unfortunate selection and the mode adopted for its support belongs not to the ecclesiastical but to the college or hall style, as thus a section of it. On the whole however, the architect Professor [John] McVickar deserves credit for his taste and skill and it is certainly the only church at all entitled to the epithet of Gothic in the city altho Gothic windows and arches are common. St. Georges Church (Dr. [James]





Milnors) is very handsome. The pulpit and desk are chaste and tasty, as thus. The lamps are very well supported.

*Wednesday, 16. Novr. 1825.* Lectured for Mr. Eastburn this evening, extempore. The New-York night service was used. Congregation met in a school room which is under the church, a very good arrangement in my opinion.

*Thursday, 17. Friday 18. Saturday 19.* This whole week spent in dining out visiting &c., sounding my way, with but little opening for expectation, yet still trusting that the Lord might clear my way. The Bp., Mr. Schroeder, Dr. Rogers, Dr. Lyell, Mr. Richardsons friend entertained me, and on the whole I felt the full weight of an unsuccessful enterprise oppressing me.

*Sunday, 20.* Preached at the Bp.'s request for Mr. [William] Berrian at Trinity on Procrastination, at St. Paul on Hope, and in the evening at Zion Church for Mr. [Thomas] Brientnal[1]. Mr. B. read prayers mornng. and afternoon and Dr. [George] Upfold at night. Congregations reasonably numerous and very attentive. Was introduced to a Counsellor Sullivan and his lady from Boston, of Dr. [Samuel F.] Jarvis's late congregation, who heard me the whole day, and with their brother Mr. Boudoin were very polite and friendly.

*Monday, 21.* Bp. H. subscribed \$10 but would not put his name to it. Shewed me a number of good prints and described his voyage through Europe. Altho I cannot see exactly as he does in all matters yet I cannot but feel truly grateful for his *very* kind frank and cordial deportment towards me, in which he was seconded by all his amiable family.

*Tuesday, 22 Novr. 1825.* Dined with Dr. Milnor with whom and his family I was most pleased. He subscribed \$10. At his recommendation I applied to the richest man in N. York who is also very liberal, Thos. H. Smith. But he told me to call again. In the evening went to a tea party at Mrs. Kemp's and Miss Hoffman with the Bps.'s family. Like *all tea parties* flat and unprofitable. Miss Milnor, Berrian, Mühlenberg, and Ridgely there also.

*Wednesday, 23d.* Dined with Mr. Berrian and met there my old friend Francis B. Ogden. Met my father in the street, and spent part of the evening with him. B. M. Richardson and Mr. Dick a last visit, they going to Philad. to morrow, and made up my mind to go myself to Boston, and try what could be done there. Called on Dr. Rogers and Mr. Sullivan and Boudoin, who gave me letters. Also spent a very interesting hour with Dr. [Jonathan M.] Wainwright who had just returned from Boston and who also gave me letters. Great commercial depression in N. York.

*Thursday, 24.* Heard Mr. [Manton] Eastburn preach an excellent thanksgiving sermon and got on board steam boat *Commerce* for Hartford at 4 P.M.

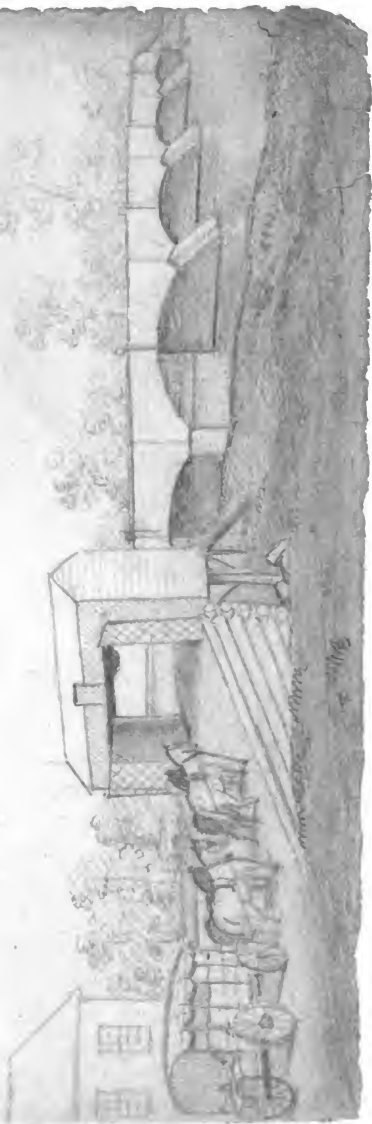
*Friday, 25.* Arrived at Hartford and proceeded to Ashford 70 miles from Boston.

*Saturday, 26.* Arrived at Boston at 7 P.M., delivered some letters of introduction and was hospitably invited to the house of Wm. Appleton, Esqr.

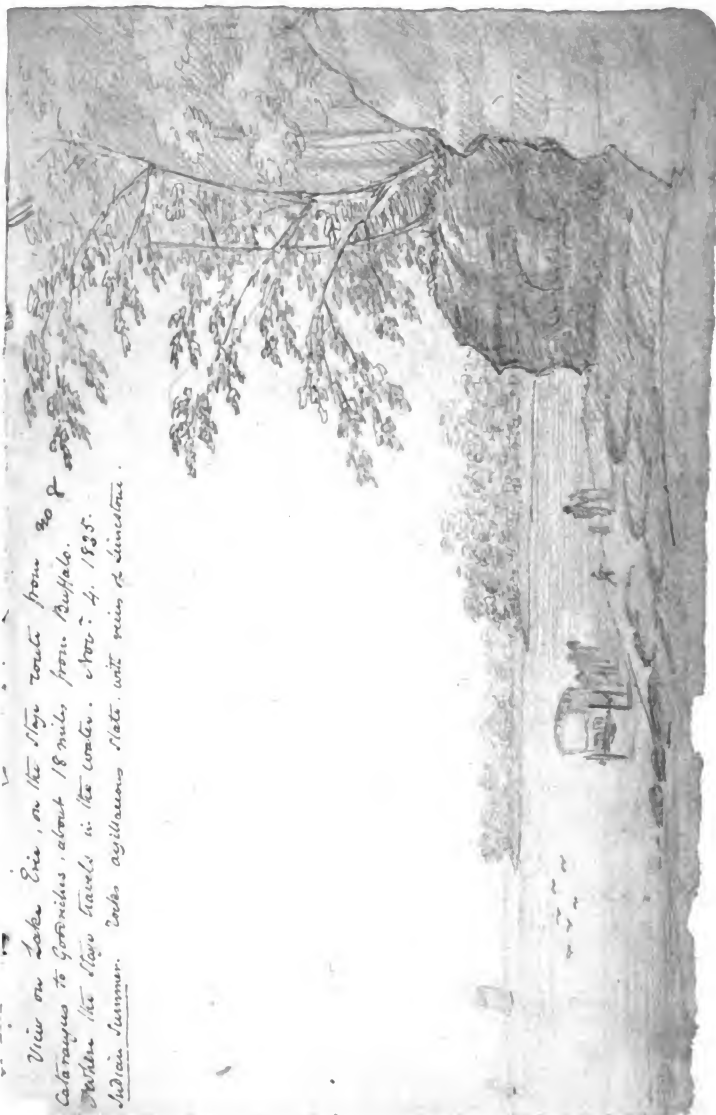
*Sunday, 27.* Preached for Dr. [John S. J.] Gardiner at Trinity Church, both morning and afternoon. Morning on *Sobriety and watchfulness*, afternoon on *Affliction*. A Lady whose daughter was on a sick bed, sent a note to Mrs. Gardiner to request the favour of the mornings sermon which was given accordingly.

View of the Tule bridge over Calaveras Creek, with the stage wagon used for first section of road  
which crosses the Indian Reservation. Nov. 4, 1885

no 9



View on Lake Erie, on the Stage route from  
Catawagus to Greenbush, about 18 miles from Buffalo.  
When the Stage travels in the water. Nov. 4. 1895.  
Indian Summer. Rocks agillaceous slate, with veins of limestone.



View of Niagara River with part of Black rock, showing the pier or embankment constructed  
by Gen. Porter, and forming the intermediate part of the Grand canal from Black rock to Buffalo. Nov. 5<sup>th</sup>  
1826. 11. Belack. Ch. M. Indian Summer.

No 2



View of the whole Falls of Niagara, Taken from the American side when visited first with Mr. S. 1825, at  
S. P. M. Indian Summer.



View of the entire valley of the river, taken from the summit of the mountain. The river is in the foreground, and the mountains are in the background.



The Devils hole, on the road from Niagara to Lockport. State of N. York. Nov. 1835.



No. 1



new - in but in "Sloven" Vienna from a visit to the Graf Stadion at S. Pölten, at 11. state morning. about 10.00. 1855. Vienna - 1855.



View of the American Falls of Niagara, from the town of Lewiston, N.Y.  
 taken on the 1st of Sept. 1888.



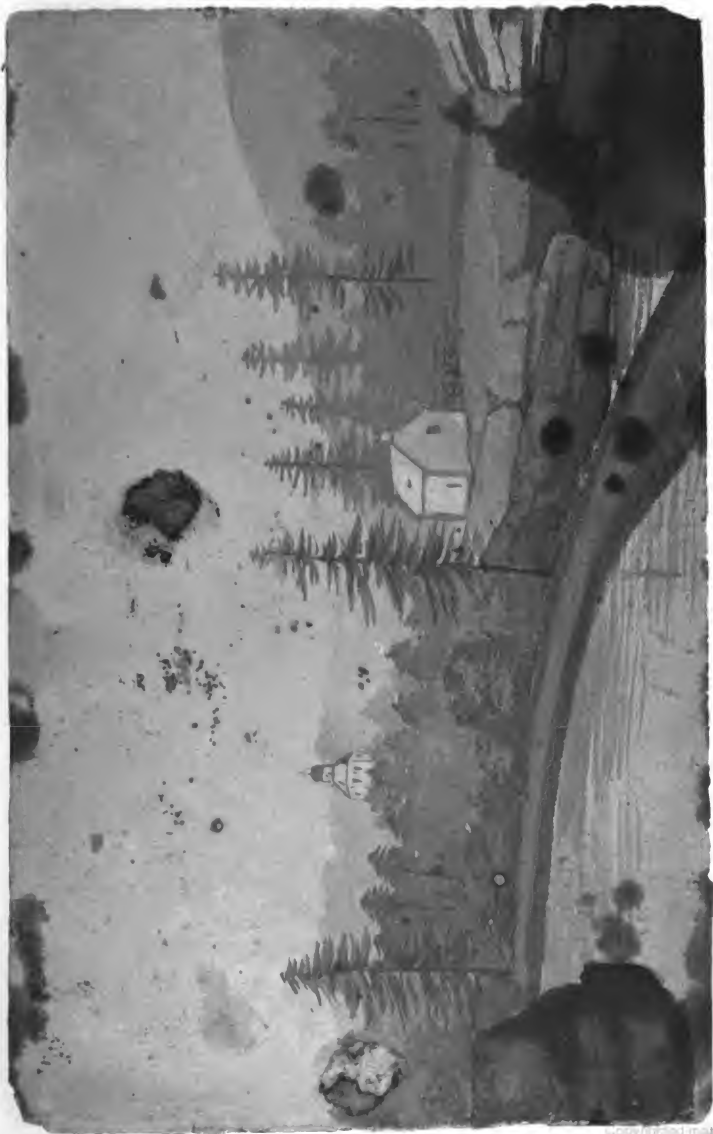
view of the American Falls of Niagara, from the West end of Goat Island, Nov. 7. 1885. Indian Summer  
at 7 Belvoir, c. 1. M.





No. 3.





205





Gumstie falls at the opposite side of  
Rochester, Nov. 1825 No 6



Genesee falls at Rochester. Nov. 1855

No 1







Montezuma,  
the Grand Hotel.  
-Hotel New South  
-Hotel the Canyon Marsh.



The week passed pleasantly, with but little prospect of any ones interesting himself for our church, since the clergy here also could do nothing.

*Sunday, December 4th. 1825.* Preached and administered the communion at St. Paul's Church. In the afternoon read service and preached at night at Christ Church. Congregations numerous and deeply attentive. Mornngs sermon—*What shall I render to the Lord &c* afternoons—*They comparing themselves among them[selves]* Night—*Except ye be converted and believe as little children.* This week the prospect looked a little better. My friends among the laity appeared disposed to exert themselves if I would stay another week to which I consented. Meanwhile however the news of Mr. Williams failure in London threw a damp on the commercial world of Boston and nothing was done.



St. Thomas' Church, Broadway

*Sunday, Decemr. 11. 1825.* Preached at St. Pauls on the reasonableness of an atonement and again on the resurrection—read prayers each time. At night preached at Christ Church—*Be not afraid only believe.* Congregations more numerous to the last, and much interested.

*Monday, Dec. 12.* rec'd a communication from the vestry of St. Pauls inviting me to spend 2 Sundays more and engaging to exert themselves in regard to my object and to give for themselves not less than \$100 and as much more as they could. At the same time I rec'd sundry private intimations that I was to receive a formal call to this parish, also that the vestry of Trinity church were talking about calling me to an associate rectorship there. I had some days before, after revolving the subject in my mind, come to the conclusion which I now gave for answer. That the sum spoken of was not a sufficient inducement to justify any additional detention from my own parish, and besides to be frank with them I understood perfectly well that if I remained I should be considered as being a *candidate* for a call. That I thought no clergyman who was already settled where he was acceptable and useful, ought in conscience to take any measure direct or indirect to invite a change, and that I would not willingly consent to *appear* to be doing that which I would not do *in reality*. That I must therefore decline remaining any longer while I thanked them both for their great kindness and good intentions.

They afterwards sent me a letter of thanks inclosing \$50 and I left Boston the next Thursday, loaded with expressions of friendly interest and deeply impressed by the admirable character of the Society I had met with there.





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## Making a Point

Of all our commonplace objects, the lead pencil is one that is most often taken for granted. It is found almost everywhere, in home and office, in most rooms, and is frequently carried with us from place to place with little attention paid to original ownership! While the typewriter, ball-point pen, and computer have gained widespread use and popularity, the pencil was probably the first implement with which we were taught to write and it holds its own as a vehicle of literate communication.

It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that pencils were widely manufactured in America. A history of the pencil's usage and the various technical innovations which made possible its widespread distribution appeared in an article in *The Manufacturer and Builder* for April 1872. This New York monthly journal of arts and engineering, apparently a short-lived rival to *Scientific American*, provides illustrations of the manufacturing process by which pencils were produced in quantity at that date.

### Lead-Pencils

Taking the whole world together there is perhaps no one article more extensively used than the lead-pencil, and, aside from the steel-pen, there is probably no single article that contributes more to human progress. In even the most ancient manuscripts we find marks resembling those of a hard lead-pencil, but a little research leads to the discovery that the ruled lines were made with sharp-edged disks of lead, and not by an instrument like a pencil. The use of black and red chalks dates to the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the year 1564, the black-lead mines of Burrowdale, County of Cumberland, England, were discovered, and the following year black-lead-pencils were made in substantially the same form as we use them at the present day.

Black-lead, graphite, or plumbago is a mineral form of carbon, with a slight mixture of iron. Of great value in the arts and extensively used, yet, from its great abundance, only the finer and purer qualities find a ready market. The discovery of the Cumberland lead, as it is called, was most valuable. The manufacture of pencils from it at once became exceedingly important, and the English government deemed it necessary to forbid the exportation of the sub-



Fig. 1. Cutting and Grooving Pencils

stance. A market was established for it, and every Monday, sufficient lead was sold to meet the supposed wants of the manufacturers. The prices were exceedingly high, ranging from less than ten dollars per pound up to nearly \$40 per pound. The mine was never allowed to remain open more than six weeks in the year, yet the value of the yearly product is said to have reached the sum of £40,000, or much above \$200,000, if we take into account the greater value of money in those days. But even the moderate working of six weeks in a year gradually diminished the supply and at last exhausted the yield, and it is now many years since any thing has been obtained from the mine except impure refuse.

Before the mine was exhausted processes were invented for cleaning and refining this refuse, which were applied to the poorer grades of the ore which had formerly been thrown aside. This purified material was then pressed into cakes, which were cut up in the same way that the natural products had been; but even this was not at all satisfactory, the pencils were of a poorer quality, in spite of all efforts.

In 1795, Conté, a Frenchman, mixed powdered clay with the plumbago or other colored powder and, by molding into the proper form, produced crayons of all shades of color and degrees of hardness. Isinglass, glue, sulphur, gum, and a hundred other ingredients had been

tried, but only to result in complete failures. The new process was a complete success, and gave what could not be obtained from the native ore—a complete graduation in degrees of hardness, from the softest and blackest up to a pencil so hard that its point is like metal.

The earth or clay used has the property of diminishing in bulk and increasing in hardness in exact proportion to the length of time to which it is exposed to heat. The clay is washed until only the finest particles remain; these are mixed in the proper proportions with the plumbago and kneaded until they are thoroughly incorporated. The washing, grinding, kneading, and the proportioning of the quantities of clay to lead are in fact the most important parts of the pencil manufacture. The cake, after it comes from the machine, is put into a cylinder, and, by a slow, heavy pressure, forced out through a hole in the bottom in the shape of a square, octagonal, or round (as the case may be) continuous thread, which coils up like a rope on the board below. This is the lead for the pencils. It is then straightened, pieces cut to the proper lengths, placed close together in layers, and kept in place by a slight pressure which prevents warping. They are then dried at a moderate temperature, and when dry, are packed in crucibles and submitted to a high heat in ovens or furnaces. Upon the quantity of clay and length of heat are dependent the degree of blackness as well as the hardness of the product. This is the modern process, and, with one exception, is the same as that employed by Conté.

In 1846, a Frenchman, John Peter Alibert, living at that time in Asiatic Siberia, started on

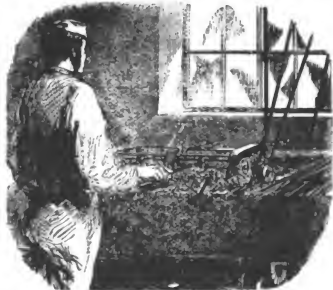


Fig. 2. Rounding the Pencils



Fig. 3. Polishing the Pencils

a business tour through the mountain regions of Eastern Siberia. Searching on his way the sandy beds of various rivers flowing into the Arctic Ocean he hoped to discover gold. No gold was found, but in the mountain gorges near Irkutsk he discovered in the sand what was of more importance and of greater value to mankind, smooth rounded pieces of pure graphite. Immediately recognizing the importance of the discovery, he at once abandoned the search for gold and began to follow the various streams in which the graphite was found to their fountain-heads in order to find the original deposit. In 1847 the deposit was found in a mountain about 170 miles west of Irkutsk, near the Chinese frontier. Men and material had to be transported through the mountain wilderness. For seven years he labored taking out granite rock and an impure lead exactly resembling the refuse of the Cumberland mines. At the end of that time he discovered an unbroken layer of "superb graphite," from which immense pieces could be taken. He had now reached the material, the next thing was to bring it to the world. In 1856 he received the first rewards for his labor in the shape of a decoration from the Emperor of Russia. Favor was shown him everywhere, but it was two or three years more before the graphite from his mine made its appearance in the market in the shape of pencils, it not being until 1865 that it was introduced into this country.

We are, it will be seen, indebted to Frenchmen for the two great discoveries which have given us the modern admirable and indispensable lead-pencil. Still later improvements in the manufacture and purification of the best grades of lead have given the world a complete independence of any particular mine or region, and it is now asserted, and it appears pretty well substantiated by facts, that pencils equal to the best in the world may be made from ordinary or inferior kinds of plumbago, if the improved methods of purification and treatment are used.

The wood universally employed for pencils is red cedar, (*Juniperus Virginiana*), from Florida. With its characteristics every one is acquainted, through the medium of the pencil. It is the only wood that can with profit to manufacturer or comfort to the consumer be used for pencils. It is the practice in the best manufactories in this country to cut the logs of cedar into planks the thickness of which shall be just equal to four pencils. This plank is then cut into strips of a thickness about half that of a pencil. In this condition the wood is seasoned, and when thoroughly dry is ready for making into pencils. The next step is cutting into strips the length of a pencil, and, of course, four times as wide. These go to rotary cutters that groove them on one side for the leads, and on the other side make another groove for a division between the pencils. Then the lead is dipped in glue and laid in the grooves and a plain slip of cedar fastened

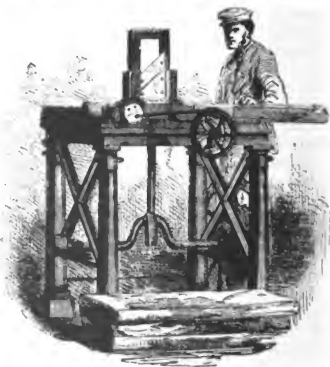


Fig 4. Machine for Cutting



Fig. 5. Lettering the Pencils

down upon it. The whole is then fed to a set of circular saws, which cut the pencils apart, and which, without stopping, are pushed forward to a shaping machine, where revolving cutters give them the final shape round or octagonal. Polishing is the next operation; it is accomplished by passing the pencils on an endless belt beneath vibrating surfaces covered with emery. After coloring, which is done by machinery, comes the lettering. Here the pencils are operated upon one at a time. The length of time required for all these processes, leaving out the time occupied in seasoning the wood, from the log to the finished pencil ready for the market, is about four days. This, of course, is in a large establishment where machinery is employed to the greatest possible extent. The complicated machines employed in the manufacture such as we have just described, render it almost impossible to show by means of cuts the course of a pencil from its earliest stage until it is complete. We therefore present our readers with a series of cuts showing the process of making a pencil by hand-labor. These will be of still greater interest when we say that, with unimportant exceptions, the processes represented are the same as those used in the manufacture of the famous Cumberland lead. The first process is to cut the strips of cedar or thin planks of the length of three or four pencils and width of a dozen into the proper width. This is done by a

simple machine shown in Fig. 1., and a small circular saw at the same time cuts the groove for the lead, also the cover for the pencil. The next process is to fill the groove of the pencil with the lead, which is fastened in its place by glue. The cover is then glued down, and our pencil is ready for the rounding machine shown in Fig. 2. Here a man takes one of the long sticks in each hand and places them between the small wheels shown in the cut by which they are carried to revolving cutters, which perfectly rounds the pencil as it passes through them. They are next smoothed with a plane, and then taken by boys who, holding five or six of the sticks in their hands at a time, pull them up and down between a leather-covered revolving roller, and a board also covered with leather. See Fig. 3. The pencils are now cut into the proper lengths by a circular saw. Another workman then takes them, places them in a block of iron which has proper holes to receive them. The ends projecting a trifle, a razor blade is then brought down upon them cutting the ends off perfectly smooth. This is shown in Fig. 4.

Very often pencils have a plain stamp upon them, as well as a gilt one. This plain stamping is done by a wheel which has the required letters upon it, a grooved wheel beneath keeping the pencil in place. Fig. 5 is a representation of the machine showing the pencil as it enters. The gilt inscription on the opposite side of the pencil is affixed by a small hand press, Fig. 6. The die in this case has the lettering arranged in a straight line, and not around a wheel. The die-holder is made hollow, so that it may be kept hot by a red hot iron inserted in it. The gold or silver leaf is put upon the pencil in a narrow strip. The pencil is then carefully placed under



Fig. 6. Gilding the Pencils

the die which is brought down by the screw, and the type imbeds the gold or silver in the pencil.

Nothing now remains to be done but to sort the pencils, tie them up, and pack them in the form in which they reach the market.

Of the number of pencils used in a year, and of the ratio in which the different kinds are consumed, there are many interesting facts. The black round pencil seems to be the favorite, and the No. 2 is the special style. The average number of pencils consumed in the United States in a year is estimated by good authority to be about 20,260,000. The lowest retail price would be about five cents, which would bring the commercial value at \$1,013,000. The duty upon pencils of from 30 to 50 cents per gross prevents the importation of any except the finest grades. All the cheap pencils are of American make. In regard to the waste of pencils, a word should be said, namely, that only three quarters of each pencil is really used, and the remainder, or one fourth, thrown away. In effect the people of the country waste no less than \$250,000 worth of pencils by throwing them away before they are used.



### *From the Kitchen* by Jan Longone



*There were always oysters—in Antiquity.* Prehistoric kitchen middens the world over attest to their ubiquity and popularity. Schliemann found large numbers of oyster shells at all five prehistoric settlements at Troy. Aristotle refers to oysters and Plato speaks of the soul being tethered to the body "like an oyster to its shell." Pliny, Cicero, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and all the Roman writers who mention food, write about oysters. Pliny informs us of the first attempts at commercial oyster farming. The Romans understood the physiology of oysters, and thus were not only able to cultivate them, but to transport them great distances.

Roman writers tell us that oysters had the

place of honor at feasts, that they were the appropriate prelude to dinner, and that the luscious bivalve was eaten in great quantities, such as the legendary 1,000 at a sitting consumed by Emperor Vitellius. There are many references to the use of oysters in cooked dishes, such as a stuffing for meat and fowl, as well as to the more usual practice of eating them raw on the half shell. The earliest extant Roman cookbook has a method for preserving oysters and several other oyster recipes. One piquant sauce for oysters contains, among other ingredients, cumin, pepper, lovage, parsley, mint, bay leaves, honey and vinegar.

As early as the Roman era, the combination of overconsumption, natural disasters, and pollution caused the disappearance of various oyster beds and resulted in legislative investigations and controls. It is during this era also that we find emphasis being placed on qualitative differences among oysters depending on their geographic origin. Time and again in the Roman literature we read that the only good thing about Britain was that it had good oysters. Witness the ruminations of Sallust in 50 B.C.: "Poor Britons—there is some good in them after all—they produce an oyster." George Bernard Shaw repeated this theme in *Caesar and Cleopatra*. He has Caesar proclaim that he had gone to Britain in search of its famous pearls, which turned out to be a fable, but in searching for them, he found the British oyster. Apollodorus enthusiastically responds, "All posterity will bless you for it."

*There were always oysters—in the Old World.* Historical writing, travel literature, and manuscript and printed cookbooks all proclaim the popularity of the oyster. The themes found in the earlier Roman literature (praise, gustatory qualities depending on origin, popularity at banquets, use of raw and cooked, methods of transplanting and transporting, overconsumption, depletion of beds, and attempts at legislative control) are repeated in the European literature. One sixteenth-century visitor to England tells of oysters "being cried in every street." Shakespeare has numerous references to the oyster, including the now classic, "... the world's mine oyster," from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

In one of the most influential seventeenth-century cookbooks, *The Accomplish'd Cook* (London, 1660), chef Robert May offers thirty-two methods for preparing oysters. He broils them

and roasts them, fries them and pickles them, makes them into pottages and pies, stuffs them into meat roasts, and has half a dozen ways of stewing them. In many well-to-do English homes, oyster tables were a standard part of the kitchen equipment.

In his *Almanach des Gourmands* (Paris, 1803), Grimod de la Reyniere, the arbiter of fine dining of his day, indicates that "oysters are the usual opening to a winter breakfast. . . . Indeed, they are almost indispensable." The French gastronome Brillat-Savarin tells us that any banquet of importance begins with oysters and that some guests could, and did, easily down a *dozen* before beginning dinner.

At times, in England and on the Continent, oysters were so plentiful that they were equated with poverty. Dickens has Sam Weller in *The Pickwick Papers* offer the opinion that, "the poorer a place is, the greater call there seems to be for oysters . . . here's an oyster stall to every half-dozen houses. The streets lined with 'em." But at other times, when they were threatened with extinction, oysters became a luxury item. This pattern, already known in Roman times and endemic to the nineteenth-century English and French oyster industries, was to be repeated in America.

The English cookbooks used in the American colonies abound with oyster recipes. The most influential of these, Hannah Glasse's *The Art of Cookery* (London, 1747), offers a dozen such recipes for sauces, soups, collups, pickles, and oyster loaves. Oysters were also used in stuffings and dressings for fish, flesh and fowl, including turkey. Mrs. Glasse also offers a marvelous ragout recipe combining oysters with chestnuts, pistachio nuts, mace, wine, cream and lemon. What is abundantly clear is that the colonists who came to the New World were always oyster eaters.

*There were always oysters—In the New World.* When the earliest explorers visited the shores of North America, they found ample evidence that the Indians of all regions were well acquainted with the edible qualities of oysters and other shellfish. Eight million cubic feet of oyster shell heaps at Damariscotta, Maine, bear mute but poignant testimony to this. The Passamaquoddy Indians held seasonal feasts at this location, consuming enormous numbers of oysters during the festivities as well as shucking others to take inland for future consumption and as an item of trade.

Oysters were one of the best loved foods in America from the very earliest European settlements until the nineteenth century when they became an obsession. Visitor after visitor, writer after writer, comments upon the American love for oysters. We are told that the Americans "eat oysters at all hours;" that the difference between rich and poor Americans is that the former ate their oysters with champagne, the latter, with beer; that oysters, along with tobacco and spirits, were the only three necessities for any American.

In the October 1895 issue of *Table Talk*, a magazine billing itself as "The American Authority upon Culinary and Household Topics," we are informed that, "There is no country on the face of the earth where oysters are so abundant, so cheap, so easily procured, and so generally eaten as in the United States." Artemas Ward in *The Grocer's Encyclopedia* (New York, 1911), sums up the American fascination with oysters thus, "One of the most democratic of luxuries is the oyster—you find it in high favor in the most expensive establishments, yet it is equally abundant in 'popular price' restaurants, in lunch rooms and in the cheapest eating stalls. In stores it is sold both in and out of the shell, fresh and canned, and it is eaten in every conceivable way!"

The consumption of oysters in nineteenth-century America was simply awe-inspiring. In his fascinating and indispensable work, *The Oyster-Industry* (Washington, D.C., 1881), Ernest Ingersoll has mind-boggling statistic after statistic on its commercial importance, especially to the Chesapeake Bay area and to the economies of the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia. For example, "*Total Quantity of Oysters Handled Annually in Philadelphia (1879/80):* 2,680,000 bushels, or more than 800,000,000 oysters, worth not less than \$2,500,000 wholesale.

*Number of Those in Retail Trade, selling Oysters to the Public in City of Philadelphia (1879/80):*

150 hotels, 2 persons each	300 persons
376 oyster houses, 5 persons each	1800 persons
441 restaurants, 1 person each	441 persons
1,452 lager beer saloons, one-half person each	721 persons
158 peddlers and curbstome stands	158 persons
	<u>3,500 persons</u>

*Number of Bushels of Oysters Caught in Maryland During 1879/80 and Disposition:*

Packed in the state, of		
Maryland oysters	6,653,492	bushels
Shipped out of state	2,021,840	bushels
Local consumption in		
Baltimore	818,600	bushels
Local consumption in		
other cities of the state	200,000	bushels
Local consumption in the		
counties	875,000	bushels
Imported "fancy" oysters	30,000	bushels
Total	10,599,612	bushels

*Number of Men Employed in Oyster Industry in Maryland, 1879/80:* Dredgers, packers, etc. 24,662 with wages of \$3,820,521."

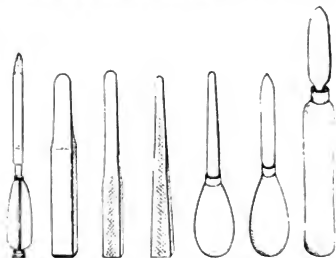
Although we know that raw oysters were being shipped inland from Baltimore very early in the nineteenth century, the first recorded oyster packing house in that city was opened by C. S. Maltby in the 1830s. He established a line of wagons to take oysters from Baltimore to Pittsburgh long before the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was completed. Early efforts at canning and processing oysters began shortly thereafter. By 1850, Baltimore had six packing houses, producing 400,000 to 500,000 cans a year. By 1865, 1,875,000 bushels of oysters were packed raw in Baltimore and another 1,300,000 bushels were preserved. In 1869, fifty-five packers in Maryland, each processing 500 to 2,000 cans per day, put up twelve to fifteen million cans in a seven-month season. They employed 7,500 men while the sixty raw houses employed an additional 3,000 hands.

With the coming of the transcontinental railroads and improved methods for canning and preserving, oysters were shipped to every corner of America. There were oyster bars and oyster taverns, oyster stalls and oyster cellars. Every "free lunch" counter in America offered oysters. Many a great restaurant built its reputation on the quality of its oysters. Two which survive today are the Union Oyster House in Boston and the Grand Central Oyster Bar in New York City.

The newly rich patrons of the saloons and restaurants in the boomtowns of the mining frontiers of Colorado, Nevada and California, all demanded oysters and champagne. In 1874 the Capitol Chop House in Reno advertised,

"Fresh and transplanted oysters always on hand and served at all hours and in any style desired." Virginia City mining lore has it that oysters and champagne were used as bribes to keep miners virtual prisoners underground, so that the new discovery could be kept secret.

America had oyster festivals and oyster roasts. New Englanders and Midwesterners wax nostalgically about the "Old Fashioned Milk-Pan Baked Scalloped Oyster Suppers" which were used as church fundraisers. In the *Savannah Cook Book* (New York, 1933), Harriet Colquitt Ross tells us that the oyster roast was "one of the most fashionable of our winter sports, and every stranger must needs be entertained in this alfresco manner during the season." She describes one such roast in mouth-watering detail, expressing astonishment at the number of oysters consumed—and those but a prelude to heaping dishes of Hopping John, accompanied by salad and hot biscuits.



There were a large number of specific utensils devised for the oyster trade—from rakes and dredges used to harvest them to the diverse regional designs of knives used to open them, to the cutlery and dishes used to serve them. Everywhere there were oyster feasts and famous oyster trenchermen. During the last century, virtually every great banquet in America began with oysters. Menus from restaurants, large and small, the country over, featured oysters. The menu from the Midway Plaisance Cafe and Vaudeville Theater in San Francisco for the week of July 3, 1899, illustrating this article, is typical of the period.

There were always oysters—but they were not always the same oysters. As overconsumption and environmental hazards depleted natural oyster beds, new beds were seeded from other

locations. Ingersoll in *The Oyster-Industry*, informs us that the natural oyster beds of the Bay of Maine and of much of Cape Cod were extinct long before the mid-nineteenth century. These areas were then seeded from the Long Island beds. When the native Long Island oysters died out, that area was seeded from the Chesapeake. And when the natural beds off San Francisco died out shortly after the Gold Rush, the waters were seeded with oysters from Washington and Oregon and from New York and the Chesapeake. Ingersoll describes the latter: "Upon the completion of the transcontinental railways an important epoch began in the history of the California oyster-business, by the introduction of living oysters from the Atlantic coast. . . .

"These first shipments were only experimental, at any rate, for it was needed to know whether the Atlantic "seed" would grow inside the Golden Gate, whether it retains its natural flavor or acquires a bad one, and whether it could be sold at a profit at the close of the process. It was not until 1875, therefore, that any San Franciscan dealers felt justified in ordering large quantities, but in that year large shipments began, which have been continued with regularity and slowly increasing amounts ever since, until now something like \$560,000 worth . . . are annually transported across the breadth of the American continent—an almost unexampled movement of living food. . . .

"The oysters sent are of two classes: first, those of marketable size and designed for immediate use; and second, those intended to be planted.

"For the first purpose stock is selected from York bay, Blue Point, Staten Island sound, Rockaway, Norwalk, and occasionally from Virginia, and from Egg Harbor and Maurice cove, New Jersey; but the whole amount of this class constitutes less than one-fifth of the total shipment. These oysters are either placed on sale at once in the California markets, or are 'bedded down' for a few days, to await a favorable sale.

"The class of oysters sent as 'seed' is entirely different, and is derived chiefly from Newark bay and the North river, stock from there standing the journey better than the East river oysters, which otherwise seem preferable. Beside these is sent seed from Raritan river, New Jersey, and Prince's bay, Staten Island. This seed is so small that a barrel holds from 3,000 to 5,000; this number, of course, includes even the

'blisters,' or oysters so young that you cannot easily detect the double character of the shell, which looks like your finger-nail. Although the average time of passage is only eighteen days by the fast-freight lines, it is expected that about one-fourth of each barrelfull will prove dead or too weak to survive transplanting at the end of the journey. The 'blisters' will be found to have died far more frequently than the larger oysters, none of which, however, are older than a few months and larger than a silver quarter. The cars in which they are carried are double-walled, so as to preserve an equality of temperature, so far as possible, and 22,000 pounds is the limit of the cargo allowed by the company. The freight charges at present are about \$10 a barrel. This makes it unprofitable to import any seed except that which is very small, and which by growth can add very greatly to their size and consequent value."

*There were always oysters—and those who wrote about them.* The bibliography of the oyster is probably as long as that for any single item of food. Hector Bolitho, *The Glorious Oyster* (New York, 1961), claims that no animal has inspired poets, gourmets and gourmands so much as the oyster. He says that it has been "sought and praised in almost every place where civilization has spread." Edward Bunyard, in *The Epicure's Companion* (London, 1937), says that "To write of oysters and all about them would be a lengthy task." He then goes on to explain that just such an attempt was made by John R. Philpots, in *Oysters and All About Them* (London, 1890), and his efforts ran to 1,370 pages. And this is just the beginning! Edwin Joyce's *A Partial Bibliography of Oysters, with Annotations* (State of Florida: Dept. of Natural Resources, 1972), is 846 pages, with 4,116 entries.

Much of the literature deals with technical aspects of oyster culture and the oyster industry. But to a surprising degree, the oyster has been sung in poetry and prose, by philosophers, journalists and others. Among the most rewarding books which any lover of the luscious bivalve must consult are *The Oyster: Where, How and When to Find, Breed, Cook and Eat It* (London, 1861), possibly authored and illustrated by George Cruikshank; Mary Francis Kennedy Fisher's book *Consider the Oyster* (New York, 1941); and Eleanor Clark's *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* (New York, 1964).

*There were always oysters—and those to praise*

them. The following is a sampler chosen from the thousands of words of praise written about the oyster.

Dr. William Kitchiner in *The Cook's Oracle* (Boston, 1822), suggests, "Those who wish to enjoy the delicious restorative in its utmost perfection *must eat it at the moment it is opened*, with its own gravy on the undershell: *if not eaten absolutely alive*, its flavor and spirit are lost."

In a chapter comparing American and English cookery in *The Pleasures of the Table* (New York, 1903), George Ellwanger says that American oysters are "unequalled in delicacy and cheapness. . . . When one thinks of the oysters with their rank, tinny, fishy flavour and their high admission fee, that do duty in England and on the Continent alike, one may treble appreciate the delicate Blue Point, the Narragansett, Glen Cove, Millpond, Lynn Haven, Cherrystone, Rockaway, Shrewsbury, and many other tributes of the 'deep sea' wherein the very essence of the ocean seems concentrated."

According to Saki (H.H. Munro) in his *Chronicles of Clovis* (New York, 1911), "Oysters are more beautiful than any religion. . . . There's nothing in Christianity or Buddhism that quite matches the sympathetic unselfishness of an oyster."

On being served a bowl of oyster stew and after noting its "fine, straightforward smell of stew," M.F.K. Fisher in *Consider the Oyster* (New York, 1941), remarked that it "was as good as he had said . . . mildly potent, quietly

sustaining, warm as love and welcomer in winter."

As he sat at the seaside with a "plate of succulent fat oysters" on his knee, Hector Bolitho, in *The Glorious Oyster* (New York, 1961), ruminated that "the oyster is the loveliest of foods, raw or cooked."

After explaining that one can't really define the taste of an oyster, that music or the color of the sea are easier to describe, Eleanor Clark, in *The Oysters of Locmariaquer* (New York, 1964), does say, of a fine oyster, that the taste "has the relationship of love to tedium, delight to death of the soul. . . . You are eating the sea. . . ."

And for the last word on the subject, we quote Julia Child who, when asked, in the January 1983 issue of *Food and Wine*, what she would have for her last dinner on earth, responded, "We would start with French Chablis and Cotuit oysters. . . ."

There were always oysters—and recipes for them. There are several dozen cookbooks solely on oysters. Among the most intriguing are Mrs. De Salis's, *Oysters a la Mode* (London, 1888); Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer's, *Fifteen New Ways for Oysters* (Philadelphia, 1894), and *New Ways for Oysters* (Philadelphia, 1903); May Southworth's, *One Hundred and One Ways of Serving Oysters* (San Francisco, 1907); Helen Mar Thomson's, *Oysters in a Hundred Ways* (Chicago, 1911); Henry Moore's, *Oysters: the Food that Has Not "Gone Up"* (Washington, D.C., 1915); Louis De Gouy's, *The Oyster Book* (New York, 1951); and John Reardon and Ruth Ebling's, *Oysters: A Culinary Celebration* (Massachusetts, 1984).

In addition to these books, hundreds of others on fish and shellfish contain lengthy sections of oyster recipes; and seemingly every general cookbook published in the United States contains them as well. A sampler follows. Note that whatever the historical era, whatever the region of the country, and whether the book was assembled by housewives or by leading professional chefs—there were always oysters.

The first southern cookbook, Mary Randolph's, *The Virginia Housewife* (Washington, D.C., 1824), one of the earliest western cookbooks, Mrs. Lettice Bryan's, *The Kentucky Housewife* (Cincinnati, 1839), the most popular cookbook of the nineteenth century, Eliza Leslie's, *Directions for Cookery* (Phila., 1837), and a very early Quaker cookbook, Elizabeth Lea's, *Domestic Cookery* (Baltimore, 1853), all contain

## BILL OF FARE

### EASTERN OYSTERS.

#### LARGE

Half Shell.....	50
Fried.....	50
Baked in Deep Shell.....	50
Fan Roast.....	50
Fancy Roast.....	50
Pepper Roast.....	50
Stewed.....	50
Dry Stew.....	50
Steamed.....	50
Box Stew.....	50

Six Eastern Oysters.....

#### SMALL

Half Shell.....	35
Fried.....	35
Baked in Deep Shell.....	35
Fan Roast.....	35
Fancy Roast.....	35
Pepper Roast.....	35
Stewed.....	35
Dry Stew.....	35
Steamed.....	35
Box Stew.....	35

Six Small Oysters.....

### CALIFORNIA OYSTERS.

Raw on Plank.....	35
Half Shell.....	25
Fried.....	25
Fan Roast.....	25
Oyster Loaf (large).....	50
Oyster Loaf (small).....	25
Oyster Cocktail.....	25

Fancy Roast.....	35
Pepper Roast.....	35
Stewed.....	35
Dry Stew.....	35

about a dozen recipes for oysters. In addition to the soups, stews, pickles, fritters, pies and cat-sups, Mrs. Randolph offers an oyster ice cream and Miss Leslie suggests a Minced Oyster recipe which calls for making a batter of oysters, pickled cucumbers, parsley, bread crumbs and egg yolks which is then fried in a pound of lard.

A famed Baltimore hostess, Mrs. B. C. Howard, compiled the earliest charity cookbook published in Maryland, *Fifty Years in a Maryland Kitchen* (Baltimore, 1873). It has about twenty-five oyster recipes, including five different stews, two additional soups, a gumbo file and a Yellow Oyster Pie, enriched with a scalded egg yolk.

Halfway across the continent in the first charity cookbook published in Kansas, the Ladies of Leavenworth's, *The Kansas Home Cook-Book* (1874), there is a complete chapter on oysters containing all the usual recipes plus one for Macaroni with Oysters. In a section on Bills of Fare for daily and holiday use, the ladies frequently recommend oysters. For Christmas dinner, for example, they indicate that, "In cities and towns where raw oysters can be had, they are often used as a first course. They should be opened and the shell washed an hour or so before dinner, and be put in a cold place." One hundred years ago, even in Kansas, it was not uncommon for a family to own oyster serving utensils, but just in case they didn't, the ladies offer an alternative. "When wanted for the table, if one has not the proper oyster-plates, arrange six of these shells, with an oyster in each, on a dessert-plate, with the narrow part of the shell inward, all meeting in the centre, where two or three slices of lemon are laid."

The first cookbook published in Texas, by the Ladies Association of the First Presbyterian Church, *The Texas Cook Book* (Houston, 1883), contains a chapter on oysters. They are fried, scalloped and broiled; they are used in Oyster Loaves, Oyster Omelets and several kinds of Gumbo; and they dress the turkey and accompany veal cutlets.

In 1895, Charles Ranhofer, chef at Delmonico's in New York, perhaps the most famous American restaurant of its or any day, published his magnum opus, *The Epicurean*. He includes forty recipes for oysters from the simplest preparations to the most ornate, such as one for Oyster Soup with Oyster Raviolis, which contains more than fifty ingredients.

Ranhofer suggests Bills of Fare for every month of the year. In the "r" months, some oyster dish is included about a third of the time. Even more telling is the number of times oysters were served at banquets held at Delmonico's between 1862 and 1894. Eighty-eight specific menus are presented; sixty-four contain oysters. Of the twenty-four banquets at which oysters were not served, half took place in summer months.

One of the most authentic Creole cookbooks, *The Picayune's Creole Cook Book* (New Orleans, 1901), has a great deal to say about oysters. In addition to the recipes mentioned above, we also find oysters being cooked with bacon, en brochette, in croquettes, and steamed, coddled, and pan-fried. Included is a recipe for and the story behind New Orleans' famed oyster loaf (see recipes).

On the Pacific shores, Charles Lummis', *Landmarks Club Cook Book* (Los Angeles, 1903), among the most treasured early California works, has about a dozen oyster recipes, including a Spanish American dish called Ostras de la Buena Mujer. Here we find the small California oysters ("at least twenty to a person") being used in Cocktails and a mouthwatering dish for Fricassee Oysters with Mushrooms.

Meanwhile, down east on the North Atlantic, in the General Knox Chapter's, *D.A.R. Cook Book* (Thomaston, Maine, 1909), there are about fifteen different methods for preparing oysters, including Curried, Celeried and served over Shredded Wheat Patties.

Finally we recross America to San Francisco to examine Victor Hirtzler's, *The Hotel St. Francis Cook Book* (Chicago, 1919). Hirtzler, chef at the St. Francis during its heyday, offers thirty recipes using oysters, including Angels on Horseback and that famed western staple, Hangtown Fry (scrambled eggs and oysters). In suggested menus for every day of the year, oysters are included about a third of the time. Specific oysters are named: California, Blue Points, Toke Points, Seapuit, Lynn Haven and Cherrystone.

Yes, there were always oysters—and oyster recipes. To gild the lily, we end with the following poem, published anonymously in *The Detroit Free Press* of October 12, 1889:

Let us royster with the oyster—in the shorter  
days and moister,  
That are brought by brown September, with its  
roguish final R;

For breakfast or for supper, on the under shell  
or upper,  
Of dishes he's the daisy, and of shell-fish he's  
the star.

We try him as they fry him, and even as they  
pie him;

We're partial to him luscious in a roast;

We boil and broil him, we vinegar-and-oil him,  
And O he is delicious stewed with toast.

We eat him with tomatoes, and the salad with  
potatoes,

Nor look him o'er with horror when he follows  
the coldslaw;

And neither does he fret us if he marches after  
lettuce

And abreast of cayenne pepper when his maj-  
esty is raw.

So welcome with September to the knife and  
glowing ember,

Juicy darling of our dainties, dispossessor of the  
clam!

To the oyster, then, a hoister, with him a royal  
royster

We shall whoop it through the land of heathen  
jam!

#### *Oyster Soup*

Put on two quarts of oysters, with three  
quarts of water, three onions chopped up, two  
or three slices of lean ham, pepper and salt; boil  
it till reduced one half, strain it through a sieve,  
return the liquid into the pot, put in one quart  
of fresh oysters, boil it till they are sufficiently  
done, and thicken the soup with four spoonfuls  
of flour, two gills of rich cream, and the yolks of  
six new laid eggs beaten well; boil it a few min-  
utes after the thickening is put in. Take care  
that it does not curdle, and that the flour is not  
in lumps: serve it up with the last oysters that  
were put in. If the flavour of thyme be agreea-  
ble you may put in a little, but take care that it  
does not boil in it long enough to discolour the  
soup.

#### *Oyster Cream*

Make a rich soup, (see directions for oyster  
soup,) strain it from the oysters, and freeze it.

Mary Randolph, *The Virginia Housewife* (Wash-  
ington, D.C., 1824).



#### *Stewed Oysters*

Take the oysters from the shells, trim off the  
hard part, and put them in a stew-pan, season-

ing them with a little salt, pepper and mace.  
Strain over them enough of their own liquor to  
cover them, add a small lump of butter, and  
stew them gently till they are done, which will  
only take a few minutes, (as much cooking will  
make them insipid and corrugated,) then stir in  
a small handful of grated bread and a gill of rich  
sweet cream. Simmer them a minute; serve  
them warm with the gravy, and lay round them,  
on the edge of the dish, some small buttered  
toasts.

#### *A Fine Oyster Soup*

Boil a pint of water, till sufficiently flavored,  
with a dozen blades of mace, a grated nutmeg,  
a teaspoonful of whole black pepper, and one of  
celery seeds. Strain it from the spices, and  
return it again to the pan. Add a quart of entire  
sweet milk, and four ounces of fresh butter,  
divided and rolled well into four spoonfuls of  
flour; and having removed the hard part from  
two quarts of fresh oysters, mince them fine,  
and when the liquid begins to boil, stir them  
into it, and boil them for five minutes, or till  
sufficiently done; then stir in gradually a half  
a pint of sweet cream, with the yolks of two  
beaten eggs, and pour it boiling into a tureen,  
on some bits of toasted bread or sliced crackers.  
Be sure you do not boil them too long, as it will  
render them tough and insipid.

Mrs. Lettice Bryan, *The Kentucky Housewife*  
(Cincinnati, 1839).



#### *Minc'd Oysters*

Take fifty fine large oysters, and mince them  
raw. Chop also four or five small pickled  
cucumbers, and a bunch of parsley. Grate about  
two tea-cupfuls of stale bread-crumbs, and beat  
up the yolks of four eggs. Mix the whole  
together in a thick batter, seasoning it with cay-  
enne and powdered mace; and with a little salt  
if the oysters are fresh. Have ready a pound of  
lard, and melt in the frying-pan enough of it to  
fry the oysters well. If the lard is in too small a  
quantity they will be flat and tough. When the  
lard is boiling hot in the pan, put in about a  
tablespoonful at a time of the oyster-mixture,  
and fry it in the form of small fritters; turning  
them so as to brown on both sides. Serve them  
up hot, and eat them with small bread rolls.

Eliza Leslie, *Directions for Cookery*, 31st ed.,  
(Philadelphia, 1848).

*A Baltimore Oyster Pie*

Make a crust after the directions given for puff paste; grease the bottom of a deep dish, cover it with paste; then season two quarts of raw oysters, (without the liquor,) with spices to your taste, (some preferring nutmeg, mace, cayenne pepper, —others, black pepper alone,) add butter and a heaped tea-cup of grated bread; put all together in the dish; then cover it with your paste, cut in strips, and crossed, or ornamented as your fancy dictates; a pound of butter to two quarts of oysters makes a rich pie; if the oysters are fine, less butter will answer.

A pie of this size will bake in three-quarters of an hour, if the oven is in good order; if the heat is not quick allow it an hour.

If in baking, the crust is likely to become too brown, put a piece of paper doubled over it, and the light color will be retained; when taken from the oven, if it should look dry, pour some of the liquor that was drained from the oysters in the dish, having previously strained and boiled it.

As paste always looks more beautiful when just from the oven, arrange your dinner so that the pie may be placed on the table immediately it is done.

Elizabeth Lea, *Domestic Cookery*, 5th ed., (Baltimore, 1863).

*Roast Oysters*

There is no pleasanter frolic for an Autumn evening, in the regions where oysters are plentiful, than an impromptu "roast" in the kitchen. There the oysters are hastily thrown into the fire by the peck. You may consider that your fastidious taste is marvellously respected if they are washed first. A bushel basket is set to receive the empty shells, and the click of the oyster-knives forms a constant accompaniment to the music of laughing voices. Nor are roast oysters amiss upon your own quiet supper-table, when the "good man" comes in on a wet night, tired and hungry, and wants "something heartening." Wash and wipe the shell-oysters, and lay them in the oven, if it is quick; upon the top of the stove, if it is not. When they open, they are done. Pile in a large dish and send to table. Remove the upper shell by a dexterous wrench of the knife, season the oyster on the lower, with pepper-sauce and butter, or pepper, salt, and vinegar in lieu of the sauce, and you

have the very aroma of this pearl of bivalves, pure and undefiled.

Marion Harland, *Common Sense in the Household* (New York, 1871).

*To Stew Oysters*

Mrs. M. Hunt

Have a faultlessly clean and bright stew pan, into which put the oysters and liquor as well. To two quarts allow a quarter of a pound of butter, a light teaspoon of salt, and enough black pepper to season, but not burn the mouth. Stew gently, stirring occasionally, over a clear bright fire, for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the oysters are nearly done, add one gill of rich sweet cream, not more than twelve hours old. When they are quite done, serve up with little delay upon a chafing dish, heated by a spirit lamp. If such a dish be not handy, use a china tureen, covered tightly. Water or soda biscuit, or bread lightly toasted to freshen it, are the proper accompaniments.

Ladies of Leavenworth, *The Kansas Home Cook-Book* (Kansas, 1874).

*Beef and Oyster Sausages*

Scald three-quarters of a pint of oysters in their own liquor. Take them out, and chop them fine. Mince one pound of beef and mutton, and three-quarters of a pound of beef-suet; add the oysters, and season with salt, pepper, mace, and two cloves, pounded. Beat up the yolks of two eggs, and mix the whole well together, and pack it closely in a jar. When to be used, roll it into the form of small sausages; dip these into the yolk of an egg, beaten up; strew grated bread crumbs over them, or dust them with flour, and fry them. Serve them on hot fried bread.

Ladies Association of First Presbyterian Church, *The Texas Cook Book* (Houston, 1883).

*Oyster Sauce for Fowls*

Plump the oysters for a moment or two over the fire; take them out and stir into the liquor, flour and butter mixed together; salt and pepper to taste. When it has boiled, put in the oysters and add a glass of wine.

### Oyster Sausages

Miss McCaerney

Chop a pint of oysters with a quarter of a pound of veal; some bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and pepper; pound them in a mortar; make them into little cakes, dipped into an egg; flour and fry them dry. Serve hot.

Ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Paris, Kentucky, *Housekeeping in the Blue Grass* (Cincinnati, 1888).



### Oyster Cream

Take a quart of milk, let it come to a boil, then drop in one pint of solid meat oysters, salt and pepper, stir gently until hot, but don't boil. Skim out the oysters into a hot earthen dish. Have ready one teacupful of oyster crackers, rolled, sifted and mixed with the yolks of three well-beaten eggs and just cold milk enough to stir smooth; stir this into the milk with half cupful of butter, let it simmer and last of all stir in the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Place three or four oysters in each cup and fill a little more than half full of the cream. Serve as first course at a lunch, with a slice of bread.

Ladies Aid Society, Episcopal Church, *The Good Cheer Cook Book* (Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, 1889).



### Oysters Served On Ice

Use a perfectly clear block of ice weighing ten to fifteen pounds. Put the ice in a pan, heat a flatiron or a brick and melt a space in the centre of the ice-block, leaving a wall one and a half to two inches thick. Tip the block on one side and carefully empty all the water out and fill the cavity with freshly opened oysters garnished with slices of lemon. Lay one of two folded napkins on a large platter to prevent the block from slipping, cover the dish with parsley or smilax with pinks or nasturtiums mixed so that only the ice is visible. This is not expensive and does away with the unsightly shells in which raw oysters are usually served.

Julia MacNair Wright, *Ladies' Home Cook Book* (Philadelphia, 1896).



### Fried Oysters, Philadelphia Style

Drain the finest oysters you can get, and dry

one by one on a soft cloth, taking them up in the fingers, by the beard of the oyster. Season on both sides with salt and cayenne. Beat up an egg in a saucer, add one tablespoonful of boiling water and half a teaspoonful of salt. Dip the oysters one by one in the egg, and then in fine, stale bread crumbs, and fry in boiling hot oil or lard, deep enough to cover the oysters. Fry a few at a time.

### Fried Oysters, New York Style

Drain the oysters, season with salt and pepper, and dip in stale bread crumbs. Put three or four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan, and when very hot, put in enough oysters to cover the bottom of the pan. Brown on one side, turn and brown on the other, and serve at once.

Ladies of the Church of the Messiah, *My Mother's Cook Book* (St. Louis, 1901).



### Oyster Loaf

La Mediatrice.

Delicate French Loaves of Bread.

2 Dozen Oysters to a Loaf.

1 Tablespoonful of Melted Butter.

This is called the "famous peacemaker" in New Orleans. Every husband, who is detained down town, laughingly carries home an oyster load, or Mediatrice, to make "peace" with his anxiously waiting wife. Right justly is the Oyster Loaf called the "Peacemaker," for, well made, it is enough to bring the smiles to the face of the most disheartened wife.

Take delicate French loaves of bread and cut off, lengthwise, the upper portion. Dig the crumbs out of the center of each piece, leaving the sides and bottom like a square box. Brush each corner of the box and the bottom with melted butter, and place in a quick oven to brown. Fill with broiled or creamed oysters. Cover with each other and serve.

*The Picayune's Creole Cook Book* (New Orleans, 1901).



### Oyster Loaf

Very good for supper or luncheon. Buy a stale loaf of Vienna bread, and after cutting off a slice from the top, scoop out the crumbs, or most of them. There should be a good half inch of bread left inside the crusty shell. Drain a quart of oysters, season with salt, a little Tabasco or red

pepper, and a tablespoonful of catsup. Fill the loaf with the oysters, and dot well with bits of butter. Replace the slice cut from the top. Bake in a rather quick oven for twenty-five minutes, basting frequently with the oyster liquor. Better moisten the loaf with the oyster liquor before placing in the oven. Serve with a cream sauce.

Silver Thimble Society, First Baptist Church,  
*How We Cook in Tennessee* (Jackson, Tenn., 1918).



### Another Slice of the Big Cheese

One addition and one clarification to the anthology of poetry about the Big Cheese presented to Thomas Jefferson by the citizens of Cheshire, Massachusetts, in 1802 (*The American Magazine*, Vol. 2, No. 2) have come to our attention since the article appeared.

"The Mammoth Cheese; or, The Wonderful Patriot," appears in Moses Guest's *Poems on Several Occasions* . . . (Cincinnati, 1823). According to the author many of his poems, perhaps this one among them, first appeared in New Jersey, New York, or Philadelphia newspapers.

"Ode to the Mammoth Cheese," (*American Magazine*, Vol. 2, No. 2, p. 19-21) which was published in broadside form and attributed to Thomas Kennedy, seems conclusively to have been his work. We discovered the poem in an anthology entitled *Poems by Thomas Kennedy* (Washington, D.C., 1816), published "For the Author."



### THE MAMMOTH CHEESE; OR, THE WONDERFUL PATRIOT.

Ye patriots now, of every state,  
What wonders have ye seen of late?  
Great Leland rises to our view,<sup>1</sup>  
A patriot son, and reverend too.  
His patriotism has been found  
To weigh more than twelve hundred pound;<sup>2</sup>  
'Tis made of milk, it's wond'rous strange!  
From cattle that do pastures range;  
All pigmy patriots of the fed's,  
May now hide their diminished heads;  
Laid in the balance, they'd appear  
As light indeed as empty air.

This patriotism, a full load  
For horses twain on level road,  
Has been conveyed to Washington,  
A present there for Jefferson.  
This Mammoth Cheese, a sight for all  
True patriots, both great and small,  
This priest attended day and night,  
Lest fed'ral rats should get a bite.  
No wandering pilgrim ere could be,  
When bound Mahomer's tomb to see,  
More anxious than this Cheshire son  
To see his prophet, Jefferson;  
When e'er he preached, this was his text,  
"Of all earth's cheese sure this is best,  
"I'll take it on to Washington,  
"An offering for fair freedom's son."  
This was the text he most admired,  
In preaching from it never tired;  
This was his subject night and day,  
Could broach no other all the way.  
Arrived—he made a great parade,  
And much in flatt-ring strains was said;  
Could now his idol safely greet,  
His happiness was now complete;  
He now could view his heart's desire,  
And hear the gaping crowd admire.  
Some said 'twas Jefferson's intent,  
T' erect it as a monument,  
In central part of fed'ral city—  
To eat such cheese would be a pity.  
Whilst others said it might be eat,  
But should preserve the rind complete,  
That armed band therein might enter,  
And lie concealed—this they might venture;  
Should war commence, and we be beat,  
And forced to sound a quick retreat,  
This cheese, like Trojan horse of fame,  
Might serve our city to regain.  
But others said it would be handy,  
In case of war 'twould be the dandy,  
Columbia's sons no doubt 'twould please  
To have a battery formed of cheese;  
It might be called, and without flattery,  
The patriotic Leland's battery.  
This worthy man heard all was said,  
And viewed the wonderful parade,  
Then raised his voice, and thus addressed  
The wond'ring crowd, which on him pressed:  
"This cheese, my friends, was made in  
Cheshire  
"Come clear the way, why all this pressure—  
"Intended for fair freedom's son,  
"My much beloved, my Jefferson:  
"This cheese was formed to be eat,

"And for my Solomon a treat."  
 'Twas then presented in due form—  
 He gave it as a "pepper-corn."<sup>1</sup>  
 His free-will-offering now was made,  
 And he in gracious smiles was paid.  
 What though he'd left his flock and home,  
 And full five hundred miles had come;  
 He now enjoyed rapturous scenes—  
 The end must sanctify the means.  
 What patriot son will ever dare,  
 With the great Leland to compare?  
 His fame shall sound from shore to shore,  
 When Mammoth Cheese shall be no more;  
 Millions unborn shall catch the flame,  
 That raised to honour Leland's name;  
 From east to west, from north to south,  
 Each patriot's offering shall come forth;  
 Brewers no doubt will take the hint,  
 As they will see it now in print,  
 Inspired by a reverend sir,  
 No doubt to me they'll make a stir,  
 And quickly send on, at a word,  
 A tun as large as Heidleberg;<sup>4</sup>  
 So that with store of cheese and beer,  
 Our President may have good cheer;  
 For surely it would be a pity,  
 Not to live well in fed'ral city.

1. A clergyman of the State of Massachusetts.
2. The weight of the cheese.
3. In presenting it to Mr. Jefferson, he said he gave it as a pepper-corn.
4. The Heidleberg tun contains 600 hogsheads.



### *The Ewing Papers—Part Three*

The third installment in the series of Ewing family letters covers a fairly brief period from the summer of 1827 to the fall of 1829. Of the eleven letters here excerpted, nine are written by Louisa Ewing, two by Mary, sisters of the recipient Maskell Ewing (1807-1849). Maskell had graduated from West Point in 1826, sixteenth in a class of forty-one which included Albert Sydney Johnston and other future Civil War Generals, Heintzelman, Pleasonton, Silas Casey, and Kirby Smith. He was assigned to the artillery and was stationed at Fort Monroe,

Virginia, in 1826-27. He then received an assignment as a topographical engineer and was sent to Governor's Island, New York, and Washington, D.C., in the period covered by this correspondence.

At home in Pennsylvania, the family consisted only of the two unmarried girls, Louisa and Mary, and their mother Jane Hunter Ewing. Maskell Ewing, the father, had died in 1825. Although they continued to reside at "Woodstock," Radnor Township, Delaware County, without the father's supervision and with difficulties getting and retaining dependable help, their farm was much reduced in its productivity. Brother James Hunter Ewing (b. 1798) died in 1827, and to some degree the girls were observing a period of mourning in the following year by not attending large parties. But relatives and friends, Uncle James Hunter, the Lees, the Blights, the Gaskells, obviously went out of their way to relieve the sadness of these family tragedies by inviting the girls for long house visits and including them in various social activities and outings. The girls were as always irrepressible and their letters to their brother bubble over with the same enthusiasm for life of earlier letters, making the correspondence delightful reading.

The letters included in this installment describe nothing of monumental historical importance, but there are many bits and pieces of social history to intrigue and satisfy the reader by documenting social customs and amusements of their place and era: day excursions along the Schuylkill and a trip to a summer resort at Schooly's Mountain, New Jersey, dinner parties, a concert and a theatrical panorama in Philadelphia, tours of china and glass manufacturies, and visits to the studios of some of Philadelphia's portrait painters of the 1820s. This was the era when politics emerged as popular sport, invading even the ballroom; when the waltz and Italian opera first captured a wide American audience; when rudimentary efforts to marry art, mechanical ingenuity, and showmanship with such exhibits as Maelzel's panorama were creating what would eventually be the market for the cinema. The Ewing girls were always doing "fancy work" of some sort—sewing and making decorative items, and their comments help to document and date fads and fashions of this sort which the mute surviving examples in museums and antique collections cannot provide.

1.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Tuesday June 26th 1827

My dear brother

I received your very affectionate letter of the fifth and would have answered it before but being at Mr. Lees I did not receive it so soon. Mr. and Mrs. Lee came over for me three times before I was able to go with them as I had a very bad swell'd face and tooth ach. Doctor Harris who came to our house advised me to have it lanced and wonderful to tell I let him do it—after that it got well directly. It is now two weeks since I came here and my time has been spent very pleasantly. It is a very pretty place situated one mile from the Schuylkill on the road to Germantown. There is a great quantity of fruit such as strawberries, cherries, and raspberries now ripe—the first is just gone but the others are in abundance.

I have been twice to the city since I came here. As it is only six miles they think nothing of going in and out again before dinner and do shopping besides. It is two miles from Mr. Blights here. I spent the day there yesterday and heard of a marriage which has made some talk in the city—a Mr. Ingram and Miss Mead, daughter of the Spanish consul I think [s]he is. The story is Miss M. is very high tempered, behaved very bad to her mother, and her father told her if she did not know how to treat her mother with proper respect she had better keep her room. This was morning. In the evening there was some gentlemen there and the family were playing cards. One of the sisters saw Miss Mead come down stairs with only a shawl on and told her she was tired of staying in her room and would take a walk in the garden. Her sister did not mind her but passed on to the kitchen where she was going. It appears instead of Miss M. walking in the garden she went out of the door after throwing a bundle of clothes over the garden fence to Mr. Ingram and joined him. They went to Dr. Abaccomaby and were married.<sup>1</sup> After that he wrote a note to her father saying by the time he recieved this he would be the husband of Miss Mead; the reason he had taken this step was he thought it useless to urge his suit. She wrote to her Sister and said by the time you recieve this I shall be Mrs. Ingram. The father was still playing cards when the notes were brought in and you may suppose it made no small uproar.

I will now give you some idea what kind of a man she run off with. He has been for some time past trying to be a setter of fashion. He has no other bussiness and no money, the extent of his wealth is one hundred acres of land without a house or any thing to build one with. His father is a rough farmer at Holmesburgh and a drunkard in the bargain and as he had no place to take his bride he wrote to his father to come for them which he did, and the reception he gave his new daughter was, "So you are the girl Alfred has chosen for a wife. Well, get up and let me see you," so after turning her round he said, "Well, I dont like your appearance but come along, we must make the best of you."

Her father sent her clothes all to her and returned a second letter which she wrote in a blank cover but said he would not see her now. What do you think of this?

Signoirna has been giving concerts in the city to the admiration of every one.<sup>2</sup> Last Saturday she performed in the Theatre and the house was a curiosity. To the third tier of boxes was ladies

## NEW THEATRE.



The Signorina's Second and last Concert will be given at the New Theatre, **THIS EVENING**, the 23d. inst.

## PART I.

Overture of the Barbiere di Seviglio, .....Rossini  
Uno voce poeu fa, Signorina, .....Rossini  
Aria, Signor Rossich, .....Rossini  
Home, Sweet Home, (by particular desire,)  
Signorina, .....Bishop  
Duetto, Mlle Sosperi e Lagrime, Mr. Boyle  
and Signorina, .....Rossini  
French Song, Tallara la, Signorina, .....Aubert  
Aria Buffa, Signor Rossich, .....Rossini

## PART II.

Song—When William Tell, Signorina, .....Bruch  
Spanish Song, Bajelito Nuevo, Signorina, .....Garcia  
Duetto, Con Pazzienza Sopportiamo, Signor  
Rossich and Signorina, .....Prioravante  
Overture Tancredi, .....Rossini  
Di tanti palpiti, (by particular desire,) .....Rossini  
Duetto, Il vivo lampo, Signor Boyle and Signorina, .....Rossini  
In the Songs of the Barbiere di Seviglio and Tancredi, the Signorina will be dressed in Character.  
Leader of the Orchestra, Mr. Hupfeldt.  
M. De Coninch will preside at the Piano Forte.  
Principal Violoncello, Mr. Gilles.

The doors will be open at 7 o'clock, and the Concert begin at 8 o'clock precisely. Boxes and places to be had at the Theatre, from 10 to 3 o'clock, this day. A communication will be open between the pit and boxes and the gallery and boxes.

Tickets may also be had at the Music Stores of Messrs. Kleinm, Blake, Wiltig, Hanson & Hart; and at Mr. T. Desilver's Book Store, Market-Street.

Tickets one dollar each, for every part of the house.  
June 23—11

and not more than two or three gentlemen in every box to guard them. The pit and sides of the stage was covered. They had the music from New York which she sent for. Her exertions that night was so great that after the last act she went into convulsions. Mr. Blights family were there and were my informants.

You speak of coming on in the fall. I hope you will for I want to see you very much now, and by that time more. Any of your friends you know will always be welcomed by all of us. Mr. & Mrs. Lee, Cpt. Conner, and myself took a ride to the Wisahicken creek and from there along the Schuylkill to the flat rock bridge. It was a most beautiful ride and the canal looked so clear and smooth it was a most elegant sight. The sun was just then setting which also gave a more elegant appearance to it.

. . . I was very sorry to hear you got your table cover so badly greased. Mrs. Lee says the only thing to make it look well will be to have it well washed and pressed. If a scourer was to do it you would think it new, as Mrs. Boyce has some done look like new. Mrs. Lee has a better kind than cloth—they are cotton like doylies are made of. Perhaps you do not know what that is. They are scarlet and blue cotton wove like damask in flowers and birds all over and when they get dirty you can have them washed and ironed. The table covers are four dollars and a half. Doylies are about half yard square, which the fashionables use after eating fruit to wipe their fingers.<sup>3</sup>

I have no new[s] worth telling you but as I always like to hear from you I thought you would from me. Is there any thing you would like made by the time you come home which I could do? If there is just let me know and it shall be done. There is a book of views here called Daniells picturesque voyage to india from which I have taken a drawing of Camoens Cave, Macao, which is very pretty.<sup>4</sup> If I stay long enough I will take more, some elegant sea views, storms, etc. . . .

. . . there is a tree in Philadelphia exhibited said to be all one body large enough for a drawing room, all furnished. I have not seen it but Mr. Lee who has just come home from there says he saw it in the back room of the masonic hall, so they must take it apart to get it in, and I think it must be made out of one or two trees. . . .<sup>5</sup>

## THE BIG BLACK WALNUT TREE.

The Monarch of the American Forest.

**T**HE public is respectfully informed that this great natural curiosity will be exhibited at the Masonic Hall, in Chesnut-street, on Wednesday evening, the 21st. inst. at 8 o'clock, when the room will be brilliantly lighted with gas.

This natural House attracted great attention in New York, for a period of a few months—it was visited by his Excellency Governor Clinton and Lady—the late Chancellor Sanford—Bishop Hobart—Doctors Milnor and Wainwright, and about one hundred other of the Clergy, with their families—By the late Honorable Mayor, Recorder and Corporation—the learned Doctor Mitchell, and nearly thirty thousand others, including a great proportion of the most enlightened and respectable citizens and strangers.

The interior of this Tree is furnished as a Drawing Room—fifteen persons may sit around its interior circle—31 persons have been at one time enclosed in it—its centre is occupied by a splendid table, three feet in diameter—the floor is covered with a Brussels Medallion Carpet. Among its ornaments are an original Letter and Engraved Likeness of Washington—A Portrait of La Fayette—Fine Engravings of the Bishops of Pennsylvania and New York—Of Penn and of Franklin.

A Panoramic View of Liverpool—The Village School in an Uproar, from the original picture in the possession of William Chamberlayne, Esq. M. P. and unpublished Travels in Greece.—Perspective Views of all the great Cities in the World, occupy two Tables.

After Wednesday evening, the Hall will be open for visitors, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Admittance 25 cts—Children half price.

Tickets at the front door.

June 20—d



## 2.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock Dec 22nd 1827

My dear brother

... in the afternoon we went up to Uncles and took tea. The Miss Millers are there teaching Aunt and Sarah to make wax flowers and as I understood the art I turned too and helped. Uncle got a stopper to one of the liquor bottles and said that would make a handsome flower so I tried and moulded two very handsome morning glories, one I painted pink, the other blue. Well, now I am talking of painting I must tell you I have made a pair of card racks for Mrs. Graham which are said to be *very handsome, ha ... m, ha ... m!!* One is like Mr. Graysons, the other is a design of my own, but I hope you will see them and leave a card as you go to New York to decorate them.

Susan Miller says the ball was a very pleasant one and some quite elegant dresses. John Gemel and Sister were there, she had on a thin dress embroidered with silver which was very elegant. This is to give you some idea of the splendour of our country lassies. The room was hung round with ground pine and flowers, at one end was Genl. Jackson crowned with laurels, the other was a portrait of some gentleman Susan said she called Adams, and she would not even dance on Jacksons side of the house, so they need not ask her she would keep to Adams. ...<sup>6</sup>

## 3.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Roxborough Farm Jan'y 28th 1828

Dear brother

... I got you letter at Rankins and was much disappointed at not seeing you but it looked so much like rain I could not stay. I staid all night at Mr. Gaskells and heard Mrs. Gaskell was going to a fancy ball to be held at the Washington hall. They all went in some character. Mr. G. went as an English huntsman, Mrs. G. as a Scotch queen. Her dress, I saw it, was plaid sattin, rich colours like my cloak, a hat of the same with a gold tassel on the top, and six black plumes falling on the shoulder, the dress trimmed round with gold fringe, which looked splendid. One of the Miss Carters went as Amie Robsart, a character in Kenelworth, and Mr. Willing who they say is corning her went as the Earl of Lienster, who is Amies lover. Mrs.

Becket was to have gone as Queen Elizabeth but her Aunt, a Miss Hambleton, died the day before, which put a stop to it. The taylors and mantumakers were all full of work and it was the whole town talk. Rodger and Page told Mr. Boyce they had to work their finger ends off and some of the dresses would cost one hundred dollars.<sup>7</sup> What do you think of that for one night? I have not heard since how it was conducted but expect to this week as we are going into town. ...

I was quite amused with those fashions in your letter. I think with you the gentlemen look like frights. They must look still worse than the ladies do, but I think Phila. almost as bad for the ladies large hats. ...<sup>8</sup>

## 4.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Philadelphia Feby 16th 1828

Dear brother

I wrote you a short letter from Mr. Lees which I hope you received. The day after it was sent I went with Mrs. Lee to the city, which was wednesday. ...

We have called to see all our friends and relations and recieved a great many calls, some from people we were not acquainted with before. Mrs. Gaskell had a party on tuesday last of about twenty. There was every thing good and handsome, candy baskets, ice cream, &c., &c., which I suppose you get in New York. Mrs. Twells was here and staid until the next night when a large party of us went to see the exhibition of Maelzels burning of Moscow. It is the most elegant thing of the panorama kind I ever saw, it is so very natural, the inhabitation leaveing the town and the soldiers entering it with their baggage waggons, a band of music playing. The fire at the furthest part of the town commences with one house, then spreads, the bells ring, guns and cannons fire, and at last a mine explodes in the foreground and the curtain drops.<sup>9</sup> We were wishing you had been here with us as I think you would have been so much pleased.

**M**AEZEL'S Exhibition of the Conflagration of Moscow, &c. takes place every Evening, (Sundays excepted,) precisely at 7 o'clock, at No. 48 South Fifth-street, between Walnut and Prune-street.

Doors open half an hour previously.  
Admittance 50 cts. Children half price.  
Jan 21

cotf

The next morning Mrs. Kinsing [Kintzing] called and invited Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell and the Miss Ewings to a supper. She told us it was only a small one, that we need not object to going on that account (for we have refused one or two invites on account of there being large). We accepted and on thursday evening went. There was Mrs. Kinsings two sisters and their husbands (one Mr. Slater, the other Mr. Hopkins), Mr. & Mrs. McCauly, a Mr. Davis, Mr. & Mrs. Penn-Gaskell, the Miss Ewings, and Mr. & Mrs. Kinsing was the company. They live up Chesnut street near Broad street.<sup>10</sup> We went at nine o'clock and at half past ten the folding doors were opened and an elegant supper—terapins, oysters and every thing good, I could not tell half, set out in cut glass and looked elegant but tasted better. After supper the champagne went round and then Mr. Kinsing sang "the Soldiers bride." After that Mrs. K. sang and played on the piano two songs, then Mrs. McCauly. After she had done we found it was past twelve so made a move and came home. We enjoyed ourselves very much.

Last evening we took tea to Mr. Cochrans. Mr. and Mrs. Kinsing were there and among other subjects they got to talking on riding on horseback. Mrs. K. told an anecdote of Mr. K. just before they were engaged to be married. He was a great buck and dressed in the top of the fashion. One day he was dressed out in a suit just from Paris, Green coat, buckskin small clothes, silk stocking, white top boots, and a little hat stuck upon the hairs. He started out of town on horseback and when he was some distance from the city a carriage with some ladies and gentlemen that he was acquainted with came in sight and just before it passed him the horse took fright and pitched him into a duck pond full of mud and dirty water. He says from head to foot he was nothing but black. He however was not far from a farm house where he got a suit of clothes and cleaned off his face and hands, but his suit was compleatly ruined.

There has been three dashing weddings which has made a great talk. The first was the Sardinian Consul, Caravadosia, to Miss D'Avanianvill, who lives next door to Mr. Cooks, the other was Mr. Pettit to Miss Dale, the other was Mr. M. Dale, US. Army, to Miss Willing.<sup>11</sup> This is the last and made a great talk. Mr. Penn Gaskell went the next day to the punch drinking, came home and told us how they were dressed. The groom was in uniform. The first

groomsman was Mr. Willing, the great dandy. He had on white pantaloons, blue coat lined through with white silk, white westcoat and pumps. I think I should have taken him for the groom. The other groomsman he did not speak of. . . .

I forgot to tell you of a sweet little child we saw at Mailzels exhibition, a little girl of about two years old. After the little Automaton baby which says mama and papa was exhibited Mr. Mailzel handed it to this little child. She reached out her arms and kissed the baby and seemed delighted. When ever it would say mama the child would hug it up with so much pleasure Sister observed they will have some trouble to get that away from the child, but it was not so, and he let it go all through the company, and after they had all seen it one of the little boys sat it on the table. As soon as the little child saw it she ran across before the company, took it off the table, and after kissing it ran back to her mother. I thought when the firing commenced she would certainly be afraid, but it appeared to please her, for she ran forward and stood close by. The rest of the children seeing her go thought they might, but Mailzel told them to go back, and in going they throw this child down. Mailzel picked her up and held her some time. She never cried nor said a word. . . .

## 5.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila June 6th 1828

Dear brother

. . . While I was at Mrs. Lees I made you four stocks of the finest linnen I most ever saw, but saw some Mrs. Lee had made of fine marsailles which I thought very handsome and as I mean to get some for a waistcoat for a young gentleman.<sup>12</sup> No hints!! I will make some of it into stocks if the ones I send fits. If they do not let me know what alteration to make. There is no new pattern for waistcoats so I can make one from the old one that is something like the white silk one you speak of. Uncle and Aunt have been gone most two weeks. When Uncle came to the city to bid mama and sister good buy I had gone to Mr. Lees, so he wrote me one of the most affectionate letters bidding me farewell. . . .

The little pictures you sent are very pretty and I will be much obliged to you for any you

have to spare as I intend beginning a scrap table as soon as one can be procured. The Miss Engles have a very handsome one they made and with their brother Williams assistance. It cost very little for he gilt the rim and balls of the feet. I wish you could see it and were here to help me with one, for your taste and help will be very much needed.<sup>13</sup> If you were to pack Graysons picture in a small box and put the pictures you have for a scrap table in with it Mr. A. Brown could forward it to the compting house here and we would get it safe.

We are quite pleased to hear you like your station. It must be very beautiful by your description and I should like much to see it and the country around. I think you will have to take us on with you as we have got materials for riding dresses and new hats called naverina. They are as white as paper and look something like chip hats—they were as great bargains as your images were. I cannot tell you the price for fear you would not think them handsome enough for your sisters to wear.<sup>14</sup>

The weather is very warm which reminds us how pleasant the country looks and today we have been paying off our visits. The Washington Square is now opened for visitors and it is a beautiful walk.<sup>15</sup> When cousin Charles Beatty was in the city I went with cousin Moores family and his wife, himself, and some others to the Philosophical Hall where I saw a great variety of elegant books with coloured plates, fruit, flowers, and animals of all kinds. It was quite a treat and more than once I wished you were there to have a sight of them. I had some thoughts of asking Mr. Vaughn [Vaughan] to let me spend a day there and draw but I had not the time.<sup>16</sup>

The Academy of Fine Arts has been open for some time, but we did not go as they say there is not many new pieces and very few portraits. We have been visiting the different painters for this reason. We went to Mr. Bruisters to see Aunt Beattys likeness which was very good and cheap, for frame and all only twelve dollars.<sup>17</sup> The frame is beautiful, the size is about as large as half a sheet of music. We then went to Mr. Grimes to see Mrs. Bart [?] likeness that is very good, common size portrait, 25 dollars without fram[e]. Looking round we saw Dr. Blacks face as much like him as it could [ — ] and Mr. Grimes seemed quite pleased when we said so.<sup>18</sup>

From there we went to Mr. Eickholts where

Mrs. Penn Gaskell is sitting.<sup>19</sup> Now of all attitudes, she has chosen one of the worst for so homely a woman—it is resting her cheek on her hand, her eyes cast up, and a vase of flowers on a table by her. The price is to be 45 dollars.

When she told him how she wanted to sit, he said, "you must be very romantic, madam, are you not?"

"Why no," said she, "a married woman romantic, to be sure not."

"O, then perhaps you are very pious?"

"No," said she, "it is my wish to be taken in that way."

He told her it would be very difficult to get a likeness as the eyes were the most expressive part of a face, and when they were turned up he could not answer for a good likeness. I guess he must think her a little crazy. To tell the truth, however, if he goes on it will be a handsome picture but no likeness at all, or I can see none as it is now.

That song of "Mild as the moon beams" I shall not be able to learn, for it is set for four voices, and some rest while others sing. I tell you this so you may guard against the like mistake when you buy music again. I will try if I can learn it, but Miss Oldmixon says not. . . .<sup>20</sup>

6.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock Sept 7th 1828

My dear brother

. . . the weather here for sometime was very dry and dusty, but last week we had rain for three days, and since that it has been quite cool. I suppose you have received Uncles letter in which he no doubt informed you we were about starting for Schoolies Mountain, that is Uncle, Aunt, and myself in the carriage and Richard (Mr. Curwens man) to drive. We left here the 17 of August, went to Phila. where I got myself a very handsome travelling hat and veil, which with my new riding dress made me look quite smart. The next morning at 7 o'clock we left the city. Had a very cool but dusty ride fifteen miles where we stopped to feed the horses. The place is called Willow Grove.<sup>21</sup> There is a mineral spring a quarter of a mile from the hotel where we stopped, and while the horses were eating, we walked there. The walk is part through an avenue of willows and part woods, with summer houses here and there to rest. The spring has a summer house over it and seats.

The water tastes very strong of iron, which I cannot say I admired much. When we returned to the house the carriage was ready and we proceeded on seven miles to dinner. Called to see Dr. Wilson, the Clergyman, who resides 20 miles from the city, where he has gone for his health.

In the afternoon we rode fifteen miles further and stopped for the night. There was a piano and Aunt proposed while supper was preparing I should play, but Oh! Alas, it was as impossible to make a tune sound like any thing as it would be to pound on a kettle, so I gave it up for a bad job and walked round the room until supper was ready. After that we went to bed and the next morning rode twelve miles to breakfast. We then proceeded along the river road to Easton. It is a beautiful romantic ride, high hills and rocks on one side of the road and the river a small distance from the other. We arrived at Easton to dinner. This is a very pretty town situated at the junction of the Delaware and Lehigh rivers.

Left this place at three O'clock and arrived at the Mountain at nine O'clock at night after a ride of 47 miles that day. We stopped at Belmont Hall, a large white stone house three stories high with piazza and gallery round two sides of the house, kept by a Mr. Bowen.<sup>22</sup> The house stands a little back from the road with a white circular fence round it and two gates, one to drive in at, and the other out, which makes a semicircle before the house filled up with forest trees of different kinds, half grown, which gives it a very beautiful appearance. The lights all through the house and the piazza lamps gave it the appearance of an illumination.

When we drove up a waiter came forward and opened the carriage door. Uncle asked if Mr. James Brown and family were there from N. York. The answer was, "Yes, Sir," so out we got and went into a large hall where we met Mr. & Mrs. Brown who received us with a great deal of pleasure. There was music in one room and cards in the other.

The next day Mrs. B., Aunt, and myself rode to the spring one mile. It is situated about ten or fifteen feet above the road with steps to ascend, a large summer house with seats round built over it. The water runs out of a solid rock through a piece of bark, as thick as your two fingers. It has been running in this way for thirty years, summer and winter always the same. The water is very cold and tastes something of Epsom



Schooley's Mountain Spring House

salts and iron. I could not drink but one tumbler at first, but before I left there, which was a week, I could drink four before breakfast.<sup>23</sup>

We had very pleasant company at Bowens. There were six Miss Johnstons from Savannah, all very charming young ladies who I became quite intimate with. The only young gentleman that stayed was a Mr. Ker of Savannah, a very pleasant young gentleman. I wished often you were only there to join in our play, which consisted of Shuffle board, nine pins, and Billiards. I became quite expert in playing the first game, and when we began Mr. Ker and I played against Mr. Brown and Miss Jane Johnston, but we won every game, so the next time they said we must divide, so I took Jane, and Mr. Ker took Louisa Johnston, and then we won game about for six games.

For the two first days there was a party from Flemington which consisted of Mr. Cox, his two daughters, Miss Hazelhurst, Miss Bray, Miss Taylor, and two Mr. Taylors. Miss Cox was, I found, related to Mrs. Barton, so she and I made up an acquaintance. She plays very well on the piano and one of the Mr. Taylors on the flute. I did not want them to know I played, but Mrs. Brown told the company I did, and then I had to perform my part before thirty five or forty people. There were two old bachelors, Mr. Kingston and Mr. Bennet, both very pleasant agreeable gentlemen, but I believe they would have had me play and sing all the time, for Miss Cox did not sing, and as the instrument was very much out of tune they would have me play, which I found no easy matter to remember tunes enough without my notes to satisfy them. However I made out by making small mistakes, playing by ear, etc.

We rode every day round the country and saw some elegant prospects from the tops of the mountains. There is a lake about ten miles from the mountain about five miles round, beautiful

clear water. We rode there one morning and were rowed in a boat which went by a man turning a handle which moved a wheel in the water. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Sarah, Grace, Uncle, Aunt, and myself. We walked round one side of the lake and got some pebbles and returned in time for dinner, after putting our names in a book kept for that purpose at the tavern on the borders of Budd Lake.<sup>24</sup>

I had heard of a cascade some place near the spring so I asked the Miss Johnstons if they would go, and Miss Jane, Louisa, Augusta, and Mr. Ker and myself started the afternoon before I left the mountain. When we got to the spring we took a drink and asked the boy that attends there if he knew the way to the cascade, and finding he did, Mr. Ker told him he must be our guide, and off we started. After going a quarter of a mile we came to the foot of a hill almost perpendicular, up which the boy said we must go, and we all began to climb by catching to small bushes and rocks, in danger two or three time of being dashed to the bottom by the boughs breaking. We arrived at the top, 80 feet, and there we saw a large rock with a pool of water in the center from which it run down the rock. The weather being very dry there was not much of a fall, but the boy says in the spring it was elegant. It is certainly a very romantic place, in a large woods over stones, creeks, etc. Mr. Ker kept us in a roar of laughter almost the whole way with his capers. When we got back the supper bell was ringing, so we were obliged to take tea before we took off our hats.

The next morning we breakfasted at six o'clock in company with four Miss Johnstons and Mr. Ker. They started for the Lake and we to come home, Aunt with Sarah and Grace Brown in our carriage, and Uncle and I in another. We came through Flemington to Center Bridge where we crossed the Delaware, staid all night, and arrived at home the next day just at sun set. . . .

## 7.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 1st of October Wednesday

Dear brother

. . . Just as Louisa commenced this Jane Gaskell came over on horseback for her to go and see Mrs. Spackman who has just returned from a jaunt (on horseback) to Lancaster. Miss Jane

and Eliza Gaskell took tea here yesterday. Their brother T[homas Penn-Gaskell] and lady have been very near occupying two houses. A most tremendous hub-bub has taken place which makes them the town talk and newspaper remarks. What will be the result cannot be told, but I think comfort has fled from their mansion. Dr. McC[enachan] her brother, in some conversation at Mr. G.'s house took occasion to call Mr. G. a fool and liar. A challenge ensued which the Dr. accepted. Mr. G. and Mr. Hall for his second, and the Dr.'s second met over in Jersey, but no Dr. It appears she heard of it and had her brother arrested, and they are now both bound over to keep the peace.<sup>25</sup> Her character and temper have come out so openly as to be censured by every one. Not an hour after I got to town all of my friends I met asked if I had heard the news, the story being a long one (tho' her temper is the principal cause). We must postpone until we meet but is it not very sad? Poor Mr. G., how must he feel. . . .

## 8.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila Decmr 15th 1828

Dear brother

. . . This afternoon a large party of us went to see the china manufactory out Chesnut Street. The party consisted of Mrs. Twells, Govnr. Finley [Findlay], Mr. and Miss Ramsey, two Miss Lowbers, Mr. Lowber, Mrs. Twell[s] two sons James and Godfrey, who have returned from Ohio, and myself, a young lady and Gentleman, there names I do not recollect. I was very much pleased with the process of making. There were some beautiful specimens of china but nothing I could buy unless it was some smelling bottles and they were rather too dear, fifty cents a piece, and not as handsome china as some of the other pieces were.<sup>26</sup> We had a very pleasant walk out and in again. The Gentleman who showed us through finding I took more interest in it than any of the rest was very polite in shewing me all that was doing. He said ladies took more interest in it than Gentlemen did.

I was wishing you had been there for then I should have had a better insite in it or talked to him and if you had been there I know you would. None of the Gentlemen asked him any questions. I asked if the pieces were painted from fancy or if they had patterns. He said large pieces were from patterns but small ones were

all fancy. There was two little boys not more than twelve years old painting and two about twenty or some where near that I should judge from their appearance. When you are in the city with me sometime we will go out and see the Glass Manufactory—they say it is almost equal to Pittsburgh and as you have seen that you can judge. Mr. Finley is one of the Jackson electors for that place. I think he said he had seen you there. . . .

9.

Louisa Ewing Bell to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock June 19th 1829

My dear brother

. . . We had a most delightful visit in town. We went to see Mr. Finns[?] glass works and were very much pleased. It is certainly a very curious art which he appears to have in perfection. I think he asks very high for his things. I got a shade for the little vase you gave me. Sister Mary intended getting something to match but there was nothing we saw that size so handsome.

Mrs. Lowber is very fond of riding when she has company and when we were there she took us out three times. First ride was to Pratts Garden.<sup>27</sup> This is the time of year to see it in perfection. The green house plants are all put out, elegant flowers in blossom, and some of the more beautiful lemon trees loaded with fruit. Some of them were so full we could not count them. We walked all through the grounds, went down on the banks of the Schuylkill and sat down to rest. There was a large swing which Sarah L. and I tried and found very pleasant. We then got in the carriage, the Doctor in his gig with a Miss Barry from Novascotia, who is some relation and staying at an uncles of the doctors. From here we took a very beautiful



United States Marine Hospital

ride along what is called the canal road. It has thick bushes on both sides which makes it very cool and pleasant of a warm day. . . .

by the Marine Hospital and along the banks of the Schuylkill, a ride I had never been before nor did I know there was such a beautiful place. It is a very fashionable resort, there could not have been less than fifty carriages, gigs, and gentlemen on horseback going out there. I rode backwards which made me very sick but going back I rode in the gig with the doctor and the fresh air quite revived me. . . .

10.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock Augt 13th 1829

My dear brother

. . . On Saturday morning last sister Mary, little Mary, and myself went over to Mr. Lees. We had a very warm ride but were fully paid for it by their kindness. . . . Jane Bryce and Carroline Bonsall were there and Louisa Bonsall came up on sunday and staid until monday, so we had quite a gay time. On saturday evening I played waltzes while Caroline and Jane danced until my wrists ached. They waltz very prettily. They say it has become so fashionable there will be nothing else danced next winter. . . .<sup>28</sup>

11.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Woodstock 27 of August 1829]

My dear brother

. . . yesterday I went with a party riding, as mama before told you. The horse was one of Mr. Rudolphs. Catherine had told me it was very [?] and Oh dear, of all the rough horses I ever rode that exceeded. Our "Bargain" is easy in comparison. We went first to Caulflesh's Hill. There Sarah Lowber got on horseback in my place. We went to Spring Mill, then along the banks of Schuylkill for three miles, got out of carriages and off of our horses, Mr. Gaskell got some poles, tied lines to them, and we all went on board a large boat loaded with marble which was laying by the shore but among us all there was not one fish caught.<sup>29</sup> We walked up the bank for some distance, then returned to our carriages. I then mounted this fine easy horse. We all rode back to Spring Mill. There we got a black man as a guide and went to the indian

cave. It is on a very high hill and quite tiresome to get up but well worth seeing when you get there. After staying there sometime we returned to our horses and proceeded back to a road which leads from Matsons ford to the Gulph. On this road at a beautiful spring in a woods we spread our table and eat our dinner, this was four O'clock—fashionable hour. By this time I was so tired of my horse that Eliza Gaskell offering to ride, I took her place in the carriage (which there man drove and took care of the horses while we were strolling). We arrived safe at home about six O'clock. After a most delightful supper prepared by our dear mother the Gaskell family took leave, and we retired to bed, which I must soon do now as it is getting late. . . .

## NOTES

1. Rev. James Abercrombie was the senior assistant minister of Christ, St. Peter's, and St. James Protestant Episcopal Churches. It seems unusual that he would have countenanced such an obvious elopement, and notice of the marriage does not appear in the newspapers, nor was there a Spanish Consul in Philadelphia at that time by the name of Mead.

2. Signorina Maria Garcia (Maria Malibran), who performed mostly in New York between 1825 and 1827, was the first star of Italian opera to appear in this country. Louisa Ewing had heard her perform in New York on Feb. 16, 1827. See *Am. Mag.*, v.3, no. 2, pp. 51, 53, and the advertisement for the performance of June 23, 1827 in Philadelphia from *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (June 23, 1827) used to illustrate this article.

3. The "doylies" mentioned here would appear to be an early version of placemats, which doubled after the meal as napkins.

4. Thomas and William Daniell, *Picturesque Voyage to India* (London, 1810).

5. The much-traveled black walnut tree originally grew in Chataqua County, New York, at the junction of Silver and Walnut Creeks, half a mile from Lake Erie, 33 miles east of Buffalo. The tree blew over in a storm in the early 1820s, the trunk was sawed off ten feet from its base, a chamber hollowed out, and converted into the bar room of a tavern. In 1826 it was transported to Buffalo and used as a grocery. In October, 1826, it was moved to Albany on the Erie Canal, then to New York by barge. "As no building could be found in the city, into which it could be so taken, it was sawed twice round, thereby making three pieces of three feet in height each. It was exhibited in New York and Philadelphia to an estimated 100,000 persons, and as of 1828 was on display at 107 Regent St., London. Does it still exist? *A Description of the Large Black Walnut Tree, from Lake Erie* (London, 1828).

6. Ever since John Quincy Adams defeated Andrew Jackson for the presidency in 1824, politics had become an increasingly constant and popular factor in American life on all levels. Feelings intensified as the election of 1828 approached, dividing society on the local level. Taverns, which often doubled as post offices, polling places, meeting places for clubs and organizations, as well as places of

amusement, were a natural center for almost continual political discussion and dispute. A proprietor had to use considerable care to maintain an appearance of non-partisanship in order to keep his clientele.

Because of the recent death of their brother, the Ewing girls were not attending public dances. The description of this one, probably at the Buck or Spread Eagle, is based on hearsay, but it provides interesting commentary on the degree to which politics influenced everyday activities in the Jacksonian era.

7. Rogers and Page operated the Shakespere Clothing Store in the Shakespere Building on the NW corner of Chestnut and Sixth Streets. For an illustration of the building, see *Am. Mag.*, v.3, no. 2, p.49.

8. Very large hats were the fashion in the fall of 1828, to the dismay particularly of theatergoers. For humorous comments on the fad, see *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Jan. 24, 1828), 2.

9. From the perspective of our generation, with television and film, it is hard to appreciate how these "illuminations," "panoramas," and magic lantern shows thoroughly captivated audiences in the early nineteenth century. In the case of "The Burning of Moscow," it would appear that there was a large painting of the city on translucent cloth which, by means of moving light from in front and behind, sound effects, and probably a second panorama cranked from one side of the stage to the other, told a dramatic story.

10. Abraham Kintzing, Jr., lived at the corner of Broad and Chestnut Streets. Anthony Slater was a merchant at 278 Walnut St. *Denio's Philadelphia Directory and Stranger's Guide of 1828* (Philadelphia, 1828).

11. On January 30, 1828, Chevalier Caravadossy de Thoe, the Sardinian Consul in Philadelphia, married Maria Antoinette Hersilie, eldest daughter of the Chevalier D'Aurainville of Martinique; on February 7, 1828, Thomas M'Kean Pettit married Sarah Barry, daughter of the late Commodore Richard Dale. Commodore Dale's son, John Montgomery Dale of the navy, not the army, married Mary, daughter of Richard and Eliza Moore Willing. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Feb. 1, 8, 1828) and *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, v. 4 (1880), 500; v. 5 (1881), 456.

12. The term "stock," already somewhat old-fashioned by this period, means scarf, worn around the neck by a man.

13. It would appear that a "scrap table" as used here is a table, the surface of which is covered with a collage of pictures of the owner's choice, which are probably glued down to the wood and shellacked to make a decorative surface.

14. While in retrospect we tend to identify the "straw hat" with Victorian ladies in elegant summer dress or gentlemen of the early part of the twentieth century, inexpensive palm leaf hats were worn by almost everyone, male or female, in the earlier decades of the nineteenth century. Their widespread use is not appreciated in part because they were perishable and very few examples survive, unlike more substantial headgear.

15. Washington Square, between Walnut and Spruce, Sixth and Washington Streets, one of the five open spaces in William Penn's original plan of the city, was Philadelphia's potters' field until the early 1820s. At that time it was attractively planted, laid out with gravel walks, and fenced. At first closed, the park was opened to the public at about the time this letter was written and it became the most fashionable place to promenade in the city until eclipsed by Rittenhouse Square as the western part of the city devel-

oped later in the century. The square remains one of the most delightfully attractive and peaceful spots in the city to this day, reminiscent of London's many eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century squares.

16. John Vaughan (1755-1841), of English birth, was the librarian of the American Philosophical Society for many years. The society was housed near the State House.

17. Edmund Brewster, 82 S. Third St., and later 168 S. Third St., portrait painter, appeared in the Philadelphia directories between 1828 and 1835.

18. John Grimes (1799-1837), portrait painter, appeared in the directories between 1828 and 1833. He was a native of Lexington, Kentucky, and had studied under Matthew Jouett. James F. Carr, *Mantle Fielding's Dictionary of American Painters, Sculptors, and Engravers* (New York, 1965).

19. Jacob Eicholtz (1776-1842), a native of Lancaster, Pa., who studied under Gilbert Stuart, was one of Philadelphia's foremost portraitists.

20. Miss M. Oldmixon resided on Washington Square, *W. Desilver's Directory for 1828*.

21. Willow Grove, close enough to Philadelphia to make possible short excursions, began its career as a mineral spring and park. With the extension of trolley lines at the end of the century, it was transformed into an amusement park, familiar to most Philadelphia area natives in their mid '30s and older. Like so many once-rural places of amusement occupying valuable real estate, it gave way to development in recent years.

22. According to Thomas F. Gordon's *A Gazetteer of the State of New Jersey* (Phila., 1834), 235, "Belmont Hall, kept by Mr. G. Bowne, situate on the highest part of the mountain, shadowed and embowered by various fruit, forest, and ornamental trees, is a fine building, 50 feet square and three stories high, with very extensive wings."

23. "The spring is, in strictness, a rill which issues from a perpendicular rock, having an eastern exposure, between 40 and 50 feet above the level of a brook, which gurgles over the stones, and foams down the rocks in the channels beneath. A small wooden trough is adapted to the fissure, so as to convey the water to a platform where the visitors assemble, and to the structure containing the baths. The temperature of the water is 56° F. being 6° warmer than the spring water nearer the summit. The fountain emits about 30 gallons per hour; which quantity does not vary with any change of season or weather. The water, like other chalybeates, leaves a deposit of oxidized iron, as it flows, which discolours the troughs, baths, and even the drinking vessels. The bare taste and appearance shows that it is a chalybeate; and it is strongly characterized by the peculiar astringency and savour of ferruginous impregnations. Though remarkably clear when first taken, the water becomes turbid upon standing for some time in the open air, and after a long interval, an iridescent pellicle forms on its surface. . . . The carbonic acid which this water contains, is altogether in a state of combination, and hence it never occasions flatulence or spasm in the weakest stomach, whilst it gradually strengthens the digestive powers. This chalybeate is considered by medical men, as one of the purest of this, or any other country, and as beneficial, in most cases of chronic disease, and general debility, and especially in cases of calculus in the bladder or kidneys. Gordon, *Gazetteer of New Jersey*, 234-35.

24. According to the *W.P.A. Guide to New Jersey*, Budd Lake, in the present century, became a favorite location for training camps for prize fighters.

25. Thomas Penn-Gaskell (1796-1846) and his wife,

Mary McClenachan Penn-Gaskell, neighbors of the Ewings in Delaware County, were a constant source of amusement and gossip for the Ewing girls. The abortive duel between Penn-Gaskell and his brother-in-law, Dr. McClenachan, was but one of many challenges of this era made by hot-blooded "aristocrats" in Philadelphia, few of which resulted in actual contests. Public opinion was strongly against the practice, and by the mid '30s, the legal loopholes which had allowed men of honor to slip across the Delaware to New Jersey or across the Delaware state line were effectively closed unless the contestants wished to spend several years of their lives behind bars.

The Penn-Gaskell marriage survived the problems recorded here, and the couple died, childless, as husband and wife and are buried together at St. John's Roman Catholic Church. Howard M. Jenkins, *The Family of William Penn* (Phila., 1899), 245.

26. An 1837 guidebook to Philadelphia indicates that the porcelain manufactory, on Chestnut St., west of Broad, was producing vases, tea sets, etc. "equal in respect of durability and superior in strength to that imported from abroad." It was listed as a regular attraction for visitors to the city.

William Findlay (1768-1846) had served as governor of Pennsylvania from 1817 to 1820 and as U.S. senator from 1821 to 1827. President Jackson then appointed him treasurer of the U.S. Mint. *A Guide to the Lions of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1837), 56; John Howard Brown, ed., *The Cyclopaedia of American Biographies*, v. 3 (Boston, 1900), 90.

27. Pratt's Garden, located at Henry Pratt's "Lemon Hill" estate, now part of Fairmont Park, was freely open to the public by its owner until near the time of his death. Henry Pratt (1761-1838) was one of the most successful merchants and land speculators in Philadelphia. *Lions of Phila.*, 61; Henry Simpson, *The Lives of Eminent Philadelphians* (Phila., 1859), 820-21.

28. Although waltzes were published in the United States as early as the 1790s, the dance step first became widely popular in the late 1820s.

29. Thomas Wilson's *Picture of Philadelphia for 1824* (Phila., 1823), 352, describes "twelve saws ingeniously contrived to move by water, for cutting large blocks of marble" near the Flat Rock Bridge along the Schuylkill, about where the picnic party encountered the barge loaded with marble.



## Recent Acquisitions

### BOOKS

Wesley, John. *An Extract of the Rev. John Wesley's Journal from His Embarking for Georgia to His Return to London*. Bristol, England, 1739. The exceedingly rare first edition of Wesley's account of his youthful trip to Georgia. The Phillips copy, bound in Middle Hill boards with the first continuation, describing Wesley's trip back to England.

Gwatkin, Thomas. *A Letter to the Clergy of New York and New Jersey, Occasioned by An Address to the Episcopalians*. Williamsburg, Va., 1772. A scarce colonial Virginia imprint, being the well-reasoned arguments of a

- William and Mary professor against proposals to establish an American Episcopate. Original wraps and stitching.
- Bayley, Daniel. *The Essex Harmony*. Newburyport, Mass., 1770. Tune book.
- Dix, John A. *Proclamation to the People of Accomac and Northampton Counties, Virginia*. 1861. Proclamation by Union commander who took control of the two Eastern Shore counties of Virginia at the beginning of the Civil War.
- Ker, Henry. *Travels Through the Western Interior of the United States*. Elizabethtown, N.J., 1816. Account of eight years travel in the southern U.S. and West Indies and living with Indians of Alabama for three years.
- Smith, Samuel Stanhope. *A Funeral Sermon, On the Death of the Hon. Richard Stockton*. Trenton, N.J., 1781.
- The Plate-Glass Book*. London, 1784, bound with *The Complete Appraiser*. London, 1783. Guide to tradesmen on estimating most efficient way to cut glass and avoid waste.
- Adlum, John. *A Memoir on the Cultivation of the Vine in America*. Washington, 1828. 2nd ed., of pioneering American work on viniculture.
- Garnett, James Mercer. *Seven Lectures on Female Education*. Richmond, Va., 1824. 2nd ed., revised, of lectures delivered at Garnett's noted Elmwood School.
- Smith, James. *History of the Christian Church*. Nashville, 1835.
- Barreda, Francisco de. *Puntual, Verdica, Topographica Descripcion del . . . la Habana, in la Isla de Cuba*. Seville, 1740.
- Stimson, Alexander L. *History of the Express Companies*. New York, 1858.
- Day, Thomas. *The Suicide*. Litchfield, Conn., 1797. Drama acted out at Yale Commencement.
- Prindle, Edward J. *The Art of Curve Pitching*. Philadelphia, 1903.
- The British Mechanic's and Laborer's Hand Book*. London, 1840. A remarkable guide for British workers emigrating to America, providing detailed advice on all aspects of personal and social life, as well as details on prospects in all the mechanical trades.
- Hopkins, John Henry. *Essays on Architecture*. Burlington, Vt., 1836. Essays on Gothic architecture adapted to American churches by the talented Episcopal bishop, many of whose manuscripts are at the Clements.
- White, John Blake. *The Mysteries of the Castle*. Charleston, S.C., 1807. Original five act play as performed in Charleston.
- France. *Ministere de l'interieur. Bureau d'agriculture. Instruction sur la culture et les usages du mais*. Paris, 1794. Suggestions for using corn instead of wheat at the time of European grain shortages.
- Fairfax, Bryan. *Strictures on the Second Part of the Age of Reason*. Georgetown, D.C., 1797. Obscurely published counterattack to Paine's Biblical criticism.
- MacLeane, Lancklin. *An Essay on the Expediency of Inoculation*. Philadelphia, 1756. Arguments supporting inoculation by a former British military surgeon, Philadelphia port collector, and later member of the Scottish Parliament.

## MANUSCRIPTS

## A. Collections and Bound Items

- Edward Everett, Ms. Inaugural Address at the opening of Washington University, St. Louis, April 23, 1857.
- John Cooper Correspondence, 1828-42. 200 letters of a father to his son written at Easton, Pa. Family, local, and political content.
- William Roberts Letter Book, 1849-51. Contemporary copy letter book containing 29 exceptionally long and descriptive letters of "The Narragansett Trading & Mining Company," a group of 49ers from Rhode Island, narrating the trip around the Horn and business conditions and life in the mines in California. Clements Library Associates Purchase.
- James Mease Diary, 1835, 1841. Ms. diaries of two trips by the noted Philadelphia scientist and author: Aug.-Sept., 1835, describing a trip from Philadelphia to Easton, Allentown, Delaware Water Gap, and on to New York; 1841, to Washington, D.C., including visit with John Quincy Adams and various politicians.
- Doctor Tarbell Correspondence, 1864-81. 113 letters. Primarily Civil War correspondence of a man with the unusual first name of "Doctor" (he was not a physician), Lieutenant in the 32nd N.Y. Infantry, then Commissary of Subsistence with the U.S. Volunteers, in which capacity he was captured near Winchester. Includes several letters from Danville Prison.

David McKinney Letters, 1862-65. 82 items. Well-written letters of a Lieutenant and Captain of the 77th Illinois Infantry, later appointed post quartermaster and master of river transportation at White River, Arkansas, and Asst. Q.M. for the Department of Arkansas. While with the 77th Infantry, he saw action at Vicksburg, Jackson, Miss., and with Banks on the Red River campaign. In addition to Civil War correspondence are family letters and one particularly intriguing letter of 1859 from Chambersburg, Pa., giving secret details on the John Brown Raid preparations which had taken place there. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gamble, Ann Arbor.

John Henry Hopkins. 3 vols. manuscript music, ca. 1830s, his own compositions or arrangements, for voice.

## B. Individual Letters and Documents

Gabriel Richard. ADS., Detroit, June 18, 1817. Baptismal certificate for Charles Marke Metz, also signed by John Baubien. Gift of Joanne Bouchard Robins, Indianapolis, Ind.

George Rogers Clark. 2 ADocs., Jan. 20, 29, 1780. Land warrants of Virginia for recruiting. Gift of Ernest C. Fackler, Dearborn Heights, Mich.

Robert Adams to George Washington, ALS., Alexandria, July 28, 1774. Letter of introduction, presumably for William Goddard, to explain "a plan he has sett on foot of establishing a General Post Office through America." Docketed by Washington.

George Clymer to Robert C. Miligan, Philadelphia, July 29, 1803. Includes interesting discussion of the nature of "natural rights" and the "social compact."

Nathaniel Stacy and George Messinger to Robert Owen, Hamilton, N.Y., April 25, 1826. Request for detailed information on New Harmony from group of people considering communal living. Stacy, Universalist minister whose papers are at the Clements, omitted mention of this in his detailed autobiography.

Julia Ward Howe, A.Ms., Holograph transcription of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," dated December, 1887. Gift of Duane Norman Die-drich, Muncie, Ind.

Cover: "A View of the Battery and Harbour of New York, and the Ambuscade Frigate." Drawn by John Drayton, eng. by S. Hill, Boston, in John Drayton, *Letters Written During A Tour thru the Northern and Eastern States of America* (Charleston, S.C., 1794), opp. p.20.

Page 2. Cliffe Papers, Clements Library.

Page 7. Rev. James Murray. *An Impartial History of the present War in America*. Vol. 2. (Newcastle upon Tyne, 1780). Between pp. 38-39. Engraver unknown.

Pages 23, 27, 28. Rev. John Henry Hopkins. *Journal of My Tour in Fall of 1825*. Hopkins Papers, Clements Library.

Page 24. Photograph in Hopkins Papers, Clements Library. Location of original painting unknown.

Page 29. Drawn by C. Burton, eng. by J. Smillie. Clements Library Collection.

Pages 31-33. *The Manufacturer and Builder*. April, 1872 (New York), pp. 80-81.

Page 34. [George Cruikshank]. *The Oyster; Where, How, and When to Find, Breed, Cook and Eat it* (London, 1861).

Page 36. Ernest Ingersoll. *The Oyster Industry* (Washington, D.C., 1881), opp. p. 169.

Page 38. Author's Collection.

Page 45. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Philadelphia, June 23, 1827.

Page 46. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Philadelphia, June 20, 1827.

Page 46. *A Description of the Large Black Walnut Tree, from Lake Erie, Exhibiting at 107, Regent Street* (London, 1828).

Page 47. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Philadelphia, January 21, 1828.

Page 50. John W. Barber and Henry Howe. *Historical Collections of the State of New Jersey* (New York, 1844). p. 403.

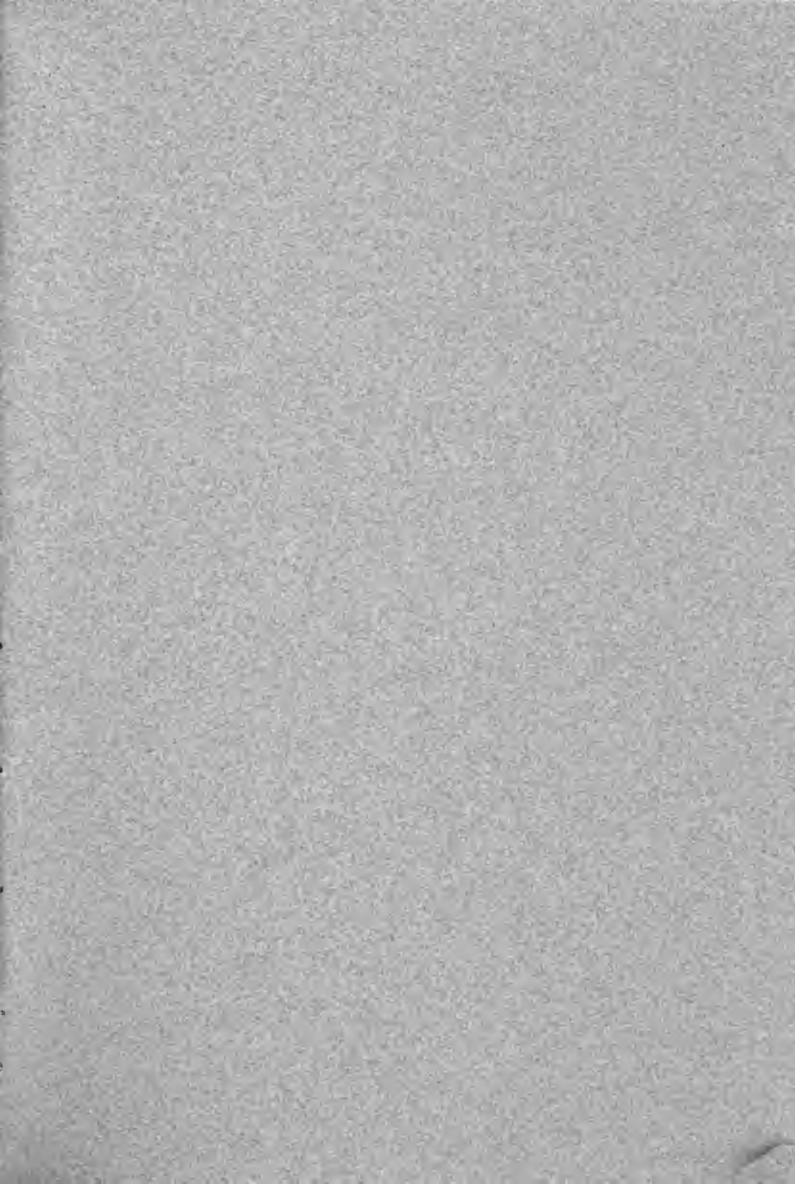
Page 52. *A Guide to the Lions of Philadelphia* (Phila.: Thomas T. Ash and Co., 1837.).

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# F I N I S.





# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE



## AND HISTORICAL CHRONICLE

Published for the Edification and Amusement of Book Collectors,  
Historians, Bibliographers and the Discriminating General Public.

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### CONTAINING

- I. Advice for British Workingmen in New York in the 1830s, by Charles Knight.
- II. A Sister's Reminiscences of Oliver Hazard Perry's Childhood, by Sarah Wallace Perry.
- III. Collection of Thirty-five Engraved Views of New Orleans in 1840.

Departments: John Howard Payne in Search of a Theatrical Lady Companion; Map Puzzles and Games; Sailing the Forests of the Midwest, 1817, in a Two-masted Schooner; Printing a Novel at Record Speed; From the Kitchen—the Remarkable Miss Leslie; A Doctor Who Loved Cats—with Onions; Building a Bathtub in 1845; Lord Stanhope on Snuff-taking; "The Ewing Papers"—Part Four; and Recent Acquisitions.

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## *Advice for British Workingmen in New York in the 1830s*

CHARLES KNIGHT

Charles Knight, a self-described British mechanic from London, spent the better part of four years working in New York City in the 1830s. Although he expressed sincere modesty in regard to his literary talents, *The British Mechanic's and Labourer's Hand Book, and True Guide to the United States* (London, 1840) is a remarkable book, perhaps the finest picture which survives of everyday life for a young laborer or artisan living in New York in this era.

Three chapters of the book are republished here in full: those on "Boarding-Houses," "Drinking-Houses," and "Self-Boarding." They were written specifically for the guidance of British immigrants, warning them of the differences in living conditions which they could expect to find and suggesting ways to "fit in" with the native inhabitants and to avoid being imposed upon. In the process, Knight tells us a great deal about American character, and a bit about the British emigrant as well. He provides us wonderful details about the politics of boardinghouse life, dress, diet, and recreation. Unlike the writers of the dozens of British travel accounts that were published in this period, he had lived here long enough to get his facts straight, had no obvious political biases, and made no attempt to reform American customs. He merely describes them in fascinating, well-written descriptive prose and gives hints to his countrymen on how they can adapt their own ways to this new environment.

Along the way, Knight provides us insight into national characteristics and customs that live with us still, as well as a number of surprises. For example, were you aware that the modern game of bowling, or ten pins, developed in America as a method of evading legislation against the older European game of nine pins, or that the grand old London pubs of today, with their polished mahogany woodwork and mirrors, were based on American models of the early nineteenth century?

What makes the volume so valuable as an historical source is the fact that the author describes details of everyday life which contemporary American writers would take for granted that everyone knew. And perhaps then, in the 1830s, they did, but the world he illuminates has pretty well disappeared in the course of the present century. Boardinghouses, particularly those with two to a bed and several beds to a room, have gone the way of the horse-drawn carriage except among the very poor. The last part of the nineteenth century gave rise to numerous institutions aimed at providing assistance, education, and recreation for working men and women if they cared to take advantage of them. Generally, we have far more advantages and opportunities, although it would be impossible to live, today, in Manhattan on comparable wages at the standard of living described. In a sense, Charles Knight documents on a personal level the compromises our society has made to raise our standard of living above that of the developing nation we were in

the 1830s. We now demand far more in the way of conveniences, leisure time, and privacy.

*The American Magazine, and Historical Chronicle* will undoubtedly return to Charles Knight's book in future issues. The volume's purchase for the Clements Library was made possible by proceeds from the Millard and Mary Pryor Fund.

## Boarding-Houses

Boarding in all parts of the Union is essentially the same; it may differ in some slight respects, particularly with regard to the more southern cities, but in the eastern and other parts there is hardly any variation whatever. The system so peculiar to the country is everywhere in use, and in its main features everywhere alike. In the cities of the sea-board or the remote parts of the interior, large or small places, manufacturing or otherwise, it is the universal practice with the unmarried of all classes, male and female, of the American people, and frequently also of the married ones. The native of Great Britain, therefore, will have to follow the example, and though unaccustomed to such a mode of living must strive to accommodate himself to it. The system has its advantages and its disadvantages, and it is more particularly the object of the writer to point out to the stranger the nature of the latter, and offer to his notice their proper remedies.

There are various rates of boarding in all places, but it would be useless here to refer to any but those which concern the working man, and as the subject is of importance it will be better to risk being charged with tediousness than deficiency of information. In any of the principal eastern cities he may meet with very good boarding for two dollars and a half, or about 10s. 6d. sterling per week, but for



Five Points, New York City, Late 1820s

three dollars or three dollars and a half, he can get first-rate fare at all mechanics' houses, which will suit him much better than those which have the reputation of being a step higher, and for which he would have to pay four or five dollars. At the higher-class houses he will undoubtedly receive a greater share of attention, have better accommodation, and obtain some delicacies at table which it would be unreasonable to expect at the cheaper ones, but he certainly does not stand in need of the latter, and should remember he has to pay dearly for them. The medium-rate houses, therefore, are in every respect best adapted for him: he will at those places get good substantial fare much better suited to him, and will, generally speaking, find just enough of accommodation for his purposes. If he should chance before being properly acquainted with the nature of things to alight upon anything inferior, the murmurings and general discontent likely to prevail amongst the majority of his fellow boarders who have a better understanding of affairs, or the comparing of notes with acquaintances at other houses, will soon enlighten him upon the subject, and draw his attention to the propriety of removing elsewhere. This he can always do at a week's or even a day's notice, if not too scrupulous in the matter; he will never find an American standing "nice upon leave taking," when things are not in accordance with his wishes. He removes immediately, and so should the foreigner; moving occasions him but little trouble or inconvenience, and his comfort and welfare so much depend upon his proper treatment in this respect, that he must be foolish indeed to neglect either by putting up with anything inferior when the remedy lies in his own hands.

As there are peculiarities attached to the manner of eating and drinking at all American boarding-houses, it may not be amiss perhaps to furnish the British mechanic with some little information on the subject.

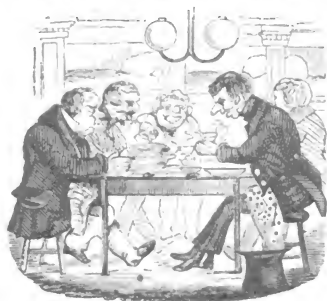
There are three meals in the day, and at each meal meats are always provided; at least at mechanics' boarding-houses. Hot vegetables are also served up, as well for the first and last meals as at dinner. At breakfast the meats of the previous day, if any be left, are hashed or rather minced together, with the cold vegetables, and put on the table hot; pork or mutton chops, beef-steaks or sausages, occasionally salt mackerel, shad, and other fish, and that which is considered a great relish, if not a delicacy, by most native Americans, fried bullock's liver; new or rather smoking hot bread, and rolls and butter, with coffee, complete the service. At dinner, joints various, sometimes with fish, other times poultry; vegetables are in great variety, some of rather a novel kind to the foreigner, amongst which the most general, and by no means the most inferior, so soon as accustomed to it, is the Carolina or sweet potato; also squash, a fruit-like vegetable, and boiled Indian corn, a downright delicacy when of proper growth; egg-plant, vegetable marrow, &c., the latter-named articles depending of course upon the summer season. Pies, puddings, and tarts of various kinds are also invariably set on the table, and conclude the meal, and occasionally coffee is supplied, but seldom anything else; never beer as a beverage. At tea, or supper rather—for both terms are used—the cold meats from dinner are served up, and as a relish in meats, dried or smoked beef, cut or rather shaved very thin, and eaten uncooked; salt fish also, sweet cakes, sweetmeats, as marmalades, &c., stewed peaches, pears, and other fruits, new bread again, and tea instead of coffee, as at breakfast. At both the first and last, and indeed all meals, a

plentiful supply of apple-sauce is mostly to be found, sometimes peach sauce—made in the summer of fresh fruits, in the winter of dried. In the proper season radishes, peppergrass, onions, cucumbers, and at all meals during the whole of the year, boiled beet-root, plain or in vinegar.

This is the customary fare at houses of this description; as before stated, some are much better than others, and if the mechanic fail in obtaining what is satisfactory at one place, it really is his own fault if he does not get it at another.

But there is one great drawback to the foreigner in the anticipated enjoyment of these good things—however numerous they may be, he must not sit to indulge over them as he would at home; that is, in his own country. “Presto” is the motto here at meals—despatch the word—what he may have heard respecting the rapid mode of eating in America he will find no fable. Every one seems disposed to outvie the other in this respect. Almost as soon as things are served up they are gone—disappearing, in fact, as if by magic. In general each person rises with the last mouthful; it seems to be one universal struggle to avoid being the last at the board, as though some very unpleasant feeling or sensation was attached to such a position; in short time the foreigner himself begins as much to dislike the situation, at least the rendering himself singular thereby, and in order to avoid it is compelled to make as little use of his teeth as the natives themselves. At first this is very unpleasant to him; but he will get accustomed to the manner, and after all be disposed to look upon it altogether as a thing of minor consequence, consoling himself perhaps with the reflection that, “when at Rome, he must do as Rome does.”

The desire thus evinced by all to rise quickly from table will teach the stranger the necessity of a timely attendance at it. It must be clear to him that the sooner he



commences, the more likely is he to be amongst the first who finish. There is another no less important reason likewise, if desirous of obtaining a fair share of the best which is afforded he will find this the only means of obtaining it; for he may rest assured the choicest is not left to the last. It is as well always to be near at hand when the table is preparing; a bell is kept in most houses to announce the proper time, and summons the boarders from their respective rooms, or the neighbourhood of the house where they may be in waiting.

The propriety and advantage of a punctual attendance at meals is perhaps more fully experienced at tea or supper time, when there are little delicacies furnished, which disappear in an amazingly short time, and when the tea after the first cup, if not before, is usually but an apology for hot water. If there is anything in his fare with which the foreigner may really find fault, it is in the management of this, at least to him, agreeable and necessary beverage. Go where he will, except occasionally in private families, it is most execrable. Although the article itself costs not

more than half the price it does in Great Britain, yet there seems to be an almost universal desire among housewives, boarding-house proprietors, and others, to economise to the very utmost in it—indeed, the practice seems really to have established in the people themselves an utter dislike for what in England is called “a good cup of tea;” and in order to prevent even the slightest possibility of such an occurrence, has given birth to a system the most abominable that could ever have been devised. At the supper table the hostess or other female of the house invariably presides, and in companionship with the teapot before her stands, if not an urn, a pitcher of hot water, for her discretionary as well as necessary use. With this, whenever the tea from the pot is in strength above a straw colour, each cup is plentifully supplied before it passes from her hand; but in spite of this very admirable provision for those who are apprehensive of its effect upon their nervous system, so much has the practice influenced both taste and desire, and confirmed the habit, that ever and anon will some veritable disciple of a temperance creed or doctrine, with a Dr. Sangrado-like faith in the virtues of warm water, repass his tea, pale as the cup which holds it, for more of the pure element, until with the exception of the milk, which in cities is never either too good or too abundant, it becomes a perfectly colourless liquid.

But there is not much use here, either in complaint or remonstrance; for where the plan is universal and every body indifferent to improvement, very little heed would be paid to anything that might be urged against it. Should there be nothing else for the boarder to complain of in his fare, this must be borne with, unless, indeed, by the employment of a little tact or management, which in this as in other cases seldom fails of success, he can contrive a remedy—in short, let him take a position as near as possible to the hostess at the head of the table upon these occasions, and keep always upon as good terms as possible with her, and this will effect much that may be desired.

As before stated, in his complaints on this score the native of Great Britain is not likely to meet with anything like a responsive feeling among his fellow-boarders, he will find no sympathy, and therefore no support in any attempt to effect a remedy of this grievance; but in a case of common interest, where all feel alike concerned, he may always safely calculate upon a sufficient co-operation to work out the object. It does happen sometimes that there is absolutely a necessity for this management on the part of the boarders; it is no uncommon thing even at very respectable houses to meet occasionally with a falling off in the general fare; every now and then their proprietors taking it into their heads to experiment a little in this way; this should be boldly and determinedly met, but perhaps the better plan is to attack with the united force of wit and ridicule. If in most other respects the boarders are comfortably situated, it may be worth while, perhaps, to try the effect of this before proceeding to extremities, for, with proper management, it will be almost sure to succeed. The writer often smiles at the recollection of an occurrence of this description which took place at a boarding-house where for a long time he resided, and shall not soon forget the amusement afforded to all parties concerned in it. Being no bad illustration of what has been stated, and also recommended, on this head, it may not be amiss just to mention it. These experiments, by-the-by, are generally made when it chances that several boarders of old standing may happen

to leave about the same time, making room for a sudden accession of as many new ones, who, unaware of the previous treatment, are not likely to murmur quite so much at what they meet with, and whose indifference may serve also to give some countenance to the new mode of proceeding. It was at a time like this, and when, it must be confessed, provisions were rather high, that the experiment which had been tried once or twice before, was again repeated. A falling off was discernible, particularly in the first meal—day after day it grew worse, until at last the only thing furnished in lieu of the ample and varied supply described before, as belonging to the breakfast, was a solitary mackarel with bread and butter. At first the ignorance of some respecting the customary fare, and the indifference of others, caused but little notice to be taken of the change, and most partook of what was set before them with hardly a comment; but as the same plan began to be applied, though on a more moderate scale, to the last meal also, upon the presumed success of the first attempt, a determination was at once entered into by all, that when the mackarel was next served up, it should remain untouched, and be “left alone in his glory.” This was done, but still it continued to be supplied. Many were the jokes passed upon it at meals—often, it must be admitted, rather in bitterness of spirit; several “were satisfied the markets or stores supplied no other articles;” some “believed it to be the self-same fish that had put in its appearance there a week before;” others said “they could swear to it, because it was impossible to be mistaken in the features of such an old acquaintance;” some acknowledged the wisdom or propriety of doing penance for their former sins in the indulgence of the table, and professed to feel deeply indebted for the opportunity afforded them; but all this drew forth nothing either in the way of reply or amendment. It was a bold push on the part of the proprietors; perseverance was thought to be all that was necessary to accomplish the end—they had failed before, but were determined now to succeed, presuming, in fact, upon the superior accommodations which in other respects the house afforded. But it was not long before the boarders hit upon an expedient which fully answered the purpose, and was attended with the most complete success. It was resolved to attack on the side of fear or shame, where it was considered the parties were somewhat more vulnerable. For this purpose it was agreed that a coffin should be made conformable to the most approved fashion of the country, of fine mahogany, French polished, by a cabinet-maker, a fellow boarder and sufferer; that the mackarel, when next served up, should be placed in it, and in funeral procession conveyed to an open and waste lot of ground somewhat adjacent, and solemnly deposited therein, or else be taken down to the river (the noble Hudson) and recommitted to that element of which it had formerly been a tenant. There were, as indeed is usual, many boarding-houses in the same street; the street itself in one of the most public parts of the city; and, as we rightly judged, the mischief which such an exhibition might produce would be much too great a risk for the proprietors to run.

The design was no sooner in thought than in execution. At the following meal one got up when the fish came on, and gravely measured it, communicating at the same time the dimensions to another, the party appointed to furnish its last receptacle: before the day was out the coffin was finished; twelve out of seventeen were appointed as “merry mourners” for the occasion; and the following morning fixed

upon for the carrying out of the solemn farce. All were anxious for the morrow. When it came, each bestirred himself more than usually early for the purpose, and waited with breathless anxiety for the first summons of the breakfast bell: it came at last, and with it a very different picture from what had been anticipated: instead of the mackarel "all forlorn," a goodly array of everything that could be wished for was spread before the wondering gaze of all. Some were in high glee, rubbing their hands with delight at the welcome change; the majority, perhaps, were a little chagrined at not being able to carry out their joke; but a very short time served to put them in good humour, and great were the congratulations upon the agreeable alteration. The truth was, in spite of all attempts at secrecy regarding ultimate objects and intentions, the whole of the plan became known to the proprietors: the consequences were too clearly seen to permit it to be proceeded with; there was but one method of preventing it—that was decided upon and adopted; and never afterwards was there the slightest occasion for complaint upon the same score.

These proceedings at boarding-houses are by no means uncommon, particularly since the enormous rise in the prices of all articles of provision; and the writer in giving this instance thinks that it affords no bad proof of the occasional necessity of a little determination on the part of the boarders, and the utility also of it when managed in a proper manner.

But with regard to boarding-house management, this is not the only complaint he may have to make, or the only thing he has to attend to. Decidedly the most fertile source of grievance in most cases is the inconvenience and the unpleasantness arising from the crowded state of the sleeping-rooms, and for which, indeed, there will be found but little remedy. This is a considerable annoyance to natives of Great Britain, and too often exists where everything else is perfectly unexceptionable. Even the very best of houses are badly off in this respect, economising to the very utmost in it.

In taking boarding, therefore, one of the first things to which the attention should be directed is the intended accommodation for his sleeping purposes. Let him by no means neglect this; for, where a house is full, the very worst shifts are often made for the last comer, who is sure always to fare the most indifferently. As others leave, however, better chances of accommodation may offer; and where things in other respects are good, it is often well worth while to wait for the occasion, as, perhaps, there might be no better accommodation elsewhere. It will always be a difficult matter in all mechanics' boarding-houses to get a single bed, still more so to obtain a single-bedded room; there are mostly two persons in a bed, and frequently three or four beds in the larger apartments. In the summer this makes the heat and general unpleasantness almost insupportable, and leads to the common but very bad practice of sleeping with the windows open during the night. The changeable nature of the climate renders this extremely hazardous to the health, as well as liable to considerable additional annoyance from that day and night tormentor, the musquito, whose scent is as keen as the vulture's for his prey, and who will not fail to take full advantage of so favourable an opportunity. The annoyance from this insect, together with that of the bed-bug (This noisome insect is thus distinguished in the United States, that it may not be confounded with other insects which, as well as flies, are all termed bugs; flies in particular,) as it is

denominated, which, even in the most cleanly and respectable houses, private or otherwise, swarm in the summer season, give the foreigner, at least, but little chance of proper repose at night time; and the work of tormenting is taken up in the morning by the host of house-flies, so abundant in all parts of the United States, possessing also an increased faculty of tormenting, and whose task of annoyance commences with the very first peep of morn.

It must be observed that the charges for boarding, already given, include board and lodging only, nothing more. Among the additional expenses washing and mending form no inconsiderable items; the charges for both, but particularly the latter, are extravagantly high. Washing is done by the piece or dozen, at the rate of six shillings per dozen, American money; so that every article, however trifling (as a handkerchief, a collar, or stockings) costs the same as a shirt, waistcoat, or pantaloons,—rather more than threepence sterling; and as the number of the larger articles is trifling compared with the others, the charges on the whole are extremely high. Yet during the “strike” for increase of wages, in 1836 and 1837, the washer-women took it into their heads to include themselves among the claimants, and actually raised their charges to eight shillings, or one dollar per dozen. But many have now returned to the old rate, which, indeed, seems amply sufficient. The things are called for at the boarding-house, and brought home when done; so that the owner has no trouble in the matter, the hostess, indeed, giving the requisite attention to it.

The most important head, however, of expense is that of dress. Here the foreigner will soon find a vast addition to his expenditure; for the American mechanic almost invariably dresses well, and he must necessarily do the same. There is very little difference, if indeed any, in point of appearance, between the young men of most trades and their employers, or, in fact, the first tradesmen and merchants of the city. This is the effect of early habit,—a habit which here “grows with the growth.” The boy, or rather child, may and indeed frequently is neglected; but from the moment he becomes an apprentice the case is totally altered. From that date forward he imbibes and cherishes ideas of his outward embellishment: the provision that is then made by his employer, in a reservation of a part of his wages for that especial purpose, gives the first impression, which deepens as he grows up: his overtime, which he is always allowed, and the product of which is generally considerable, furnishes him with additional means, which are mostly disposed of this way, till he dresses in a style that would be deemed the very height of extravagance anywhere else, London and Paris, perhaps, excepted. In short, all classes of the American people dress well—no nation to the same extent, male or female; they have a passion for it, particularly as regards the head and feet. If deficient in other respects, they will be smart there. No passion, perhaps, is more contagious than that for dress, at least with young persons: the foreigner, affected by the general example, soon imbibes it, and at the same time discovers that this external display is likely to be a tax much greater than he had calculated upon, and which will require considerable exertions to furnish the means of sustaining.

Perhaps one of the greatest inconveniences belonging to the boarding-house system and management, at least with the mechanics’ or the more inferior ones, is the entire want of anything like accommodation for in-door enjoyment and gratifi-

cation, no matter of what description. This is an evil in the very heart of the system, the bad consequences of which are but too often seen in the effects produced by it, and which there is great reason to regret.

After the labour of the day, which ceases at six o'clock, the mechanic has much leisure time upon his hands, which it were well for him, perhaps, if he had the means of properly employing. There are many hours between his last meal and his time for rest, to be occupied in some way or other; he must do something to fill them up; he cannot stop in-doors, being contrary to general custom, and adverse also to the inclination of the proprietrix, who usually does all in her power to discourage the practice. He has, to be sure, the liberty of using the principal room, which after meals is always prepared for such purpose, and is common to all; that is, for a very short time, merely for a few minutes' conversation or to take a turn or two, but it will soon be apparent to him that he is not, for any length of time, wanted there, and it is likewise contrary to custom to remain. He must also find some employment: this can be little else than reading, but if his taste lead him that way, he cannot indulge in it, either for profit or amusement, when he is liable to constant interruption; his bedroom affords him no greater privacy, being not exclusively his own; he would have to provide himself also with both light and firing, and will find that his presence is equally obnoxious even there. He must, therefore, for he has no alternative, leave the house; and the question is "to go where?" There are none of those sports, pastimes, amusements, and recreations such as he has been accustomed to in his own country, as cricket, quoits, rackets, fives, &c. &c., although many attempts have been made on the part of "old country" people to establish them: to walk much about the city is contrary to general custom, and therefore only renders him singular; few, if any, Americans doing so for mere pleasure, Sundays perhaps excepted, and then only for a few hours in the middle of the day, never in the latter part of it. The hour of tea or supper, six o'clock, is always the signal for return to all who may have strayed away. It is not advisable to affect a singularity in this, any more than in other respects; it is therefore a species of enjoyment he cannot well have recourse to: in short, the mechanic has very little choice left him in the matter. He must go to a tavern or drinking-house, or to theatres or other places of amusement, and should his taste or his desire lead him to the first of these, which is very probable, as being the too common practice in his own country with the working-man, he will find the mode and manner in every respect perfectly different. A little information to the stranger on the subject may not, perhaps, be altogether uninteresting or unserviceable.

### Taverns, or Drinking-Houses

Drinking-houses are divided in the United States into two classes, designated three-cent houses and six-cent houses, which means the sum charged for each distinct glass or quantity taken; the former also are mostly termed porter-houses, the latter taverns and hotels; but latterly it has become the fashion to dignify nearly all with the latter titles. As may be supposed, the higher priced houses are superior in their accommodations, and the quality of their liquors. Brandy, which is the general drink, may occasionally be had good at these superior places; but generally



that, as well as all other spirits, wines, and liquors, is most execrable at the inferior ones.

At the more respectable of the six-cent houses, for even they differ, they supply for the gratuitous use of their customers, relishes consisting of crackers (a particularly nice biscuit) and cheese, dried salt-fish, dried or smoked beef, with other kinds of biscuit also. These are kept on a convenient part of the bar-counter ready to the hand; and here all may help themselves to what they choose, and as often as they think fit; but it is seldom taken by any one except as a snack or relish. Chewing tobacco is likewise given gratuitously, and with an unsparing hand; but this is common to all drinking-houses. A great variety of newspapers from all parts of the Union is to be found at these

superior houses, arranged for reading, and filed for reference, as at some of the coffee-houses in London.

It is at these houses the more respectable people congregate, whether mechanics, clerks, tradesmen, &c., or the better order of foreigners. If the stranger should think proper to adopt this mode of passing his time, he will find that in every respect it will be much to his advantage to frequent these six-cent houses, in preference to the others. On entering, if he wish for immediate refreshment, he goes at once to the bar, which usually runs the whole length or breadth of the room, and is handsomely fitted up at the back with polished mahogany and looking-glass, in the style and taste of some of the recent fittings of the London gin-palaces, an idea evidently borrowed from brother Jonathan. Having expressed his wants and wishes, the bar-keeper will hand him a tumbler to hold about half a pint, and he is left to help himself to that which he prefers from decanters kept within a slight railwork at each end of the counter. The customary quantity taken, whether of wines or spirits, is about one-fourth of the glass, but if double or treble is taken it calls forth no remark, only it is likely perhaps to be remembered upon any future occasion. This is drank off undiluted, and afterwards about the same quantity of spring water, which is kept in a pitcher or tap on the counter ready to the hand. If it should be required mixed, that is with sugar and water, the bar-keeper himself prepares it. The customer will have to pay to the amount of the smallest silver coin (Spanish money) six and a quarter cents, a trifle more than 3d. sterling, for which he can choose from all the wines of ordinary use, as well as spirits, with the exception, however, of genuine Scotch and Irish whiskey, the duty on which renders it a little too costly. There is home-made spirit called whiskey, and also a rum; but these are hardly ever taken except by coloured people, who, it may be observed, are never suffered to enter houses of this description frequented by

whites. After having thus refreshed, he can then, which is the general practice, retire to other parts of the room, enter into conversation, or read the papers, both of which are usually done in a standing position, there being but little accommodation in fact for sitting: here and there a stool or a settee may be found, but no boxes, benches, or seat-fittings of any description, as in "Old Country" houses. The newspapers are arranged generally along one side of the room, upon a raised frame about breast high, which serves the purpose also of resting upon.

But it is not only the superiority of the accommodations which form the great recommendation to these houses, it is the society which, as before stated, is undoubtedly of a much better character and description, than at the inferior ones. There are, however, many respectable three-cent houses, frequented, too, by tolerable company, but it cannot be denied that their liquors, cigars, &c., are all of an inferior description; while, as many of them in their exterior appearance resemble the six-cent houses, full advantage is taken of the foreigner's ignorance respecting their real character, it serves to justify an excess of charge, and he is made to pay the same amount as at the best sort of houses.

The better sort of houses of both descriptions are always in the most public places, and at most of them gambling amusements of some kind or other are practised; as cards, dice, chequers or draughts, dominoes, bagatelle, the old English game of shovel-board, and, at the more superior ones, billiards, and skittles. The French game of billiards is played; and with regard to skittles, the game is totally different from any of the English modes. There being, in many parts of the States, an existing law prohibiting the game of nine-pins, the penalty is most ingeniously evaded by having ten-pins; and this has now become the general practice throughout the United States. The play is upon a long frame, or alley as it is termed, carefully laid down in small strips or pieces, and firmly put together in order to be durable as well as properly level. These are from fifty to sixty feet in length, some of them entirely of white marble—the pins tall, like Dutch pins, the balls (for several are required) perfectly round, weighing from five to ten pounds each, the smaller of which are called ponies. The mode of play is bowling the whole distance so many balls,—size of balls left to the discretion of the players, each taking those he likes best, the number of pins thrown down, scored,—the greater number being the winner; and if all down in less than the complement of balls, the spare balls go to the next game. An inclined shoot, or gutter, is constructed on one side the alley, for the return of the balls, which come down to the hand ready again for play.

This is decidedly the best pastime or amusement which the United States afford, but by no means an economical one. Money is easily got rid of at it, and it will not do therefore to indulge too much in the game. The stake is sixpence; that is six and a quarter cents each player, the loser paying the winner's stake; half the amount of the whole goes for the use of the alley; the other half is received by a ticket, which is negotiable at the bar of the house, for whatever the party may require in the way of refreshment.

In summer all liquors and mixtures, even beer and cider, are taken with ice in them; in winter with warm water. Whiskey or brandy punch is then the favourite drink; as sangaree, made of white or red wines, with nutmeg and sugar, and mint julaps made of brandy or wines with fresh garden mint, well steeped and mixed in

with them, are equally in request in summer. This last is a very general and favourite drink throughout the Union, more particularly in the Southern States, where it is considered an antidote to the cholera, and various complaints of the stomach and bowels.

At many of the inferior, or three-cent houses, there are harmonic meetings twice or thrice a week, in the manner of the English free-and-easy, but they suit not the taste or the spirit of the people, therefore make but little progress.

But the native of Great Britain, accustomed to enjoyment arising from this source, will, if he be still disposed to seek after it, find himself not without the means of gratification. In some of the principal cities there are English ale-houses, where every thing is conducted entirely upon the "Old Country" plan. In New York there are several, three or four of which are of a very superior description. The original, and for many years the most eminent of these, is in Thames-street, Broadway, near the City Hotel, kept, until recently, by Reynolds, well known for his eccentricity at one time, but latterly remarkable only for his coarseness and incivility, which deservedly lost him much of his patronage. The "Shades" is another respectable house in the same street, a little below. It is kept by Evans, formerly in the employ of Reynolds, who was encouraged some few years back to start in opposition, and has ever since been so well supported that he is rapidly making a fortune. Breese's, likewise, in Hudson-street, is another place of the same description.

Here, at any one of these houses, the Englishman may enjoy himself in the true "Old Country" fashion, taking his pipe instead of cigar, his jug of ale or beer, sitting also to regale himself instead of standing, and perfectly free from the critical remarks which these peculiarities would subject him to elsewhere. The best of malt liquors also are constantly supplied, and at certain seasons of the year, perhaps, they are the only safe places at which to partake of them. It is difficult at all times to procure good malt liquor in America, but more particularly so in the summer months, during which time it is seldom touched by a native American, and unless the article could be depended upon, it were well for the foreigner to follow the example. It differs much in different places. Of all cities, Philadelphia ranks the first, the quality of its water, and the care in the manufacture, enable them to supply a very superior article; but the beer made in New York, or city beer, as it is termed, is, generally speaking, most abominable stuff, and really unsafe to drink. The Albany and Poughkeepsie beer, and that from other places likewise, up the Hudson river, is considerably better, particularly the first named, an extensive consumption of which takes place in the city of New York. Philadelphia beer is drunk throughout the Union. In Philadelphia, also, there are many English houses. At all those in New York a good supply of "Old Country" and American papers will be found, and they serve up a variety of English relishes in first-rate style, as Welch rare-bits, chops, steaks, ham and beef, &c., particularly for supper, which, from the early hour of taking the last meal, at the boarding-houses, is found by many very acceptable, or indeed necessary. The society at these places is of a very respectable order, particularly at Evans's, where there is a select harmonic meeting occasionally; the attention, accommodations, &c., all that can be desired, and certainly to those accustomed to such enjoyment it will be utterly impossible to find in the

ordinary houses of entertainment things so congenial to the taste, or in any way so well adapted to their views. Few Americans frequent these houses, which is certainly one disadvantage; occasionally, some are to be met as casual visitors, and these invariably profess to like the mode in which things are managed, as well at least as their own manner, though so totally different from it.

In offering these particulars to the stranger, the writer is aware that he has run to a somewhat unusual length; but his object has been, not merely to give the peculiarities of a national mode of regaling at the ordinary drinking-houses, but to point out to the foreigner, that although it is the common practice of mechanics and others, particularly the single man, to frequent them, it is one surrounded by many temptations, which, perhaps, without very great caution, are likely in some way or other to be injurious to him. If he choose to adopt this practice, instead of employing other modes to fill up leisure time, for it is quite clear he must do something, let him act temperately, and then there is little to fear either in the way of hazard or expense. Wisely managed, indeed, it may be made a matter of economy rather than one of extravagance, saving him from the more heavy expenses attendant upon other means of filling up his time to which he might probably have recourse, as theatres, far too numerous in most of the principal cities, and other entertainments, constantly spreading their attractions before him. In short, from the very great demand for gratification in this way, for a people whose craving for it derives its origin from their peculiar mode of existence, most of the large cities in America are the very hot-beds for amusement and entertainments of every possible description; and as for New York, it will in this respect, allowing for the difference in the amount of population, throw London, or even Paris, completely in the shade.

With such temptations as these before him, it need not be wondered at that the foreigner, in his search after the means of filling up his leisure, should have recourse to some of them for such purpose. If the native himself is compelled by existing circumstances to the same course, what is the stranger to do? He has no alternative. The American has his circle of friends and relatives with whom he may pass some of his time, or, which is a much more general custom with young men, run a round of visits among their female acquaintance. Perhaps the foreigner has, however, no very great reason to regret the privation of this latter mode of passing his time, likely, as in nearly all cases it is, to lead to still greater expenses than the others. The universal taste for dancing amongst all classes of the American people, which, with most young persons, females in particular, amounts to a downright passion, often involves the single man, who is in the habit of cultivating such acquaintance, at least during the season for this pastime, which is the greater part of the year, in expenses for dress and other matters almost beyond his means.

#### Private Lodging—Self-Boarding

The greater part of the preceding information and advice may be said, strictly speaking, to apply only to the single man. With the married mechanic the case of course is entirely different; for he labours under none of the disadvantages resulting from the boarding system, which almost the whole of these disabilities proceed from, and therefore is not driven to any such means for filling up his time. Having

a home of his own, where he can do what he likes, he is no way obliged to subscribe to the modes of others. This is an important privilege, and the writer has often thought, while reflecting upon the value of its possession, that the single man might also endeavour to obtain it. That it would be found no way impracticable the result of experience enables him to affirm, for he has made the experiment, and known others, also, who have done the same successfully. The plan, it must be confessed, is wholly contrary to custom; but it has too many recommendations to be slighted, or renounced because of its singularity. All that is necessary is, to procure a room, furnish it with sufficient requisites (which can be done at a very small expense), and take meals partly out, partly at home, according to convenience, and in the way and manner hereafter described. This could be very well managed by an individual, but still better in conjunction with another, not only on the score of society, but economy also. Rents are excessively high; the expense of which, as well as of many other things, would, of course, be materially lessened by a division of it between two persons. But it is not economy which in this case is the main consideration: the arrangement, certainly, would have very little to recommend it on that head; in fact, upon the whole, with regard to the boarding part of the management, the plan is more expensive. Boarding, at least at the mechanics' house, is, by the effect of competition, brought down as low as it possibly can be; and it is only by number, perhaps, that it does pay at all. But if the expense of living, in the way now proposed, should be slightly increased, it is fully compensated for by obtaining what is so congenial to "old country" feeling—something like the comforts, and nearly all the conveniences of a home, which in fact could not be procured in any other way; and also the opportunity of employing leisure time according to inclination, instead of being forced by a want of that opportunity to fall into the methods generally adopted by persons of the same class, however opposite to the taste or perhaps to the principle.

Should this plan, therefore, be pursued by two persons of congenial views and dispositions, perhaps, too, of about the same age, there is not the slightest doubt of its success. The chief difficulty will perhaps be found in the arrangement as to meals, and that will be best met in the manner following: Breakfast, which is always taken at an early hour, should be had out, at any of the refectories or houses of refreshment, which unite the accommodations of both the coffee and eating houses of London and other large towns and cities in England, and are everywhere numerous in all the principal cities of America. Dinner should be obtained at the same places, and as nearly as possible in the vicinity of employ, and ready attention is always to be met with. But three meals, as before stated, are customarily taken; and the tea, or last meal (for the preparation of which there is the fullest leisure, and after which the opportunities spoken of are most desirable), should be taken at home. Whatever is requisite for this purpose can be easily procured, and with the great liberty also, in this case, of consulting the taste and fancy in the matter, and being as it is the almost invariable custom for men to provide the table-necessaries, even with the first of merchants and tradesmen, there would of course be nothing singular or unpleasant connected with it. From the many facilities to be afforded, even the most unpractised hand would soon get familiar to it.

The average increase of expense attending this arrangement throughout the year

would not exceed three-quarters of a dollar a week. This of course includes everything, rent, cleaning, and occasional attendance; extras of washing, fuel, lighting, boarding out and at home, with all things consequent upon it. Four dollars a week would accomplish this well, which, at the utmost, would only be a dollar per week more than the boarding-house charge at the medium rate, and but half a dollar above the more superior ones; but when all things are taken into consideration, the regular and economical habits it induces (which the boarder has little chance of acquiring—business, pleasure, &c., being frequently the cause of his absenting himself from meals, and thereby occasioning no small addition to his boarding expenses), the advantage will be found wholly on the side of such a system. Under the head of refectories or eating-houses, the charges for which will now be given, the mechanic will have a better opportunity of judging respecting the correctness of some parts of this statement, and will thereby be enabled to judge whether there is any false calculation or mistake in the matter.

Eating-houses, or refectories as they are termed, are very numerous in all American cities, and their accommodations, generally speaking, are by no means bad. They differ, of course, both in their character and their charges, and may be found suited to every grade and station. The system of boarding encourages and gives to them great support. There are few persons who, in the course of the week, are not compelled to avail themselves of their accommodations for some meal or other. At their own table they seldom can get anything after the regular hours, and as nothing is supplied after the tea or last meal (and that is taken at the early hour already mentioned), most persons are likely to stand in need of something before the time of rest. These, therefore, are the places frequented for such purposes. At taverns, hotels, or drinking-houses, it is difficult to procure anything beyond pastry or oysters; the latter of which are articles of great consumption in all parts of the



Broadway, New York, 1834

United States, at least wherever they can be obtained; and even in the far-west, or the interior, where they cannot be procured fresh, they may be found pickled. Houses of refreshment of every description furnish them, and it has a very odd appearance to observe in a tavern or hotel, by the side of an elegantly fitted-up bar, an oyster-bin, and people standing round it while the articles are being prepared for them. In the Atlantic cities one-half of the houses of refreshment, or rather cellars (for this description of places are always in the basement part of the building), supply nothing else, and some have a very considerable reputation for them. To suit the fancy, and adapt them to taste and palate, they are stewed and roasted, fried and scalloped, pickled and preserved, and tortured in numberless other ways, besides being eaten from the shell. They are much more expensive, even in the cities on the sea-board, where they are plentiful, than in most parts of England; and most decidedly inferior, although it would be a very difficult matter, perhaps, to persuade an American of the fact.

The charges at eating-houses are moderate, and are rated more perhaps by the respectability of the establishment than by any very great difference either in the quantity or quality of the article supplied. With many it consists solely in the style or manner of serving up. The charge is made by the plate, and is subject to the same sort of distinction as the price of liquor—that is, the amount is doubled at the more respectable places, though here there is a grade or two of them, at the highest of which the charge is even tripled. At the more inferior ones in New York a very tolerable dinner may be obtained for a shilling, as it is there termed; and in other of the principal cities, where the denomination of money differs, for an amount equivalent to it, which, as before observed, is about equal to sixpence sterling. This will consist of a small plate of meat, or meat-pie, with a proportion of vegetables, small portion of pickles, and half a slice of bread, with two small plates of pies or puddings afterwards; being six cents or three pence British for the plate of meat, and three cents or three halfpence each for pie or pudding; and at the same rate, likewise, for whatever else may be required. Poultry, as geese, ducks, fowls, or turkey, the latter a very favourite article of food, are charged at a shilling per plate; but double the quantity of vegetable and bread is then furnished. With both pie and pudding, after this even, the charge would be only one shilling and six-pence, New York, or nine-pence halfpenny English money. This of course produces a superior meal, and the quantity even of the meats, furnished for the above amount, would by a moderately abstemious eater be deemed quite sufficient. For those, however, who are not quite so easily satisfied, an additional plate of meat and vegetable, for, as before stated, six cents, or of fish, boiled or fried, at the same price, and taken previously, would certainly be found sufficient. Thus a dinner at these houses, consisting of the various articles named, and sufficiently abundant even for a strong appetite, can be obtained for eighteen and three-quarter cents, which, as near as possible, is nine-pence halfpenny sterling. Beer or other liquors are all extra, but can be procured at the bar, with which most of them are furnished, and at the same rate as at the ordinary porter-houses or liquor-stores, that is, at three cents per glass.

The articles at most of these places are good, cooked well, and served attentively, and therefore it certainly would not be prudent in the mechanic to incur a double

expense (which he would in all things, however, except poultry, for in that the charge at most places is alike), by frequenting the more superior establishments. Some of these ordinary sort of houses are, of course, better than others, but after having, by search or by recommendation, obtained a good one, his taste must indeed be fastidious who is not content as well with the mode as with the supply. Since the enormous advance, however, of all articles of provision—at one time confined to season, and invariably attended with an after reduction, but now apparently of permanent duration—the writer is afraid that most visitors must lay to their account the additional charge of an extra plate of meat, at nearly the whole of these places, before they are sufficiently satisfied. The dinner at these houses is decidedly the cheapest and best meal, at breakfast and at tea the cost is just as much, while the quantity bears no manner of proportion. Indeed both in quantity and in quality these meals are far inferior to those which can be obtained at a respectable London coffee shop, and for nearly one third less. At all the principal houses these charges, as usual, are doubled, and there these two meals may absolutely be called dear.

The cheapest of these ordinary or inferior dining houses, and in many respects also the best, in most of the eastern cities, are in the neighbourhood of the markets, called, in fact, market houses, where they keep open tables at so much per head. Thither most persons repair who are desirous of indulging unlimitedly at a really cheap rate; a dinner may here be obtained for nine-pence halfpenny sterling, consisting of poultry and meats in variety, frequently fish included, with vegetables of all descriptions in abundance, bread, pickles, &c., with pies and puddings, and the full liberty to partake of one and all to whatever extent may be desired. In point of respectability, however, they have not the greatest reputation, being frequented chiefly by carmen, porters, labourers, and the market people, very few artisans or mechanics; but all who may wish for a good meal, and are not too scrupulous respecting their company for the time being, can certainly procure it here.

At none of these places it is customary to give anything to waiters or attendants; it is not looked for, their salaries are as much as they require; any attempt at additional remuneration would be treated with contempt, and their independent conduct in this respect forms a pleasing contrast to the begging manoeuvres of these gentry at all houses of this description in any part of Great Britain, or indeed the whole of Europe.

The author is not ignorant of there being statements and opinions before the public, on the subject of American dining houses (or refectories as they are termed), widely different from his own.

It is no uncommon thing for writers on American matters to differ in this respect. But perhaps this is no where so remarkable as in the case of two of the most eminent, whose statements and representations are so utterly at variance with each other, as to make them deserving of especial mention here.

Stuart, in his "Three Years," while treating on the subject of New York 'dining houses,' accuses Captain Hall not merely of error but of downright misstatement. The work of Captain Hall the writer has never met with except in extract, but of course takes it for granted that Mr. Stuart in his reference is correct. The captain, upon a visit to one of the better description of dining rooms before mentioned, the

"Franklin," in Maiden Lane, complains greatly about the enormity of the charge, which Stuart states to be represented as "nearly three time more" than it possibly could be. He then gives in proof the charge made to himself at the same place for a dinner, as he terms it, of "three courses," consisting of fish, turkey, and a slice of ham, three sorts of vegetables, pies and puddings, which altogether amounted to but twenty-five cents—a quarter of a dollar, or about twelve-pence halfpenny sterling; with an extra charge of one penny for a glass of beer or cider.

The reader who may have recollected the various charges given in the former part of this chapter at all houses of refreshment, will see at once the total impossibility of getting, even at the most inferior houses, a dinner such as described for less than the sum stated by Mr. Stuart, and their charges are, as mentioned, from one third to two thirds less than at other places; but at the house alluded to, (Messrs. Brown and Clark's, one of the best in New York), or any other of a similar description, it would be impossible to obtain it for less than half as much more. For instance, the fish at least would be 6  $\frac{1}{4}$  cents the plate—the turkey, to say nothing of the slice of ham, 18  $\frac{3}{4}$  cents (vegetables and bread in each case included), pies and puddings each 6  $\frac{1}{4}$  cents, making together 37  $\frac{1}{2}$ , the charge that must of necessity have been made, unless some mistake had occurred. This sum of 37  $\frac{1}{2}$  cents is about equal to 1s. 8d. sterling, which is a little different from "twelve-pence halfpenny!" As to the charge of "one penny for the glass of beer or cider," everybody in the slightest degree acquainted with American affairs knows full well that not the meanest porter-house or liquor-store would furnish it at less than three cents per glass (The author conceives it particularly necessary to fully elucidate this point, seeing that so much is always expended in the summer season upon beverages of various descriptions and as the charge is alike for all.), or "horn" as they sometimes term it, and then the quantity would be a very indifferent apology for a half-pint imperial measure.

What can have been Mr. Stuart's motive for thus endeavouring to mislead his readers—that is, if mistake be not the cause, and that is hardly excusable—it is almost impossible to say. Certainly if Captain Hall was in error, he, Mr. Stuart, has well followed his footsteps, and in a manner more calculated to do mischief. But both statements, perhaps, partake of the true nature and character of the works to which they belong, the one to partial condemnation—the other to universal and unqualified praise, and in offering thus his own statement, or refutation as it may be termed, the writer has only to say that his knowledge is the knowledge of lengthened experience, not gathered from others—not obtained by an occasional or a solitary visit to such places, or depending upon favour, mistake, or accident.



## *A Sister's Reminiscences of Oliver Hazard Perry's Childhood*

SARAH WALLACE PERRY

One of the universal challenges of biographers of persons who have achieved a measure of worldly success or fame is to look back at their subjects' early years and try to figure out what it was that prepared them for playing a greater role on life's stage than their contemporaries. In the late 1830s, Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, himself a noted naval commander, began working on a biography of Oliver Hazard Perry (1785–1819), hero of the Battle of Lake Erie. He wrote to Matthew Calbraith Perry (1794–1858), later to achieve lasting fame for his mission to Japan, soliciting anecdotes of Oliver's childhood. Matthew, though, was nine years younger than his brother and had been only six years old when Oliver went to sea, so he passed the request on to his sister Sarah, hoping that since she was three years older, her memories might be more full and useful to Mackenzie. An older brother, Raymond (1789–1826), had died. Sarah more than rose to the occasion.

Sarah Wallace Perry (1791–1851) was the third of eight Perry children, the only one who did not marry. In replying to her brother Matthew, she protested that she had little of substance to offer, partly because she was six years younger than Oliver, partly because she had been deaf since infancy and therefore had missed conversation and discussions which would have added to her understanding of events of their childhood. In actual fact, her deafness may have been an advantage, because she was exceptionally observant and thoughtful.



Oliver Hazard Perry

The three long letters published here were used in part by Mackenzie in his biography, but they deserve to be published in full, not only for what they say about Oliver Hazard Perry's childhood and for the wealth of anecdotal family and local historical lore presented in such a charming way, but as compositions of a rather remarkable member of the Perry family in her own right. We know almost nothing about her other than what we can learn from these letters themselves, that she never married, and the dates of her birth and death. She was too modest to tell us very much. We do not know the degree of her deafness, but clearly her hearing was considerably impaired. In spite of it, the whole tone of her writing suggests a woman of good education, common sense, and exceptional sensitivity. She documents how important family, and the oral tradition of family anecdotes were in

eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century America. People tended to know who their ancestors and cousins were and something about them long before written genealogy came into vogue.

Whether or not the youthful experiences of Oliver Hazard Perry described by his sister in any way explain his victory on Lake Erie is debatable, but they make for delightful reading. Sarah Perry's sincere modesty is one of the many becoming traits that come out in her letters, but one senses that, in her own way, she was as exceptional as her two famous brothers. The original letters are part of the Oliver Hazard Perry Papers at the Clements Library.

New London August 21st [1839]

Dear Calbraith

Betsey informed me that you wished me to write down any little anecdote that I could recollect of our Brother Oliver. The constant bustle in the house at present renders it almost impossible to write, even if I knew any thing that would answer your present purpose, more than you already know yourself. I once tried the subject, at your request, for the use of Doctor Parsons, but I doubt whether there was any thing in my communication to him that would be of use to you. The fact is, I was too young, and too deaf to have known, or heard much of the earlier part of our Brother's life, supposing it to have been more full of events than that of boys generally, which however it was not.

I remember that I looked up to him as a man when he could himself have been little more than a child. I have been told that he was always from his birth a favorite with old and young, and I have myself heard the late Mrs. Dockray, an old friend of our parents, say, that he was so noted for beauty and attractive qualities when a child, that she rode many miles to get a sight of him before she knew our Mother. His teachers, from the first, down to Mr. Frazer, the last, took the warmest interest in him. His first teacher, after our Mother had given him the first rudiments of education, was a Mr. Rodman of South Kingston, whom I have heard described as possessing great simplicity, and goodness, and considerable acquirement. Oliver attended his school daily at the distance of four miles from home, with his cousins, who being all older than himself, and having no brother of their own, by making him their companion and protector in all their adventures on the road, soon began from the manliness with which he acquitted himself in those characteristics, to look upon him with a respect his age alone could not have entitled him to—and such, I believe, was the case in every instance where he became known.

I never remember to have heard him spoken of at any age but with respect, and regard; nor saw him in company with any person who did not treat him with an unusual share of deference, and consideration. There must, I think, have been a certain peculiar *something* that attracted affection, and good will to him, as well as respect, even from his very cradle, for when he became known as the victor on Lake Erie, and his earliest friends heard of the honours paid to him by the different cities, they almost uniformly, and many with tears in their eyes, exclaimed, after congratulating his parents, and seemingly casting a retrospective glance over his past life—"But Oliver deserves it all!"—or sometimes it would be—"But it is no

more than we might have expected from him." These are simple phrases but to me they imply more than a thousand high flown compliments. Oliver was an uncommonly handsome boy, and was, at all periods of his life, extremely modest—it was this last trait, I am led to believe, combined with manliness, and dignity of character, that gave him while still so young, such unusual influence over the minds of his companions, and elders—the latter I have heard often said, when speaking of him, that he "was no common boy," and would make no common man.

He was early taught to disdain fear, or rather, he never seemed to know what it was, and when still young enough to ride a stick horse would never go to bed till he had gone alone some distance from the house to "turn his horse into the pasture," as he would say. And once when not more than two years old, the family then living in the country, he strayed into, and sat down in the middle of the road with an older child, who observing a horseman coming towards them, said, "Jump up Oliver! There is a horse coming," but Oliver sat still until the man was near, when he looked up in his face and said, "Man! you will not ride over me will you?" The "man," happening to be an acquaintance of the family, dismounted and brought him in the house, and told the story with as much apparent glee as if Oliver had been his own child. He thought his behaviour gave token of a confiding and courageous disposition and for this reason I mention what otherwise might seem too trifling to notice, but after all, it is only such trifles that I can have to tell, for every thing relating to him after he entered the Navy at thirteen, you are more competent to communicate than myself.

One more little circumstance, which in the opinion of our parents indicated future character, I will mention, and it will also account for my having always been given up to his influence by them. I tell the story as it was told to me. When I was very young, being then the only daughter among three sons, our Father petted me extremely, and had me in his arms from morning till night when ever he was at home, and one day that he was looking over some valuable papers, and I was, as usual, near him, he after a while missed a paper, the loss of which would greatly compromise him. He set me down to look for it, assisted by Oliver, who was getting his lesson in the same room. After a long search they found the fragment of the paper, which I had been playing with, and torn to atoms. After gathering them together, and reflecting on the mischief I had unconsciously done, our Father in the imitation of the moment lifted his hand as if to strike, or drive me away, when Oliver, who had been observing him, stepped forward and threw one arm round me, and held up the other to ward off the blow, and said, "Oh! Papa, dont strike her!" Our Mother has often told me that his *manner* at the time was indescribable, so protecting and kind to me, and so respectful, and at the same time so firm to his Father, who she said was completely overcome by it for the moment, for you know he was a man of very keen feeling, and he always afterwards seemed to take pleasure in leaving me to his guidance on all occasions. Oliver at the time referred to was but a mere child himself, not much older than your Bell. But these little anecdotes are of no farther importance than as showing that his character was at *all times* consistent with itself, and that his generous and courageous qualities were as full exercised in the retirement of home as they were when the public eye was upon him. It is true that the relative importance of the occasions that called them forth

was very different, but the impulse from which they sprung was the same.

I was in hopes to have been able to have written more before the girls left, but it has been utterly impossible for me to find a quiet moment, and I cannot write, on this subject at least, unless I am completely alone, and then there is the uncertainty of whether what I have written can be of the slightest use to deter me from going on. I could mention a few more slight facts relating to Mr. Frazer's fondness for Oliver and the pains he took to make him a first rate navigator, frequently walking to the beach with him for the purpose of making the lesson as much a practical one as possible—and he used to boast that Oliver was the best navigator Rhode Island ever produced. Mr. Frazer lived to see three of his pupils do him great credit. Walter Cranston at Yale College, Frank Hunter at Edinburgh University, and our Brother on Lake Erie. You will see that my hand is too tired to continue writing now, and the girls leave in a few hours, but if you still think there is any thing more for me to tell, you will be so good as to let me know, and I will at least try. What I have written is nothing more than a few hints for you to amplify on.

Believe me your affectionate Sister

S W Perry

New London Feby 19th 1840

My Dear Calbraith

I have just received your letter of the 16th inst. and have set myself down to day with the determination of stating every thing that I can remember, or have ever heard respecting our Brother's early life—only premising, that you must not be disappointed if the facts and recollections should prove meagre, and of little interest, for, as I have before mentioned, my childhood at the time he entered the Navy (I was then eight years of age) and my deafness at all times, prevented my understanding much of what passed even directly before my eyes. But still, by putting down such anecdotes as I do know, Mr. McKenzie may be able to draw from them, inferences, and conclusions, which will, in the absence of more important facts, in some measure answer the purpose he has in view—and indeed, this is generally all that *can* be done in relation to the first years of any person whose life has become the subject of history, unless where there has been a very precocious developement of talent, in that case the *child* is noted, and the facts respecting him remembered. I shall write at random as memory suggests the circumstances. If I attempt to study method and correctness, it will be too much at the expense of my recollections, and I must therefore leave them to the biographer to "turn them to shape" should they be found worthy of his notice.

I have, in a former letter, given some description of Oliver's extreme beauty when a child, his modesty, and the great ascendancy he uniformly acquired over his companions, and the notice he always elicited from his elders, and from strangers. As a proof of the latter, Count Rochambeau, (son I believe of the one who commanded the French land forces in this country at the time of the revolution) to whom he was introduced, took great notice of him, inviting him, though but a little boy, to dine with him on Fridays, the Count's public day, when he gave a dinner at his lodgings. He often had Oliver with him at other times, and when he left

Newport presented him with a beautiful little French watch, which I remember to have frequently seen.

I believe it was near the same time that the *Bishop* (there were but one, or two Bishops then in the country, and in fact, I am not sure that there was more than one, and as such a dignity of the church was in those days considered something more than a mere *man*, I never heard any name for him but the "Bishop," but presume it was Bishop Seabury) came to Newport for the purpose of confirmation. Oliver was not thought old enough, by our Mother, to receive that rite, but the Bishop who had seen, and taken a great liking to him, on conversing with him on the subject, requested that he might come forward for confirmation, and on afterwards taking leave of our parents, again blessed him, and also laid his hands on *your* head (then an infant, or very young child), and blessed you in a manner so solemn and emphatic, that our Mother has often said nothing could exceed the impression it made on all who were present, nor did she ever doubt that the blessing would follow you through life, as I too trust that it may.

I have sometimes wondered, remembering as I do, the manners, and style of living of the people of South Kingston, when I knew them, how Oliver could so early have acquired his striking elegance and deportment, for I cannot recall the time when he was not looked upon as the model of a finished gentleman, and though the manners of both his parents were polished, his father's unusually so, as many of his old friends have told me, yet one would suppose he would have contracted less refined habits, and sentiments from his companions at school, and elsewhere. But perhaps I may, from what I remember to have heard, account in some degree for his not having imbibed the coarser influences with which he must sometimes have come in contact.

In the time of our Great Grandfather, Rhode Island, and particularly its capitol, Newport, was considered the very garden of America, and the seat of learning and elegance. Many of the inhabitants were wealthy merchants, concerned largely in navigation, and owning many slaves. The style of living, both in Newport, and on the main land, was much like that of the Virginians in their best days, the farms being cultivated by slaves, and their owners keeping open house with boundless hospitality. The Hazard family were at that time among the most wealthy and conspicuous in the state. Oliver Hazard was noted for his wealth, his hospitality, and for his great personal beauty (I believe he was not thought equal in talent to his brother, or brothers). He never left home without being followed by a retinue of servants, nor made his appearance any where without being "the observed of all observers." He built a large house (which you must well remember, a few miles from the Ferry in S.K. where Mr. Rose, whose son married one of our cousins, afterwards resided), where he lived in profuse style. Its "great room," as it was then the fashion to call the best room, witnessed many a festive scene, to which the guests came on horse back, with a train of servants, and its great kitchen fire-place, which extended the whole of one side of the kitchen, sent forth many a bountiful dinner, while in his possession. The fireplace of the great room was so large, that our cousin Betsey Perry, once when on a visit to her sister in summer time one day that she was expecting her admirer J.L. Boss, wishing to conceal its old fashioned appearance, had it filled with branches from the neighbouring woods. The quan-

tity required to fill it was so large, that Mr. Boss, soon after he entered, happening to cast his eye in that direction, rose, and offering his arm, politely requested her to take a walk *in the grove* with him. Poor cousin Betsey was, with all her sweetness of temper, so vexed at his thus quizzing her handywork, that she would never again exert her skill in adorning the big fireplace. The house has lately been pulled down, and a new one built in its place, and the stones of the old chimney help to form the new wall around it, their smoke blackened colour contrasted with the new stone making a sort of *mosaic* which attracts the observation of the passersby.

When Oliver was about three or four years old, he was taken by his mother to visit a friend, where they met a very aged lady, whose attention being attracted to him, she asked him his name, and on hearing him reply Oliver Hazard P— and discovering him to be a descendant of Oliver Hazard, whom she had known, she entered into an animated description of him to our Mother, and among other things told of her having first met him at a grand ball at his own house, when she was about sixteen years of age, and how perfectly fascinated she was with his appearance and manners. She could not turn her eyes from him, and how, just as she was thinking that she might as well “love some bright particular star, and hope to wed it” as to expect to attract the attention of such an elegant man to a young thing like herself, he *luckily*, the room being crowded, in stepping backwards, happened to *tread on her toe*—when, oh dear! the pain of her foot was nothing to the joy of her heart, for he instantly turned and apologised so gracefully for his inadvertence, and afterwards paid her such polite attention that she was made, for the time, perfectly happy. The old lady must have had a lively memory as well as animated manners, but to return to *my* story, our great grandparent was connected by marriage with some of the most distinguished families of the time, having had three wives, by whom he had sixteen children, to some of whom he transmitted his beauty and elegance.

One daughter in particular attracted much admiration. Oliver Wolcot, afterwards the Signer of Independence, among others, paid his addresses to her, but her Father would not consent to her marrying him, as he was then without property, and consequently not thought equal to her pretensions. It is probable that in the time of the Colonies, when there were comparatively few openings for the exercise of talent, parents, in the settlement of their daughters, looked more to wealth than to industry and talent, for she married a person of property, which he afterwards by some misfortune lost, when Mr. Wolcot, then Governor of Connecticut, who had always retained a strong interest in his first love, gave him some appointment in the State, for her sake.

One of our ancestor's wives was of the family of General Green[e]—her daughter by her first husband (she being a widow) married the late Welcome Arnold, of Providence, who then lived in almost princely style. Mrs. Arnold was warmly attached to her step fathers family and particularly to our Grandmother Perry, whose children, and especially our Father were much with her after her marriage. One of her daughter's married Tristram Burgess very much against the inclination of both her parents, as he was not thought by any means her equal, and this explains our connexion, and former intimacy with the above mentioned families, which time, and the inroads of death had in a great measure dissolved before your

remembrance. If we are more nearly connected with the Green family, as I believe we are, I cannot explain how, even if it is of any consequence to know, but Jane Butler perhaps can, for the brother of Genl. Green, the late Christopher Green, once gave her the whole history when she was at his house at Greenwich. The Revolutionary War, by destroying commerce, and the abolition of slavery in Rhode Island, combined with his expensive mode of living, by degrees impoverished our great grandfather, and he died almost dependent on his daughter, grand mother Perry, at whose house our Mother first saw him on her arrival in this country, and I have often, and often heard her speak of the courtly grace and dignity with which he rose from his easy chair to receive, and welcome his new granddaughter *from the old country*, though then upwards of ninety years of age; his features, she has said, though sunken were even then beautiful, and he *had* possessed remarkable symmetry of person, as did a namesake of his, our Father's brother, who being lost on his passage to Charleston S.C. about the time of his Grandfather's death, Oliver, who was born soon afterwards, was, at the request of his grandmother Perry, named after them.

From the foregoing account of Oliver Hazard, we may infer that his friends and associates were elegant and refined as well as himself, and indeed, I have understood such to have been the case, from our Mother's graphic description of some aged persons from whom she received much kind attention when she came a stranger, to South Kingston, particularly of an old gentleman named Potter (father of the late Governor Potter of R.I.), who made an entertainment for her, as the bride of his friend, and neighbour's son; his personal appearance was commanding and dignified, and he received her with such courteous kindness as to give her a very high idea of the manners of the generation then passing rapidly away. There were others, the descendants of whom we have ourselves known, but from the change of times, and from the circumstance of the large estates having been divided, and subdivided among those descendants, and being in many instances cultivated by their own hands, their habits of living had become more sordid, and their manners much less refined. But they are still very far from being wholly degenerated from "Their noble sires"—for—"Still in their ashes live their wonted fires," as time, and occasion will again show, and at the time of Oliver's birth, and during his boyhood, and youth, there must have been enough of the old school of manners and feeling left, to have had, with the example and precepts of his parents, a very decided influence on one of his naturally elevated character.

I presume that you have collected all that is necessary for the present purpose, respecting our Grandfather Perry. I mean of his character, standing, and certain incidents in his early life that had a bearing on his after career. This letter is already so long, and I fear so little to the purpose that I am loth to lengthen it, and unless you wish me to give you such accounts as I may myself have heard of him, which I can do in another letter, I will not touch upon the subject, particularly as I am in a hurry to send this by Capt. Allyn, who goes in the next packet.

Oliver's first teacher was a scotchman named Kelly, and not Rodman as I thought. "Old Master Kelly," as he was called, had taught four generations, in S. Kingston not one of which had ever seen him out of temper, a wonderful circumstance in any case, but when we consider his trying occupation, most marvelous.

He was very aged when Oliver attended his school, and was succeeded by Mr. Southworth, a native of Connecticut, who is still living, I believe, in one of the new States. It was to his school on Tower Hill that Oliver had daily to walk three or four miles. He was a good teacher, and had a happy faculty of attaching his pupils to himself, as I should infer, for Oliver and his cousins always spoke of the time they were under his tuition as their happiest school days.

Afterwards our Uncle, Doctor Perry, on Mr. Southworth's leaving the neighborhood, finding no good school within a convenient distance, hired a private tutor named Bryer for his daughter (to whom, having no sons, he gave a better education than was usual for females in those days to receive), and Oliver shared with them in the advantages of his instructions. Mr. Bryer was a highly educated scotch gentleman as I have been informed, who, having run through his property at home, had come to this country to seek a living. He was first a tutor in Governor Brown's family, but his tendency to dissipation prevented any one from retaining him long, yet while he remained in our Uncle's family, of which Oliver at the time was a member, he was devoted to the improvement of the cousins, being not only a very competent instructor in school hours, but an instructive and entertaining, as well as gentlemanly companion at all times that he was with them, for it was only at the end of the term of four months that he *indulged* himself, and then too he had the grace to take himself away. But as during that time the children were without instruction, our Uncle was at length obliged to dismiss him, and Oliver was taken to Newport, and placed at Mr. Frazer's school, where, with the exception of a year which our family spent at Westerly, he remained until he entered the Navy.

Mr. Frazer had an evening class of young men, which Oliver requested permission of his parents to attend, and was allowed to do so, I suppose for the purpose of receiving extra instruction in Navigation, and the branches connected with it. When Oliver first attended this school Mr. Frazer, who was a very passionate man, one day, in a moment of anger, threw a stick at him, which hit him on the head, and cut him severely. He went immediately home with the determination, as he told his mother, of never entering the school again. She bound up his head, and soothed his feelings without making much reply to his declarations, but the next morning, or as soon afterwards as she thought it prudent, she put a note into his hand for Mr. Frazer, and told him it was school time. Oliver was surprised, and loth to go, but did not think of disputing his Mother's will. She told me, when relating the circumstance, that she had a hard struggle with her own feelings of resentment on the occasion, before she could make up her mind to the course she took, but she reflected that as Oliver was a high spirited boy, and his Father then absent, if she yielded in this instance to his wish of change, he would expect the same indulgence, in all probability, whenever he felt in the least discontented with any school she might place him at, which would not only be an injury to him in respect to his studies, but would have a tendency to weaken her authority over him, which, as his Father was so much from home, it was essential for her to retain. In her note to Mr. F. she stated her reasons for sending Oliver back to him, and also expressed her belief that, after such a mark of confidence on her part, he would never give her cause to regret it, nor was her confidence misplaced, for, from that time Mr. Frazer devoted himself, as I have mentioned in a former letter, to Oliver's improvement,

and also became warmly attached to him, and Oliver very sincerely returned his regard. This little anecdote, though unimportant in itself, shows, I think, a good trait in Mr. Frazer's character, and proves that it is not always true that "They ne'er forgive who have done the wrong," and it also displays our Mother's prudent judgment, as well as Oliver's obedient submission to her will.

My own remembrance of Oliver may be dated at the time we resided at Westerly, when I was from seven to eight years of age. That period, as connected with him, is impressed on my memory from the circumstance of his being in charge of the family during a whole winter, it must have been in 98, when our Mother accompanied our Father to Warren where he was superintending the building of the Genl. Green, and where she was detained much longer than she expected to have been when she left home. Oliver had just entered his thirteenth year, but though so young, he conducted the affairs of the family, of whom Ann was then the youngest, with all the prudence and regularity of a man, attending, and seeing that we also attended school, and keeping up a constant correspondence with his parents, that they might be fully informed of every thing relating to home. I have seen some of the letters written at that time, but do not know what became of them, or of many others that I should have been glad to have kept, and which now perhaps might have been useful.

I can perfectly well remember seeing Oliver making purchases, and attending to the ordering of the family, the same as his parents would have done had they been at home, nor did we younger ones think of disputing his authority any more than we should have rebelled against theirs, and of this I well remember a proof. The pretty young woman, Sally Ely, who had charge of us, was engaged to a young man named Stephen Lanpheer, who frequently came to see her, and one day that he was there, he, perhaps for the purpose of teasing her, climbed on the roof of a shed, or *lean to*, as it was called. She was, or pretended to be, frightened at his danger, and of course infected you, and myself, who were looking on, with her fears. She tried to coax him down, but he seemed to pay no attention to her persuasions till at last, on his going so near the edge of the roof that probably she really was alarmed, she screamed out, "Come down this minute Stephen, or I'll tell Oliver!"—and Stephen, thinking he had teased her enough, or not wishing to shew disrespect to the one in authority over us, instantly came down, much to our satisfaction, for we should have been very much astonished at any appearance of insubordination on his part, after *such* a threat. Yet with all this, Oliver was still a boy, and loved the usual play of a boy. For at this time, you and myself frequently stood at the window to see him, our Brother Raymond, and cousin George Perry, who was that winter staying with us, play at ball, and other games, before the house. His power as head of the family, so remarkable in one of his age, could therefore only have proceeded from his own self command, and not from any undue assumption of manhood on his part.

I have no recollection of Oliver's first leaving home, owing, I suppose, to the circumstance of the removal at the same time of the family to Tower Hill. But I well remember his return from his first cruise. You, Raymond, and myself used to go into the fields before the dew was off the ground, to gather blackberries for him, they being the only *dainty* at our independent command, and we followed him

about with never tiring affection, and some little awe of his *uniform*. He had commenced learning the flute during his absence, and I doubt if his best performance afterwards ever charmed us more than his first attempts then did. You one day found a stray page of our Father's music, and ran with it to him as a great prize, and asked him to *flute* it for us, which he very good naturedly did, but indeed his every act to us was kind, and affectionate. He was devotedly attached to our dear Raymond, as who that knew him before his unhappy marriage was not? and the latter returned his affection with a love "passing the love of woman." But it is not necessary to dwell on this subject.

Oliver inherited from both his Parents a love of reading, and read with such attention as to give him a much larger share of general information than might have been expected from one in his active profession, or than his unobtrusive manners led him to display. After our Father left the Navy, Oliver was some time under the almost paternal care of Commodore Campbell, who was strongly attached to him. You have, however, no doubt got all the particulars of his naval career, and I will only mention in addition a slight anecdote that one of his brother officers once told me. About the time he was promoted to a Lieutenancy, being then if I am not mistaken on board the *Nautilus* or some other small vessel, it was complained that the proper form of receiving a Lieut. on board the Commodore's ship was not complied with. Oliver said that the matter ought to be rectified at once, and the first time he went on board the flag ship as a Lieut., finding the complaint true, he stated the omission to the Commodore (Rodgers) who gave orders to have the regulations in future attended to. This fact may be trifling, but I thought I might as well put it down.

My facts are *all* trifling and perhaps I am only tiring your's, and Mr. McKenzie's eyes to no good purpose. I believe I have already told you of Commodore Creighton's describing the impression it made on him the first time he heard Oliver "work a ship." He said that for weeks afterwards he was constantly trying to imitate his voice, and manner, but I am not sailor enough to know very well what he meant, and I recollect another attempted to describe to me the power of his voice, and commanding manner, when he once, in a stormy night, flew on deck at the terrible cry of "A man overboard," but I could not then bear the subject, for it was soon after we had lost him, that it was referred to.

I do not know whether Mr. McKenzie was old enough when he knew our brother, to have observed a trait of manners which I think was peculiar, but which I never could describe. I used to call it the moral centripetal and centrifugal power, for it attracted the most unbounded affection, while at the same time it repelled the slightest approach to undue familiarity, and you must yourself remember it.

I will not farther take up yours and Mr. McK's attention, by apologising for the manner in which I have acquitted myself in this task, the letter is too long to copy again for the purpose of correcting its style, and I must therefore trust that you will both excuse its errors, and deficiencies, and believe me to be your

affectionate Sister and friend

S.W.P.

PS—

I send you an old newspaper, in which you will find an interesting account of R.

Island and which perhaps Mr. McKenzie may like to read. I had another containing a piece written I believe by William Ennis of Newport, but I cannot at present find it, and fear it is lost; he mentions several other very distinguished men, particularly a learned Jewish Rabbi who resided there, but whose name I have forgotten. Truro street in Newport was named from a learned and wealthy Jewish family of that name.

If it is not too much trouble to you I should like that you would preserve this old newspaper for me.

S—

New London March 27th [1840]

Dear Calbraith

I received your letter by Mr. Billings this morning, and you will perceive by the parcel that you will receive with this that I had anticipated your request for the few papers I have in my possession, and had prepared them to send by the first good opportunity, which offers this evening by Mr. Lewis, who goes so soon that I have but little time to add much, but will try to answer a few of your questions, and in the first place tell you that I have no copy of my letter to Dr. Parsons. I never yet thought a letter of mine worth keeping a copy of, but there was not a single thing in it that I have not already given you in my late letters, excepting the mention of the date of Oliver's birth, and the house in which he was born, and I was under the impression that you was aware he was born in the *Homestead*, the house of Grandfather Perry. He was I think of the fifth generation born there. The farm had been in the family from the time of its first purchase from the Indians, but I do not know in what year, but probably about the time of the first settlement of the state. Fourteen or fifteen families, among them the Perry family, together purchased the whole of that portion of the state, and settled it.



Perry Birthplace, S. Kingston, R.I.

The book of Edmund Perry I never heard of till I was in Lebanon last Fall, when cousin H. Champlin mentioned it. She said it had been her Mother's, and by her given to her son William, who lives in Wilksbarre in Pensylvania. From what I could learn it was but a small volume, containing some sermons and a sketch of the writers life, and I should suppose we *should* have heard more of it if it had been considered of much value, but I will write to Lebanon and make inquiries, and also get cousin William's address for you.

The name of our Mother's Father was James Alexander, a Scotchman, who

married Sarah Wallace of Newry in Ireland, but she dying young, our Mother was adopted by her Grandmother Wallace, then a widow, and her Father returned to Scotland (I believe his native place was Paisley, or near there) where he afterwards married again and had a large family, but our Mother never saw him again. She barely remembered him.

Oliver and Captain Rodgers met on their last cruise in the Mediterranean a young man who claimed to be a cousin of Olivers. His name was Alexander, he was then private secretary to Governor Don of Gibraltar, and was a nephew of Lady Don. I do not know any thing more of the Alexanders, nor did our Mother seem to know much about them, for as the marriage of her Mother was not particularly agreeable to her family, either because the parties were so very young, or some other cause which our Mother never knew, she seldom heard him mentioned. This, however, might have been partly owing to her being but a child when her Grandmother Wallace died (ten years of age), too young to have felt much interest in or to have been made the confidant of family matters, and after she became a member of her Uncle William Wallace's family, she considered herself, and was treated by him so much as an own child, as probably to have thought but little of her real parentage. When our Mother was about fifteen years old she came to this country to visit an Aunt named Corbett, her Mother's sister, who being in the last stage of a consumption had sent for her that she might see a member of her own family before she died. Mama came out under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Calbraith. The former was appointed her guardian. Mrs. Calbraith was a distant relation. But her Aunt Corbett had died before she arrived, and meeting and renewing her acquaintance with our Father (whom she first met, I think I have heard her say, at some fashionable watering place in Ireland where he then was with a friend of his who was also acquainted with her Uncle and the rest of her party and who introduced him to them, the name of the friend I do not remember—he was a baronet), they were married and she never returned to Ireland, but she kept up a close correspondence with her Aunt and Uncle Wallace till her own family became so large and scattered as to occupy all the time she could devote to her pen. Those letters were destroyed many years ago. I do not know what became of the family of Mrs. Corbett, but presume they returned to Europe, as Capt. Corbett of the English Navy, whom some of our Brothers, and perhaps yourself, have known up the Straits, is a son of hers. I know nothing of the Wallace family excepting that they were originally from Scotland and claim to be descended from Sir W. Wallace, but this latter circumstance I never was told until about the time of the battle on Lake Erie when inquiries were made into Olivers descent. There are I believe some members of our great Uncle's family left, who reside in Dublin—there had been a son in the English Army and another in the Navy, but they both died young. Bailly, the eldest, married and settled in Dublin. Robert was single the last I heard of him, as were the two daughters, Ann and Eliza. Bailly's wife was an heiress, or coheiress, and niece and ward of the late Earl of Charlemont. I was told this once on my asking Mama how her cousin Bailly could have gone so apparently safely through all the troublesome times of the rebellion (I used to see his name now and then as counsel with Curran on the trial of some of the leaders of the rebellion), and she thought his connexion with so popular a man as the Earl of Charlemont had been a

safe guard to him. As Mama was brought up with these cousins she looked upon them in the light of brothers and sisters. They sometimes talked of coming to America to see her.

I write in such haste to be ready for Mr. Lewis that I don't know as you can read what I have written. Mr. Brandegee goes to New York in a few days and I will try to remember something of our Grandfather Perry, but you *must not* look for much assistance from my family knowledge—I have it not to give, at least nothing that can be made use of in the biography. It would have been better if Mr. M. Kenzie had made a list or note of those little things that I might be most likely to know, which he wanted. I was under the impression that much had been collected from other sources, and that every thing would have been found among the papers that Ben Hazard had in his possession. I have just asked Ann if she can remember any thing relating to the subjects I have touched upon in this letter which I have omitted, having given her the letter to read. She says that Mrs. Corbett's husband was a Major in the British Army but resigned and came to this country. He purchased a place some where in New Jersey where he and his wife both died before Mama came to America. They left one son, named William Wallace Corbett, the one I before mentioned as a Post Captain in the British Navy. So you see my dear Calbraith the biographer may safely speak of Oliver's family and connexions as being, on the paternal and maternal sides, of great respectability.

Make every allowance for the haste in which I have scribbled this, and take into consideration that I was, as Mr. Lewis can tell you, at a party till late last night at Mr. Thatcher's, where I expended all the little force I had.

I will write Sarah next opportunity—am much obliged to her for attending to my commission.

Love to all  
Your affectionate  
Sister  
S. W. Perry

I am really ashamed of this letter, but this or none to day, for I have not time to write another or copy this. My hand was so tired that I let the pen fall and made blots.



## Views of New Orleans in 1840

Two years ago the Clements Library purchased a delightful little book entitled *Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana, with an Historical Notice of New-Orleans, Views and Descriptions of Public Buildings, etc. etc.* (New-Orleans, 1840). It is in its original, contemporary boards and cloth spine, and our copy belonged to the noted Cincinnati antiquary, Daniel Drake, who signed his name on the inside cover in 1843. What is very odd about the book is that the text begins with page 221 and goes through page 372 and is made up mostly of lists and descriptions of state and city offices, militia companies, organizations, public buildings, etc., the sort of thing normally found in city directories, although there is no New Orleans guide of this approximate date which matches its pagination. Fortunately, a superb new *Bibliography of New Orleans Imprints, 1764-1864* (Historic New Orleans Collection, 1989) by Florence M. Jumonville solves the puzzle. This 1840 volume, with a new title page, was made up from sheets left over from *Gibson's Guide and Directory of the State of Louisiana* (New Orleans, 1838). Both volumes are relatively scarce.

It is the "views" that make it a special gem; thirteen sheets containing thirty-five separate engravings are tipped in to the volume at the approximate location of textual descriptions of the buildings. Several of the cuts include the name of Fishbourne as artist and either Clark or W. Greene as engraver/lithographer. Because of their seeming scarcity, we felt it would be worth reproducing the entire set in *The American Magazine*. In order to accommodate our page size, some of the cuts have been slightly reduced from the originals.



Exchange Hotel



The Verandah



City Hall

Cathedral

Court House



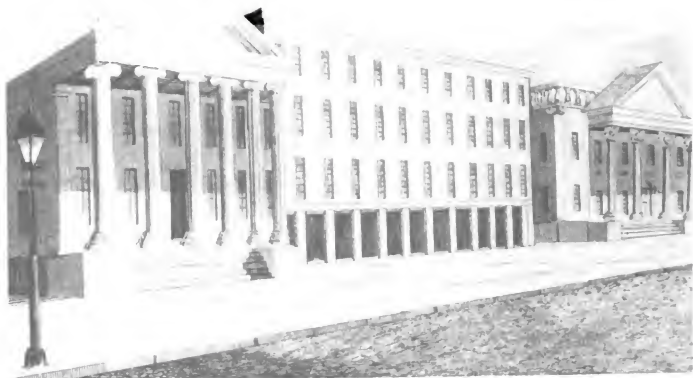
City Exchange

Strangers Hotel

Orleans Hotel



Orleans Cotton Press



Commercial Bank

Atchafalaya Bank



Banks Arcade



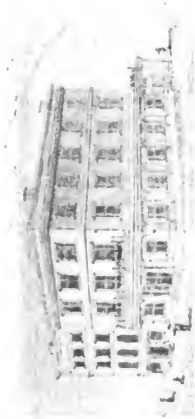
Merchants Exchange



City Bank



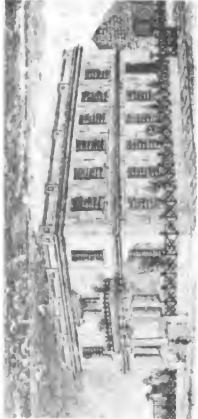
Citizens Bank



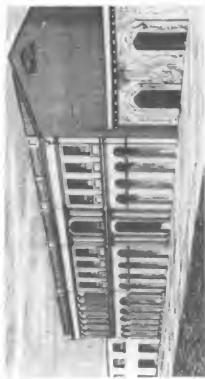
Bank of Orleans



Union Bank of Louisiana



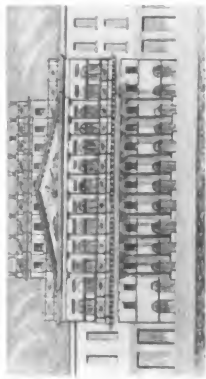
Canal Bank



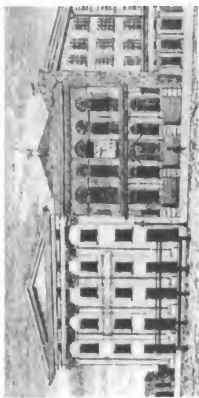
Orleans Theatre



New American Theatre



St. Charles Theatre



American Theatre and Arcade Baths



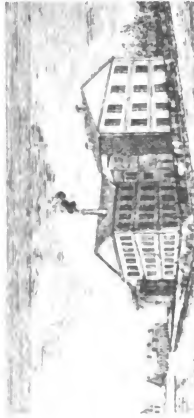
Sugar Refinery



Levee Steam Cotton Press



Barracks



The Mint



Prison



Poydras Market



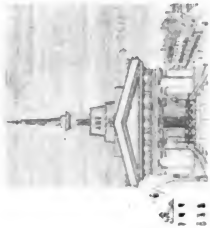
Meat and Vegetable



St. Marys



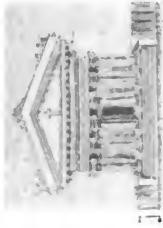
Washington



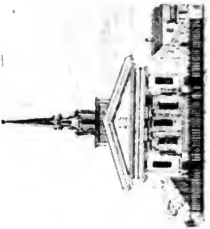
Methodist Episcopal Church



St. Antoine's Chapel



Christs Church



Second Presbyterian Church



Congregational Church



Ursuline Chapel



Charity Hospital



State House



Franklin Infirmary





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### *In Search of a Mistress*

Among the miscellaneous manuscripts at the Clements Library are five letters, all of them written in Washington, D.C. in 1850, by John Howard Payne to an actress, M. A. Tyrrel, which on several counts deserve to be published. They are rather remarkable survivors—the sort of correspondence normally consigned to the flames by the recipient or a friend or relative at the recipient's death.

But John Howard Payne (1791–1852) was a notable figure in the early history of the American stage, best remembered for his composition of the timeless air “Home Sweet Home,” or at least the words, which he set to an existing tune. He was born in New York and was a brilliant theatrical prodigy, publishing a theatrical review at 14, the first of dozens of plays a year later, and taking the New York and Boston stages by storm as a Shakespearian actor in 1809. His acting brilliance was relatively transitory, but he established life-long acceptance among America's early literary elite—James K. Paulding, Charles Brockden Brown, Washington Irving. Between 1813 and 1832 he resided in London and Paris, acting, editing, and writing plays, usually hounded by creditors. On the basis of personal friendships, he was appointed U.S. Consul at Tunis in 1842, was removed in 1845, but again secured reappointment in 1850.

In the nine months of 1850 in which these letters were written, Payne was in Washington, lobbying to secure himself a government appointment. Obviously, he attended the theater, where a number of his plays were performed that winter and spring.

We know very little about Payne's private life, but his biographers all indicate that he never married. While in Europe, he is documented to have fallen madly in love with Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley—she told him that she preferred Washington Irving, and apparently cooled his ardor! Perhaps he went through life with a series of romantic infatuations; we don't know. But in January 1850, he clearly had developed a romantic interest in M.A. Tyrrel, leading lady then appearing at the Adelphi Theater in both Shakespearian and other roles. Miss Tyrrel was born in London in 1815 and had made her stage debut there in 1833, and her American debut as Lady Macbeth at the Bowery Theater in New York in 1848.

On January 12, 1850, Payne wrote an anony-



John Howard Payne

mous letter to "Miss Tyrell," bold in its intentions, decidedly timid in its method, inviting her to become his mistress and discreet companion. Portraying himself as a man of great respectability, as a potential protector and patron who could bring her theatrical success and financial security, without the slightest loss of her reputation, he asked her to drop her handkerchief if she wished to meet him. In the letter he says that "I am married—but unfortunately there are reasons which for years have separated, and will forever separate me from my wife," which is either a fact unknown previously to Payne scholars or simply a falsehood, motivated by a desire to clearly define the nature of the relationship he sought—decidedly dishonorable in the eyes of many.

Miss Tyrell obviously had failed to rise to the bait at her performance on the 16th, and Payne sent another anonymous letter the following day, this time in a somewhat condescending tone, but renewing his kind offer and emphasizing that he hoped she would accompany him "beyond the Atlantic" where he enjoyed great influence and high connections.

There is then a break in the correspondence. In late February, Tyrell appeared in one of Payne's plays, "Young Norvell," at the Adelphi, and on April 19 she performed in a benefit perfor-

mance written by Payne. At some point during this period, the two of them met and Mrs. Tyrell, as she is addressed from then on, succeeded in declining his offer but developing a friendship. Payne, perhaps even with Mrs. Tyrell's encouragement, had shifted his romantic sights to the Adelphi's other leading lady, Rosa Jacques, had fallen deeply but briefly under her spell, again with the thought of serving as patron and teacher, and again had failed to secure his prize.

When writing Mrs. Tyrell, who now was performing in Buffalo, N.Y., on May 2, his infatuation for Rosa had turned to scorn. The letter is a masterpiece of gossipy sarcasm, of a rejected lover who protests a bit too much. From his perspective, the obviously beautiful and captivating Rosa had shown herself to be of a mercenary, immoral character, incapable of higher feelings or faithfulness to anyone.

Miss Jacques, or for that matter Mrs. Tyrell, undoubtedly could have penned an account of their relationships with Payne from a perspective far more to their credit and distinctly not to Payne's. Both were women attempting to achieve professional success and preserve their personal freedom in a distinctly male-dominated world which respected neither. Payne was obviously very lonely, and his intention to further the careers of both actresses was probably sincere, his ability to do so considerable. But turning the coin over, because he did have a degree of influence and power in the theatrical, political, and social world of the day, his advances did contain an element of aggression akin to the stuff of which sexual harassment suits are made in today's world. He was clearly not offering marriage, and how he intended to further the career of an actress by making her a traveling companion was never explained in his letters.

Less than two years after writing the last surviving letter in this series, Payne died in Tunisia. He was buried there in April 1852, but was reburied in Washington thirty-one years later as something of a forgotten American hero. Rosa Jacques died near Baden Baden, Germany, in 1857, presumably still quite young, which Payne probably would have considered the just rewards of a thoughtless and immoral life. Mrs. Tyrell was playing in Philadelphia in 1852, but beyond that we know nothing, except that she preserved these letters, probably as a relic of her own age of dramatic success and romantic

attractiveness. In so doing, she gives us a glimpse at a part of life rarely documented except in court testimony or romantic novels.

Factual detail on players and plays for the foregoing introduction was found in: Thomas Allston Brown, *History of the American Stage* (N.Y., 1870); *Daily National Intelligencer* for 1850; Gabriel Harrison, *John Howard Payne . . . , Dramatist, Poet, Actor . . .* (Phila., 1885); Charles H. Brainard, *John Howard Payne* (Washington, D.C., 1885).

Washington January 12 1850

My dear Miss Tyrell

I know very well that to a lady of your profession an anonymous note will be regarded with distrust; yet there are reasons why *this* missive should be so—the character of any future one, depending much on yourself.

I have seen and admired you and wondered that a lady of your evident intelligence should consent to occupy a position in the little circle of which you are the sole redeeming feature. I desire to know you. My history is in brief that of a gentleman engaged here on public business during the session of Congress. I am married, but unfortunately there are reasons which for years have separated, and will forever separate me from my wife.

I have seen you almost on every occasion in which you have appeared, with a growing interest. You deceive me, or you are a woman of warm and trustful heart. In the Spring I design to leave the U. States, unless present expectations deceive me.

If, then, understanding this note, you desire me to farther know you—or, rather, if you will permit me to do so—drop your handkerchief, or resort to any other device to assure me that I may make your acquaintance and, trust me, your confidence will never be betrayed. I will (presuming that this will reach you on Monday, the 14th) visit the theatre, if you are announced, on that evening, or on the first subsequent evening that you may appear.

I have adopted this course, because I would wish to *know* if, under the circumstances indicated, a personal knowledge of me would be agreeable. For a woman of mind and heart, such as yourself, there is no reasonable sacrifice I would not make. My knowledge of the world is varied and extensive enough to enable me to

know how to protect both of our names, under *all* circumstances, from comment: and, were it not boastful I might add that, perhaps, I have a weight of character which would deter vulgar scrutiny.

If, then, as if accidental, in the *second* scene of your next appearance you drop your 'kerchief or glove I shall, fully trusting in your honor as in my own, search you out: then should you be displeased with one who could love you most fondly, your name will [remain] buried in my heart—never uttered

truly

Washington January 17th 1850

Dear Miss Tyrell

I had the pleasure to see you last evening, and, though no sign of recognition was made by you, I cannot resist the temptation of expressing again my deep sympathy that you find yourself compelled to remain in a position so little worthy of you. I would not desire to make you unhappy with your lot; the fate of the best of us is heavy enough. If poverty has its sharp trials, its agonies to the sensitive mind, if it brings with it sometimes the question—"what is life that we should cherish it?"—so wealth is not without its bitter history of affection blighted, of deceit—of over satiated excitability. To every one of us there comes the

"Leafless desert of the mind,

The waste of feelings unemployed."

Genius is most often a curse. Giving to its possessor feelings and aims so far beyond and above those of the grovellers on earth, its course is not that straight forward and thrifty one which renders the instinct of gain so happy—content as the brute is content, because its wants are all brutal. And, therefore, thousands like yourself, dear Miss, with hearts which the world can never appreciate, run their eccentric course "unpitied and alone," too proud to stoop and too susceptible to struggle with the herd of mankind; ever full of those deep yearnings, never to be gratified, which the inspiration of a poetic temperament inspires.

Forgive me, then, if I pity you. I know there is something abject in that word "*pity*," but the sense in which I use it is designed to convey an idea which does you honor, as implying a conviction that you are far, *far* above your present position.

If I have wounded you in this correspondence by intimations of *any* kind, forgive me. I shall see you if you appear next week, on your first appearance, and then if, by some token, you do not recognize me, I will never intrude again upon you. I would that you could accompany me beyond the Atlantic. I go to New York tonight to return on Sunday

ever yours

PS. To prevent any remark I have directed this as if left in my care by some friend of yours.

Washington May 2: 1850

Many thanks, my dear Mrs. Tyrrell, for your kind letter. It did not get here till yesterday, though dated the 27th, or it would have been answered earlier.

I feel obliged by your communication to and from Mr. Bass. There is in our country a want of ardour for dramatic literature and for the higher claims of the drama in every respect, which renders the experiment of any single novelty, whether of authorship or of acting, if unconnected with personal interest, rather hopeless; but I believe that a series of such attempts in either way would create character, and character, in these cases, ought eventually to create money. If "good wine needs no bush," it is only after the wine has been tasted under the sign of the particular bush which has flung its sheltering shadows upon gratified visitors; and even then, it is not every visitor who knows good wine from bad, or who might not prefer brandy or small beer. I think I could supply a spirited manager with an assortment of stage lottery tickets, some of which might perhaps prove a high prize; but, in order to do that properly, I would require an adequate salary, while making the trial, with further arrangements for suitable remuneration whenever there should come a hit, if ever. I do not know whether Mr. Bass is in a position to offer such a plan. Should he be so, and success ensue, it might lead to my uniting with him in some project like the one I was hinting to you—i.e.—a line of Theatres—the only way of making Theatrical speculation in the United States really and largely profitable.

I hope the letters I had the pleasure of giving you, may turn out to be serviceable. Introductions, in any case, only put one in the way of favorable chances; they can do no harm and they ought to do good—only, what ought to happen, sometimes don't.

The "true and good" "little Rosa" shot through this place last Saturday, but "made no sign" to your humble servant of either her truth or goodness—reserving demonstrations, no doubt, for some future occasion. Mr. Moelling came straightway from the cars to me and entered my apartment gushing over as soon as he appeared with a torrent of assurances that he had discovered how virtuous the lady was, and how entirely she had been wronged by his and my imaginations to the contrary. I assured him that I had indulged no such imaginations, but that his evidence upon the subject, especially in the way he gave it, would scarcely be accepted in a court of justice; for that not only had he become an interested witness, but an openly suspected one—a friend of mine who had met Miss Rosa in Richmond having assured me that he had himself felt it his duty to tell the Nightingale that people had begun to notice her permitting the pianist to pass the greater part of his time too near her nest.

"Will you not believe me," spluttered he, "if I will take my solemn oath? I know she has been talked *of*, and that she has been talked *to*, about me, but everybody was wrong—upon my solemn oath, every body was wrong!—I remained so much in her room and wrote all my letters there, only for economy—the door was almost always open—I swear to you that I had not been with her a day before I discovered her to be a person with whom no one could have ventured a liberty—I know Miss Tyrrell thought ill of me—She said so in her letter."

"Oho! Then Miss Jacques showed you the letters she got?"

"She showed me Miss Tyrrell's"

"Did she show you mine?"

"No, but she told me pretty much all it contained. She told me what you said about *me*."

"Then she told you precisely what she ought to have kept to herself—her having told you such things only proves a degree of intimacy, which, under the circumstances, was not entitled to have existed between you."

"But why do you suspect any harm in that intimacy?"

"Simply because you yourself declared to me before you went with her, that it had been said to you, you would be a fool if you did not use the chance in the way which your manner and expressions proved you were meditating."

"But I did not."

"Very likely. Nevertheless, if you did not, you

still believe that at some future time you *may*. To say the truth, I should hope for her own sake that the lady had not compromised herself, but above all, with you, if for no other reason, though many stranger ones might be offered, than because you became acquainted with her on my introduction. From the beginning, however, I always insisted, not only to her but to others, that I only considered *appearances* as being against her. I said so in my letter, which, of course, you know, as you have read the letter."

"No, I never saw the letter, I only heard her account of some parts of it."

"Especially of that part relating to me[?]"

"Indeed!"

"Then," continued I, "you had better hear the passage relating to you, exactly as I wrote it—it will be more satisfactory than a second hand account. Here is a copy of the letter—listen to what it says of you." I then read the passage, giving due effect to the contemptuous manner in which it remarks that it might find her "in the midst of a flirtation *even with Mr. Moelling*," upon hearing which the pianist laughed and in a manner which convinced me that the letter itself had been shown to him, though he persisted in averring it had not.

On the following day he called again and nearly the same scene was renewed. Meanwhile I had discovered that Miss Rosa found Mr. Pulvermacher, the German through whom I became known to her, at the cars, and that they had travelled together as far as Baltimore. Moelling was very solicitous to find out whether I had repeated to Mr. Pulvermacher any of the disparaging remarks he (Moelling) had made on our Jessica's [Rosa] talents and morals, prior to their departure for Virginia. I told him I had repeated every one of them, though I doubt much whether I did; and I added, "Don't be so ambitious of her good opinion; for notwithstanding your intimacy and her smiles, she, at the very time she was making herself so fascinating to you, observed to a friend of mine, 'Mr. Moelling is of no use to me—he has no head—whatever is done, I have been and am compelled to do myself unaided.'" This speech seemed to cure Moelling of his disposition to chatter with me about Miss Jacques and I have not seen him since. He informed me ere we parted that the damsel meant to repose a month in Philadelphia and afterwards to travel with him to Canada and

elsewhere. She had already mentioned to me while here, that in June, Mr. Adams, the Charleston manager, was to be in Philadelphia. I presume she is timing her arrangements for a meeting with him. *He paid all her expences and purchases*, in addition to the proceeds of her engagement (did he not?) when she was in his employ. This, which some women would consider too equivocal a compliment to be allowable on a week's acquaintance, if at all, has, in her view, a charm, under the effects of which the faith of "even Mr. Moelling" may be destined eventually to fail.

A friend connected with the Washington political correspondence of the Herald, writes to me from New York, which he is now visiting, "I have made some inquiries about Rosa Jacques from the musical critic of the Herald. He tells me some queer stories about the intimacy between Rosa and the son of Mr. Sutton, I believe, who was the Musical Director of the Broadway Theatre. The rides &c were in Philadelphia. He is to get me all the particulars. I should judge that Rosa x x x x x x x x x x." And at the close of his letter, he adds "Glad you are clear of Rosa."

Another friend, who had introduced himself at Alexandria and afterwards at Richmond, by reference to his knowledge of me and of the interest I had taken in her, told me he believed that with three days earnest pursuit and skilful disposition or cash, he might have been received without reserve. She asked this gentleman to correspond with her. He is an elderly and a married man.

Now, though I repeat these things to you, I cannot permit myself to think so ill of the fascinating little vixen as nearly all those do who speak to me about her. I have even become in some instances her earnest defender against them. Nevertheless, I certainly think she suffers by the "sober second thoughts" which come forth concerning her, when her winning manner and her earnest eyes are no longer present to keep them down, spell-bound. The true test of a character, especially in the attractive and youthful, is, how it affects us when we are beyond its personal influence. I confess that our Rosa has puzzled me; yet I cannot persuade myself to judge more sternly of her than that she is a sort of female swindler—an obtainer of hearts upon false pretences and merely to turn them to pecuniary profit. Swindling, by the bye, is in the blood. It came out, at Richmond, that one of

her three brothers who some time ago had started a business there, would have been sent to the penitentiary had he not escaped to Europe. The sister's swindling, however, seems only an intense and somewhat *vulgarized* degree of what is dignified among ladies of the higher class by the title of coquetry—thus it was that when she allowed Fuller to detain her clasped to his bosom “in silent ecstasy,” she probably never thought of wronging his wife, but might only be considering how much the permission would reduce his bill. When she called me in her letters doubly dear and sent me her best love and respect, she, no doubt, merely regarded every compliment as returnable in profitable influences and devotedness which would cost her nothing and bring her much. In short, though she may be many things to many men, I cannot yet imagine her “*all things*” to any of them. At the same time, unguarded as she confesses herself to be by religion, which, of course, includes moral principle, I cannot find any basis to sustain a belief that she is not exposed to concede to policy, even more than she may have yielded yet, especially should its solicitations be seconded by passion—I was about to add—and opportunity—but with her, opportunity is incessant. The result I mention is rendered all the likelier by her irresponsible position, by the recklessness of her temper and by the facility with which she could withdraw from notice. For awhile I fancied that any capable person who could interest and influence her, might work the good sense and genius and artistic power which she seemed to possess, into something very superior, but I apprehend I was calculating prematurely. I think, as the French say, *she has taken her fold* in every respect, and that all the spreading out and ironing in the world can never efface the original marks, nor prevent her character, both personal and professional, from falling back into the lines with which it is already stamped. I am sorry for all this on some accounts, for I found her a pretty little dream, while she lasted; but I am very, very glad that she waked me from the dream so soon.

By the way, Mr. Pulvermacher, who had been my introducer to Miss Rosa, told me she never named me on the road from this to Baltimore—excepting, as he afterwards recollected, once—when she observed “I believe Mr. Payne is jealous.” I doubt the story a little. I rather conjecture that she was very communica-

tive to the German and flirted anew with him, to render him politic; for he had looked cloudy and vexed for a long time in speaking or hearing of her, but on his return was still and smiling. Of the two bills for printing which I forwarded to the damsel, no notice has been taken. I asked Moelling about them and he answered evasively. He told me they sold the Richmond Concerts, but would not disclose for how much. When I reminded him of his denial, prior to her departure, of her talent, he replied, that “*then* he might have been out of humour with her—and, besides—he had not *then* heard her to advantage—in Virginia, she was *herself*.” (?) (!!!) I could not have believed that she would have descended to make a man like Moelling her confidant!

Miss Cushman has been, as I am told, very successful—crowded houses at \$1. to the Boxes and 50 cents to the gallery. Owens of the Baltimore Museum brings her and at Baltimore she plays at the Museum, not in Holliday St. Theatre. I have not been to see her yet, nor to call on her; but I will try to look in upon her today or tomorrow, as she is an old acquaintance and one of whom I always prophesied favorably.<sup>1</sup>

I would be glad to hear your opinion of Mrs. Butler's Comedy. Does it draw? Of course, it must be well written and artistically contrived. Believe me it will always gratify me to hear from you. You need not be frightened from writing by the apprehension of such long answers always. I only regret that Washington gossip affords you so poor a return for yours, to begin with.

Believe me, most truly yours

John Howard Payne

Washington July 29: 1850

My dear Mrs. Tyrrell,

My omission to answer your last, arose exclusively from my idle imitation of your delay in replying to mine; which created another proof of the proverb, that, a response once postponed is seldom ever given. Besides, I had nothing to say that would interest you, as I presume you care little for political changes or movements or aspirations.

Deeply do I lament your annoyances at Buffalo. The persecution you have encountered from those literally *Buffaloe* managers exceeds the worst things I ever heard of among the

## ADELPHI THEATRE.

For the benefit of Miss TYRBELL and last night but one of the season.

THIS EVENING, APRIL 19,

The performances will commence with a beautiful Drama written by John Howard Payne, Esq. entitled  
THE HUNGARIAN SERGEANT.

Ronslaus.....Miss Tyrrell.

A Dance by.....Le Petite Conway Carman.

After which  
A LOAN OF A LOVER.

Gertrude.....Miss Tyrrell.

To conclude with  
STATE SECRETS.

worst of adventurers in small management. I do not see how they could evade payment of your salary, even had you failed, or *deserved to fail*, unless the engagement were entirely conditional. At present, even if you get all your salary, you will be a great loser; for such conduct, though unjustifiable, cannot but impair your chances elsewhere. Your counsel should dwell, to the Jury, upon this wanton injury, so much greater than all the rest, and for which the law gives you no redress. I will cheerfully offer any testimony I can in your support. I did notice much of your acting but I can safely bear witness to your having appeared to me perfectly capable of the situation at Buffalo for which I understood you to have been engaged.

Our musical friend [Rosa Jacques] is in Hamburg by this time, I suppose. She sang two or three nights in Baltimore, but did not come to Washington, I believe. Her conduct to me has entirely cured me of all the interest I took in her; and I rejoice that it has. It is gratifying to hear that she has expressed herself considerably towards you.

The Adelphi is open again, but, I believe, rather unprofitably, notwithstanding the engagement of Jim Crow, the first of all the Niggers.<sup>2</sup> I learn they have a huge fan so fixed as to keep the judicious few who congregate there in a perpetual breeze; and also that there is a plentiful distribution, gratis, of iced water; but the public have thrown so much cold water upon the enterprize in return, that I doubt much whether all the parties concerned will not leave with lighter pockets than hearts. Your friends the Carmans have been giving a sort of family entertainment, but not very productively, I apprehend. My own movements are yet uncertain. I have some hope from the new government. Should I be sent abroad again, I do

not mean to go without first seeing Niagara, in which case I shall have great pleasure in finding you upon the road.

I am sorry about the failure of Mrs. Parmelee to introduce you among her female friends, but, as a general rule, the smaller the town, the larger is the prejudice against all connected with Theatres, especially if they wear petticoats. It gives me much satisfaction to find that Parmelee became civil to you. Pray remember me to him particularly and believe me ever and faithfully, your friend

John Howard Payne

Washington Sept 5: 1850

My dear Mrs. Tyrrell,

You will, I am sure, forgive the seeming indifference to your letters, which might have been inferred from my long delay to write, when I tell you the cause of their not having been attended to more promptly. My own affairs had become a source of great anxiety to me. All my faculties were kept for some time on the alert to elicit a decision about my aspirations, from the new President and Cabinet. At length (though it is to be kept a secret till "further notice") they have decided to send in my nomination to the Senate for the post whence I was removed—the Consulship at Tunis, on the african side of the Mediterranean. I am now busy electioneering among Senators to prevent a rejection by that body, as such appointments are never complete, according to our laws, until sanctioned by a vote of the majority there, after a secret examination of character and qualifications, in the progress of which accusations of any and every sort may be sent by unsuspected enemies, without the candidate's knowledge; so that he must run the gauntlet in the dark, before he can gain his goal. This is my present position. If confirmed by the Senate, I get my commission at once and shall be off to my destination in the earliest Steamer to England, which is about two thirds of the way to it (my destination).

I am very glad you have settled your affairs in the manner you have, at Buffalo. I have not found any opportunity of learning about Richmond. Col. Myers owns the Theatre and a letter from you, direct, addressed to him as "Proprietor of the Richmond, Virg'a., Theatre," would be the surest mode of eliciting a reliable answer to your inquiries.

I do not understand, from your letter, precisely what it is you wish me to write; but I annex a card and a notice—quite in the rough—either, or both of which, if available, you will know how to revise and modify, as events may render expedient. Such matters ought to grow out of local occurrences at the moment, and only some of those, and they the earlier. Being (un)known to me, I apprehend that my scraps will not be of much use. I am so busy, *selfishly*, that I rely on your not regarding my brevity as a slight; but I hope, ere I leave America (if I am to leave it), that I may have a chance of making up for a short letter by a long talk.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,  
John Howard Payne.

A Card.

Miss Tyrrel, from England, begs leave, on her departure from Buffalo, to return her sincere thanks to all, who, during the many months when she was recently suffering unprovoked insult and illegal deprivations, upheld the stranger in a foreign land, against the persecutions of momentary managerial power. A woman—and attempting to earn an honest livelihood by untiring labour in a difficult profession, against which there are many prejudices—she would have been indeed desolate but for the cordial and disinterested support of a few in this city, who gave most creditable proofs that no misfortune ever happens without a counterbalance of kindness, if such consolation be not altogether unmerited. To those true friends, who, though they have “done good by stealth,” would “blush to find it fame,” she offers in general terms this public assurance of a gratitude, which shall express itself less questionably than in words, should she ever meet with an American in her own country who may have the misfortune to be so uncomfortably situated, as she, for awhile, lately found herself in this. With unfeigned wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the city, where, though she has passed many wretched days, she has also experienced justice, with reasons for admiration and attachment, Miss Tyrrel, most respectfully bids Buffalo farewell!—

—Paragraph—

Miss Tyrrel took her Benefit at the \_\_\_\_\_ Theatre, on \_\_\_\_\_—the result was altogether complimentary to the recipient and creditable

to the bestowers. Miss Tyrrel has certainly been compelled to suffer very unwarrantable annoyance through the petty and prejudiced wrong-headedness of the mock Emperors of our green room, but the energy of the impartial law, and the still more irresistible power of public feeling, with its “strength beyond the law,” have combined to protect a foreign lady, against whom calumny, which seldom spares any in her profession, has never ventured to utter a reproach; and the stranger will not, now, we trust, carry from Buffalo the ill opinion for which she might have had super-abundant grounds, had she been less firm and more unfriended. The *dénouement* of her struggle has been what it ought to be. Our artists in every department, and especially in hers, seek and receive cordiality and fortune in the land she came from, and it is exceedingly unfair that we should shrink from returning such compliments whenever we have a chance. We trust that the future career of Miss Tyrrel will be less troubled than much of her stay has been in Buffalo, but always equally honorable to her as an actress and a woman, with its triumphant close.

## NOTES

1. Charlotte Cushman (1816–1876), brilliant American singer and actress who was widely acclaimed in London, toured America from 1849–52. She appeared in a series of tragic and comic plays, staged during the first week of May 1850, for her benefit, at the Adelphi Theater. The *Daily National Intelligencer* for May 6 reported that “During the past week the Adelphi was crowded almost to suffocation to witness the performances of Miss Cushman.”; *D.A.B.*
2. John Dunn appeared as “Jim Baggs” in “Wandering Minstrel,” and as “Rascal Jack” in the farce of the same name. *Daily National Intelligencer*. July 13, 15, 17, 1850.



## Book Production Speed, 1817

The age of the computer has revolutionized the printing industry, eliminating the absolute necessity for manual or mechanical typesetting, cutting back labor costs, and speeding up the process of transforming a manuscript into permanent, “hard copy” format. In contrast, we tend to think of book production in the early era as a slow, time-consuming process.

As in many ways, we should not underestimate our ancestors in their ability to produce a book quickly. The advent of popular

novels in the late eighteenth century in this country, the majority of them pirated from English editions, put a premium on speed of production. The American publisher who could produce the latest best-seller, already promoted in the newspapers and periodical press, could make a fortune in a week or two if he could beat the competition. An article in the *Federal Republican and Baltimore Telegraph* (April 23, 1817), reprinted from the *New York Daily Advertiser*, documents production of a 628-page, two-volume novel in 1817 in less than a week, and the speed was probably equaled or surpassed many times in the later decades of book piracy's heyday in the nineteenth century. Word-processing and computerized typesetting may have cut back on no-longer-cheap labor, but in terms of producing and marketing a finished product rapidly, is there any publisher of today who could compete with this time schedule?



### Despatch in Printing

A new novel lately received from England, entitled the "*Pastor's Fireside*," by Miss Porter in two volumes, making together 628 close printed pages, was put into the hands of the printers on Wednesday morning, and delivered by them complete to the bookseller on the Tuesday morning following, in time to permit him to offer it for sale by six o'clock—a little over four days and an half—a despatch in the line of our profession seldom equalled.



### From The Kitchen

by Jan Longone

Throughout its history America has been blessed with a remarkable group of talented and influential cookery writers. From time to time we will comment upon these authors and their works. Most appropriately we will begin this series with Eliza Leslie, perhaps the most popular and prolific.

In her classic bibliography *American Cookery Books 1742-1860* (Worcester, 1972), Eleanor Lowenstein lists more entries for Miss Leslie than for any other author. There are seventy-two listings for works in various editions by Miss Leslie compared to those for her nearest

rivals in popularity, Sarah Josepha Hale and Lydia Maria Child, who have twenty-seven and twenty-six entries respectively. This is a remarkable preponderance. In addition, Miss Leslie's works were re-issued with regularity until the early 1880s; as late as 1890, more than thirty years after her death, her first book was included in an omnibus collection published in Chicago, the *Complete Library of Cookery*. Nor has Miss Leslie's influence and popularity waned; at least three reprints of her cookbooks have appeared within the last fifteen years.

Every writer on America's gastronomic history has offered praise to Miss Leslie. In *The Taste of America* (New York, 1977), culinary historians John and Karen Hess go so far as to claim that American cookery, with Eliza Leslie as its guide, had reached its highest level in the second quarter of the nineteenth century. "From then on," they say, "it was downhill all the way." One need not agree unreservedly with this assessment to appreciate the excellence of Miss Leslie's writings and of her contribution to the shaping of American cuisine.

Typical of many of America's most influential culinary writers, Miss Leslie was more than simply a cookbook author. She was involved with numerous other literary and social pursuits. She was, in fact, a bit ashamed of the fame and fortune she received from her cookbooks, considering them "unparnassian," and assumed that her reputation would survive based upon her novels, children's books, and stories. By and large, however, Miss Leslie's prose writings have long been forgotten; her reputation rests on her culinary works.

Much of our information about Eliza Leslie's early life is derived from a charming autobiographical letter which is included in J. S. Hart's *Female Prose Writers of America* (Philadelphia, 1852). Here she proudly records that her Scottish great-grandfather had arrived in America in 1745 but that her parents and all her grandparents were natives of Cecil County, Maryland. Soon after her parents' marriage, they moved to Philadelphia where her father was a respected watchmaker and friend to Franklin and Jefferson. It was upon Jefferson's recommendation that her father was elected to membership in the American Philosophical Society.

Eliza Leslie was born in Philadelphia on November 18, 1787. When she was five years old her family moved to England where they lived for six and a half years. Miss Leslie's liter-

ary education was shaped during her early years in England. In her autobiographical letter she writes:

"My chief delight was in reading and drawing. I could read at four years old, and before I was twelve I was familiar, among a multitude of other books, with Goldsmith's admirable Letters on England, and his histories of Rome and Greece (Robinson Crusoe and the Arabian Nights, of course), and I had gone through the six octavo volumes of the first edition of Cook's Voyages.

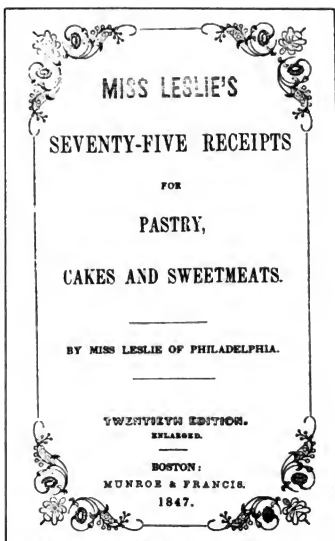
"The 'Elegant Extracts' made me acquainted with the best passages in the works of all the British writers who flourished before the present century. From this book I first learned the beauties of Shakespeare.

"Like most authors, I made my first attempts in verse. . . . At thirteen or fourteen, I began to despise my own poetry, and destroyed all I had. I then, for many years, abandoned the dream of my childhood, the hope of one day seeing my name in print."

This idyllic existence came to an end with the family's return to Philadelphia and her father's illness and subsequent death in 1803. Her father died heavily in debt and Miss Leslie comments: "My mother and her five children (of whom I was the eldest) were left in circumstances which rendered it necessary that she and myself should make immediate exertions for the support of those who were yet too young to assist themselves."

Among Miss Leslie's siblings were her brother Charles, who became a well-known painter in England, and her sister Patty, who married Henry C. Carey of the famed Philadelphia publishing firm. When we discuss below the confusion surrounding the publication of Miss Leslie's *The Indian Meal Book*, it might be well to remember her childhood years in England, her brother's reputation and life there, and her sister's connection with a leading publishing house.

In some ways there appears to be an aura of mystery surrounding several of Miss Leslie's cookbooks. For example, in her autobiographical letter she proceeds rather directly from her father's death in 1803 to the publication of her first book, *Seventy-five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes and Sweetmeats* (Boston, 1828). She neglects to mention that the "immediate exertions" for the support of the family which she and her mother undertook was the running of a



boardinghouse. This was one of the few occupations considered respectable enough, at that time, for a genteel woman to undertake when she found herself in need. Respectable enough to do perhaps, but obviously not respectable enough for Miss Leslie to mention in print.

She does, however, mention that her first book was compiled from a "tolerable collection of receipts, taken by myself while a pupil of Mrs. Goodfellow's cooking school in Philadelphia." However, when *Seventy-five Receipts* appeared, there was no mention of Mrs. Goodfellow, no attribution of any kind. Miss Leslie simply states that the recipes are "all original, and have been used by the author and many of her friends with uniform success."

From its first printing in 1828, *Seventy-five Receipts* went on to become one of America's most popular cookbooks. It went through at least twenty editions on its own by 1847, with additional printings of the "20th edition" being recorded as late as 1875. It was also published as addenda to various other cookbooks; for example, it appeared with Mrs. Lee's *The*

*Cook's Own Book* more than a dozen times between 1833 and 1890.

In her autobiographical letter, Miss Leslie almost apologetically explains that she wrote *Seventy-five Receipts* only because of the many requests from her friends for the recipes. The fact that this book and her later cookery works were so successful commercially that they supported her for the rest of her life was, she made quite obvious, never very pleasing to her.

In his introduction to a recent reprint of *Seventy-five Receipts* (Journal of Gastronomy, San Francisco, 1986), culinary historian W. W. Weaver carefully traces the recipes therein to Mrs. Goodfellow and indicates that the success of the book was probably based on a combination of two remarkable talents, "Miss Leslie's as a writer and Mrs. Goodfellow's as a cook."

In her preface, Miss Leslie stresses the fact that her recipes are "in every sense of the word, American; but the writer flatters herself that (if exactly followed) the articles produced from them will not be found inferior to any of a similar description made in the European manner."

Miss Leslie's next cookbook was, however, decidedly not American. In 1832, she published *Domestic French Cookery*, chiefly translated from Sulpice Barué (Philadelphia). This book went through at least six printings in twenty-three years. Mysteriously enough, Miss Leslie makes no mention of this work in her autobiographical letter. But the mystery goes deeper than that. For many years there has been some question as to the identity, and even the existence of Sulpice Barué. In her *Gastronomic Bibliography* (San Francisco, 1939), Katherine Bitting states that the author from whom this translation allegedly was made is not listed in Vicaire's *Bibliographie Gastronomique*, the definitive bibliography of French language cookbooks. But a bit of recent detective work has allowed me to resolve these long-held doubts. Examination of many French bibliographical sources did not uncover a Sulpice Barué, but the catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris reveals that Barué was editor of the 6th, 7th and 8th editions of Louis-Eustache Audot's gastronomic classic, *La Cuisinière de la Campagne et de la Ville*, first published in Paris in 1818 and reprinted, under varying titles, until the appearance of an 87th edition in 1887. This information can, in fact, be found in Vicaire. The Barué-edited editions, printed in 1827, 1828, and 1829, are recorded as supplemented by 150

recipes by the editor. In most printings of Miss Leslie's *Domestic French Cookery*, the paper label on the cover reads "200 Receipts for French Cookery," although this number does not appear on the title page. Miss Leslie never tells us anything about who Sulpice Barué is or exactly where the recipes come from and she does not even mention Audot. A brief comparison of several recipes will, however, reveal Audot's contribution. I have been unable to obtain a copy of the Barué-edited Audot, but the following recipes from the first Audot edition, followed by Miss Leslie's translations, prove instructive.



#### *Cailles grillées*

Prenez des cailles que vous flambez et videz; fendez-les a moitié par le dos; mettez-les dans une casserole avec de l'huile, laurier, sel, poivre; couvrez de bardes de lard; faites cuire à très-petit feu sur de la cendre chaude. Quand elles sont presque cuites, panez et faites griller; mettez dans la casserole un peu de blond de veau, du bouillon; détachez tout ce qui peut tenir après, dégraissez, passez au tamis, et servez dessous les cailles.



#### *Broiled Quails*

Split the quails down the back, and flatten them. Put them into a stew-pan with sweet-oil, salt, pepper, and a leaf or two of laurel. Cover them with thin slices of bacon or ham, and let them stew slowly on hot coals. When nearly done, take them out, strew over them grated breadcrumbs, and broil them on a gridiron.

Put into the stew-pan a little warm water, and scrape down whatever adheres to the sides; skim it, and let it come to a boil. Pour this gravy into the dish in which you serve up the quails, and lay the bacon round it.

The recipes are obviously quite similar. The major differences are Miss Leslie's substitution of water for the bouillon and white veal stock, and her addition of a bacon garnish.



#### *Sauce Robert*

Mettez dans une casserole un morceau de beurre, avec une cuillerée de farine; faites rousir d'une belle couleur; hachez très-fin une demidouzaine d'ognons, mettez-les dans la casserole avec un bon morceau de beurre, sel, poivre; faites cuire et mouillez avec une cuillerée de bouillon; dégraissez la sauce, et laissez-la

sur le feu pendant vingt minutes; avant de servir, ajoutez une cuillerée de vinaigre et autant de moutarde, et délayez le tout ensemble. Cette sauce s'emploie principalement pour le porc frais et le dindon.



#### Sauce Robert

Put into a sauce-pan a quarter of a pound of butter, with a spoonful of flour. Simmer them till of a fine brown color. Mince half a dozen large onions, and a large slice of cold ham. Put them into the pan, with another piece of butter, and a very little broth or warm water. Skim the sauce well, and let it stew gently for twenty minutes. Before you serve it up, stir in a table-spoonful of lemon-juice or vinegar, and a tea-spoonful of mustard. This sauce is used chiefly for fresh pork, or white poultry.

Once again, the similarity of the recipes is obvious. And once again, Miss Leslie substitutes water for bouillon and adds some meat, perhaps to make up for this. Sauce Robert is still popular although modern recipes differ somewhat from these. It is interesting to note

that a full translation of Audot's work was published in New York in 1846 with a second printing in 1855.

Miss Leslie's most influential cookery book appeared in 1837, *Directions for Cookery* (Philadelphia). It was the most popular cookbook printed in America during the nineteenth century; a 60th edition (including variant titles such as *Miss Leslie's Complete Cookery*) appeared in 1870. This book was so popular and so well received that later, when Miss Leslie published a new cookbook, the advertisements took great pains to explain that the new work was "supplemental" to *Directions*: "All persons who have had Miss Leslie's former book, entitled 'Directions for Cookery,' should get this at once, as all the receipts in this book are new, and have been fully tried and tested by the author since the publication of her former book, and none of them whatever are contained in any other work but this." (Advertisement in and for *New Receipts for Cooking* [Philadelphia, 1854]). It is easy to agree with the many culinary authorities who consider Miss Leslie's *Directions* to be one of America's greatest cookbooks. The writing and instructions are clear and elegant; the author's comments on the nuances of good cooking, on the importance of good ingredients, on honesty in the kitchen—all combine to make this work an American classic.

Miss Leslie's next book of culinary interest is *The House Book*, first published in Philadelphia in 1840, and appearing (sometimes called *Miss Leslie's Lady's House-Book*) in a 19th edition in 1863. This was meant to teach the American woman how to run a household and was a companion to her cookbooks. In her preface, Miss Leslie explains the purpose of this work thus: "The design of the following work is to impart to novices in house-keeping some information on a subject which is, or ought to be, important to every American female so that they may be enabled to instruct unpractised domestics, or, in case of emergency, to assist personally in forwarding the indispensable work of the family."

The book is subtitled "A Manual of Domestic Economy, containing approved directions for Washing, Dress-Making, Millinery, Dyeing, Cleaning, Quilting, Table-Linen, Window-Washing, Wood-Fires, Straw Bonnets, Silk Stockings, Rag Carpets, Plated-Ware, Porcelain, House-Cleaning, Laundry-Work, Coal-Grate Fires, Evening Parties, &c." It appears

## DIRECTIONS FOR COOKERY;

BEING

### A SYSTEM OF THE ART,

ITS VARIOUS BRANCHES.

BY MISS LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF "SEVENTY-FIVE RECIPTS," &c.

PHILADELPHIA:

E. L. CAREY & A. HART, CHESTNUT STREET.

1837.

that Miss Leslie's years at the boardinghouse were well remembered. This work was the one book anyone needed to learn how to run a proper household of the day. It is indispensable to modern social historians as well.

Miss Leslie's *Lady's Receipt-Book* (Philadelphia) appeared in 1846 and her *Lady's New Receipt-Book* (Philadelphia) in 1850. With varying titles (*New Receipts*, *More Receipts*, *Miss Leslie's Cook Book*, *New Cookery*) and often slightly varying content, these books appeared in at least ten editions prior to the Civil War, with additional printings in the 1870s and 1880s. It is virtually impossible to ascertain the definitive publishing history of these various printings as there is no one location where all the editions can be found for direct comparison.

As mentioned earlier, the advertising for *New Receipts* was replete with comments on the "newness" of the recipes and the need for the customer to buy this volume as a companion for *Directions*. In her preface for the 1854 printing of *New Receipts*, Miss Leslie forcefully repeats this plea. She explains that since her last book, she has "obtained new and fresh accessions of valuable knowledge, and new receipts for cooking . . . connected with the domestic improvement of my countrywomen, all of which I have been careful to note down . . . to carefully try and have them fully tested, and have now given them all in this work—minutely explaining them in a language intelligible to all persons." Miss Leslie further tells us that a large number of recipes in this new volume were obtained from the South and that many were "dictated by colored cooks, of high reputation in the art." In reality, these books *do* contain new and more marvelous Leslie recipes as well as fascinating sections on household hints, remedies, information on embroidery and needle-work, and many pages on menu planning and entertaining.

In her autobiographical letter (written in 1851), Miss Leslie writes that "the work from which I have, as yet, derived the greatest pecuniary advantage, are my three books on domestic economy. The 'Domestic Cookery Book' [*Directions*], published in 1837, is now in its forty-first edition, no edition having been less than a thousand copies; and the sales increase every year. 'The House Book' came out in 1840, and the 'Lady's Receipt Book' in 1846. All have been successful and profitable."

Miss Leslie ends her letter by indicating that she hopes "soon to finish a work (undertaken by



particular desire) for the benefit of young ladies, and to which I purpose giving the plain, simple title of 'The Behaviour Book.'" This book, first published, I believe, in 1853 went through at least half a dozen printings, sometimes entitled *The Ladies' Guide to True Politeness and Perfect Manners*. The work offers invaluable insight into contemporary manners and etiquette. A most perfect example of Miss Leslie's writing style, her wit and her testiness, can be found in the complete preface to this work:

"It is said that soon after the publication of Nicholas Nickleby, not fewer than six Yorkshire schoolmasters (or rather six principals of Yorkshire institutes) took journeys to London, with the express purpose of prosecuting Dickens for libels—'each and severally' considering himself shown up to the world as Mr. Squeers of Dotheboys Hall.

"Now, if Dickens had drawn as graphic a picture of *Dotheboys Hall*, we firmly believe that none of the lady principals of similar institutes would have committed themselves by evincing so little tact, and adopting such impolitic proceedings. They would wisely have held back from all appropriation of the obnoxious character, and passed it over unnoticed; as if it could not possibly have the slightest reference to *them*."

"Therefore we wish that those of our fair readers whom certain hints in the following pages may awaken to the consciousness of a few habitual misbehaviours, (of which they were not previously aware,) should pause, and reflect, before they allow themselves to 'take umbrage too much.' Let them keep in mind that the purpose of the writer is to amend, and not to offend; to improve her young countrywomen, and not to annoy them. It is with this

view only that she has been induced to 'set down in a note-book' such lapses from *les bien-séances* as she has remarked during a long course of observation, and on a very diversified field.

"She trusts that her readers will peruse this book in as friendly a spirit as it was written."

Strangely, Miss Leslie never mentions in her letter a cookbook she had already authored, *The Indian Meal Book*. A most intriguing mystery revolved around the printing history of this volume. It has long been assumed that the first edition was published by Carey & Hart in Philadelphia in 1847. However, bibliographical ferreting has led me to two earlier editions, both published in London. Why, one might ask, would a book for using Indian meal, until then a much-despised article of food in Europe, be published in London? The date reveals all. It was published to teach the Irish how to use cornmeal to survive the great potato famine. In fact, it was one of a series of little-known books and pamphlets explaining the use of cornmeal which were published during the famine years.

A phone call to culinary historian Alison Ryley, on the staff of the New York Public Library, unearthed their bedraggled copy of the first London edition, published in 1846. The Publishers' Advertisement clearly states the purpose of the book:

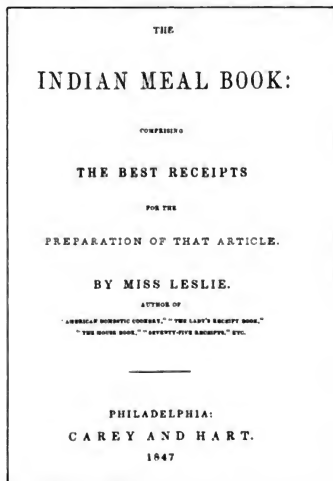
"The almost universal failure of the potato crop throughout England and Scotland as well as Ireland, must inevitably produce distress among the poorer classes, that can only be alleviated by the introduction of some substitute for potatoes less costly than wheaten flour. Maize, or Indian corn, is generally admitted to be the best and most available, as it may be procured at little more than half the price of wheat, and is much more nutritious than the potato, while the vast continent of America is able to supply the British markets with almost any quantity required.

"The following pages will, it is hoped, tend to facilitate the adoption of maize or Indian corn as a staple article of food among all classes of the community; the receipts comprising the richest as well as the simplest modes of cooking this wholesome and palatable grain."

The author's preface enlarges upon this theme: "... The author is sanguine in her hope, that this little book may be found a valuable accompaniment to the introduction of Indian Meal into Great Britain and Ireland. She believes also that it may be useful to strangers

newly arrived in the British American provinces, and consequently unacquainted with the various modes of preparing for the table unground or green Indian corn.

"Miss Leslie, having lived in England, flatters herself that she has been enabled to make her directions clear to the comprehension of English cooks. She has indicated the utensils used in America for preparing Indian meal, supposing that if any of them are found indispensably necessary, they will either be made in England or imported from the United States."



When *The Indian Meal Book* was published in the United States, there was no mention whatever of the previous English editions or of the original genesis of the work. How Miss Leslie came to write this book I do not know. Perhaps the previously mentioned English and publishing connections, or perhaps her great popularity, led to her being requested to author such a book. The answer to the mystery may lie in Miss Leslie's papers which are at The Library Company of Philadelphia. Mary Ann Hines of the staff there has been most helpful to me during my research for this article. Whatever the true story behind the publication of *The Indian Meal Book*, we must be grateful for

its existence as there are few such wondrous and imaginative compilations of recipes using corn-meal. There are puddings and porridges, cakes and cup cakes, pone, flappers, fritters, mush, gruel, dumplings, biscuits, breads, grits, hominy, griddle cakes, hasty pudding, johnny cakes, muffins, puffs, samp, slap-jacks and both summer and winter saccataash.

Miss Leslie died on January 2, 1858. Copies of her works, especially those on cookery and domestic economy, have lived on. We have just begun to explore the contributions of Eliza Leslie to America's culinary history; more work remains to be done.



#### Cat-Fish Soup

Cat-fish that have been caught near the middle of the river are much nicer than those that are taken near the shore where they have access to impure food. The small white ones are the best. Having cut off their heads, skin the fish, and clean them, and cut them in three. To twelve small cat-fish allow a pound and a half of ham. Cut the ham into small pieces, or mouthfuls, and scald it two or three times in boiling water, lest it be too salt. Chop together a bunch of parsley and some sweet marjoram stripped from the stalks. Put these ingredients into a soup kettle and season them with pepper: the ham will make it salt enough. Add a head of celery cut small, or a large table-spoonful of celery seed tied up in a bit of clear muslin to prevent its dispersing. Put in two quarts of water, cover the kettle, and let it boil slowly till every thing is sufficiently done, and the fish and ham quite tender. Skim it frequently. Boil in another vessel a quart of rich milk, in which you have melted a quarter of a pound of butter divided into small bits and rolled in flour. Pour it hot to the soup, and stir in at the last the beaten yolks of four eggs. Give it another boil, just to take off the rawness of the eggs, and then put it into a tureen, taking out the bag of celery seed before you send the soup to table, and adding some toasted bread cut into small squares. In making toast for soup, cut the bread thick, and pare off all the crust.

Before you send it to table, remove the back-bones of the cat-fish.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Directions for Cookery*, 31st ed., (Philadelphia, 1848).



#### Lobster Soup

Having boiled a large lobster, extract all the meat from the shell. Fry in butter some thin slices of bread, put them into a marble mortar, one at a time, alternately with some of the meat of the lobster, and pound the whole to a paste till it is all done. Then melt some butter in a stew-pan, and put in the mixed bread and lobster. Add a quart of boiling milk, with salt, mace, and nutmeg to your taste. Let the whole stew gently for half an hour.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Domestic French Cookery* (Philadelphia, 1832).



#### Pumpkin Mush

Pour into a clean pot two or more quarts of good milk, and set it on the fire to boil. Have ready some pumpkin stewed very soft and dry, mashed smooth, and pressed in a cullender till all the moisture has drained off. Then measure a large pint of the stewed pumpkin; mix with it a piece of fresh butter, and a tablespoonful of ground ginger. Stir the pumpkin, gradually, into the milk as soon as it has come to a boil. Add, by degrees, a large pint or more of indian meal, a little at a time; stirring it in very hard with the mush-stick. If you find the mush too thin, as you proceed, add, in equal portions, more pumpkin and indian meal, till it becomes so thick you can scarcely stir it round. After it is all thoroughly mixed, and has boiled well, it will be greatly improved by diminishing the fire a little, or hanging the pot higher up on the crane, so as to let it simmer an hour or more. Mush can scarcely be cooked too much. Eat it warm with butter and molasses, or with rich milk.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *The Indian Meal Book* (Philadelphia, 1847).



#### Nantucket Pudding

Six large ears of indian corn; full grown, but young and soft.

A pint of milk.

A quarter of a pound of fresh butter.

A quarter of a pound of sugar.

Four eggs.

Half a nutmeg grated, and five or six blades of mace powdered.

Having first boiled the corn for a quarter of

an hour, grate the grains off the cob with a coarse grater. Then add the butter (cut into little bits) and the sugar. Having stirred them well into the corn, thin it with the milk. Beat the eggs very light, and add them to the mixture, a little at a time, and finish with the spice. Stir the whole very hard. Butter a deep white dish, put in the pudding, set it directly into the oven, and bake it two hours. Send it to table warm, and eat it with butter and sugar, or molasses. It is not good cold. What is left, may be put into a small dish, and baked over again next day, for half an hour; or tied in a cloth, and boiled awhile.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *The Indian Meal Book* (Philadelphia, 1847).



#### *Carolina Rice Cakes*

Having picked and washed half a pint of rice, boil it by itself till the grains lose all form, and are dissolved into a thick mass or jelly. While warm, mix into it a large lump of the best fresh butter, and a salt-spoonful of salt. Pour into a bowl a moderate sized tea-cupful of ground rice flour, and add to it as much milk as will make a tolerably stiff batter. Stir it till it is quite smooth, and free from lumps. Then mix it thoroughly with the boiled rice. Beat six eggs as light as possible, and stir them, gradually, into the mixture. Bake it on a griddle, in cakes about as large round as a saucer. Eat them warm with butter; and have on the table, in a small bowl, some powdered white sugar and nutmeg, for those who like it.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie's *New Cookery Book* (Philadelphia, 1857).



#### *Pork and Beans*

Allow two pounds of pickled pork to two quarts of dried beans. If the meat is very salt put it in soak over night. Put the beans into a pot with cold water, and let them hang all night over the embers of the fire, or set them in the chimney corner, that they may warm as well as soak. Early in the morning rinse them through a cullender. Score the rind of the pork, (which should not be a very fat piece,) and put the meat into a clean pot with the beans, which must be seasoned with pepper. Let them boil slowly together for about two hours, and carefully

remove all the scum and fat that rises to the top. Then take them out; lay the pork in a tin pan, and cover the meat with the beans, adding a very little water. Put it into an oven, and bake it four hours.

This is a homely dish, but is by many persons much liked. It is customary to bring it to table in the pan in which it is baked.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Directions For Cookery* (Philadelphia, 1837).



#### *Chicken Gumbo*

Cut up a young fowl as if for a fricassee. Put into a stew-pan a large table-spoonful of fresh butter, mixed with a tea-spoonful of flour, and an onion finely minced. Brown them over the fire, and then add a quart of water, and the pieces of chicken, with a large quarter of a peck of ochras, (first sliced thin, and then chopped,) and a salt-spoon of salt. Cover the pan, and let the whole stew together till the ochras are entirely dissolved, and the fowl thoroughly done. If it is a very young chicken, do not put it in at first; as half an hour will be sufficient to cook it. Serve it up hot in a deep dish.

A cold fowl may be used for this purpose.

You may add to the ochras an equal quantity of tomatoes cut small. If you use tomatoes, no water will be necessary, as their juice will supply a sufficient liquid.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie's *New Receipts for Cooking* (Philadelphia, 1854).



#### *Raspberry Pudding*

Fill a deep dish with a quart of ripe raspberries, well mixed with four or five large table-spoonfuls of powdered sugar. As you put in the raspberries mash them slightly with the back of a spoon. Beat six eggs as light as possible, and mix them with a pint of cream or rich unskimmed milk, and four more spoonfuls of sugar, adding some grated nutmeg. Pour this over the raspberries. Set the dish immediately into a moderate oven, and bake the pudding about half an hour. When done, set the dish on ice, or where it will become quite cold before it goes to table.

A similar pudding may be made with ripe currants, picked from the stalks; or with ripe cherries stoned.

A pine-apple pudding made in this way is excellent. There must be as much pine-apple as will measure a quart, after it is pared, sliced, and grated fine. Sweeten it well with loaf-sugar.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie's *New Receipts for Cooking* (Philadelphia, 1854).



#### Tea Custards

Boil a quart of cream or rich milk, and pour it (while boiling) on three ounces of the best green tea. Add two ounces of loaf sugar. Cover it and set it away. Take eight eggs, and beat them well, leaving out the whites of four; and when the tea is cold, stir in the eggs. Then strain the whole mixture; put it into cups, and bake them in an oven with water. Grate sugar over the top of each.

Miss [Eliza] Leslie, *Domestic French Cookery* (Philadelphia, 1832).



#### Lafayette Gingerbread

Five eggs.  
Half a pound of brown sugar.  
Half a pound of fresh butter.  
A pint of sugar-house molasses.  
A pound and a half of flour.  
Four table-spoonfuls of ginger.  
Two large sticks of cinnamon,  
Three dozen grains of allspice,  
powdered and sifted.

Three dozen of cloves.

The juice and grated peel of the two large lemons.

Stir the butter and sugar to a cream. Beat the eggs very well. Pour the molasses, at once, into the butter and sugar. Add the ginger and other spice, and stir all well together.

Put in the egg and flour alternately, stirring all the time. Stir the whole very hard, and put in the lemon at the last. When the whole is mixed, stir it till very light.

Butter an earthen pan, or a thick tin or iron one, and put the gingerbread in it. Bake it in a moderate oven, an hour or more, according to its thickness. Take care that it does not burn.

Or you may bake it in small cakes, on little tins.

Its lightness will be much improved by a small tea-spoonful of pearl-ash dissolved in a

table-spoonful of milk, and stirred lightly in at the last. Too much pearl-ash will give it an unpleasant taste.

If you use pearl-ash, you must omit the lemon, as its taste will be entirely destroyed by the pearl-ash. You may substitute for the lemon, some raisins and currants, well floured, to prevent their sinking.

This is the finest of all gingerbread, but should not be kept long, as in a few days it becomes very hard and stale.

[Eliza Leslie], *Seventy-five Receipts for Pastry, Cakes, and Sweetmeats*. By A Lady of Philadelphia (Boston, 1828).



#### Remarkable Voyage

In perusing early issues of the *Detroit Gazette*, the editors discovered an account of a most unusual incident in our nation's maritime history—the 1817 "voyage" of a two-masted schooner from Rome, New York, to Cincinnati by way of the Great Lakes and Allegheny River before the construction of the Erie or Welland Canals, the vessel apparently built and manned by Mohawk Indians! The article had apparently been reprinted from a Cincinnati newspaper, and it indicated a return voyage by way of the Wabash and Maumee Rivers. We reprint the article in full and would welcome any confirmation of the completion of the trip.



Cincinnati, (Ohio) July 12

*Singular arrival.*—Arrived at this port on Monday morning last, (30th June,) a small schooner built boat of about six tons burthen, 30 days from Rome, on the Mohawk river, state of New-York! The boat was conducted by capt. Dean and four Indians;—passengers, two squaws and an Indian boy. It was a handsome model, painted in a neat style, with two masts, and sails, and an appropriate flag.—They sailed hence on the afternoon of the same day for the Wabash; their avowed object is to enter lands on behalf of their tribe, and then to ascend the Wabash to its source, cross over with their boat to the Maume, and return by the way of Lake Erie. This boat left Rome on the 1st of June, passed into Lake Ontario by way of Wood

Creek, Oneida Lake, and Oswego river, and after navigating the greater part of the southern coast of that Lake, was conveyed around the falls of Niagara on wheels, eleven miles; then by the way of Buffalo, across the end of Lake Erie to the mouth of Cataragus creek, and up it to a portage of eight miles and a half across to the head waters of the Allegany river. It arrived at this place, after passing two portages amounting to nineteen & a half miles! During this time they were detained nearly ten days by head winds and rains.

*Detroit Gazette* Vol. 1, No. 4, Detroit, Michigan Territory, Friday, August 15, 1817



## *The World of Maps* by David Bosse

Last year the National Geographic Society introduced *Geographical Pursuit*, an instructional board game designed to familiarize the player with world geography and geographical "trivia." Promoting knowledge of geography through the media of games and puzzles is, of course, hardly new. In the mid-seventeenth century Pierre du Val, a prolific cartographer and geographer to the king of France, invented a board game consisting of a map, dice and markers. Du Val's game was based on a popular gambling pastime; the inclusion of maps being an attempt at refinement.

By the mid-eighteenth century English publishers began producing geographical board games with a pronounced educational component. These games required the player to follow a track across the board, usually a map of England, Europe, or the world. These games and other whimsical uses of maps are described by Gillian Hill in *Cartographical Curiosities* (London, 1978), the catalog to an exhibit of the same name mounted at the British Library.

American cartographic publishers also entered the market early in the nineteenth century, examples of which can be found in the Clements Library map collection. The New York firm of Frederick and Roe Lockwood published *The Travellers Tour through the United States* in 1822, to be played by two or four persons with markers and a tetotum, a top with numbered sides. The object of this "pleasing

### No. 26.

#### QUESTIONS.

1. How is the Michigan territory situated?
2. How is it bounded?
3. Name the seat of government and chief towns.
4. What are the principal rivers?
5. How many counties are there?
6. What was the population in 1820?
7. What is the area in square miles?



### No. 26.

#### CHECK ANSWERS.

##### MICHIGAN TERRITORY.

1. *Situation*.—Between 41° 45' and 45° 35' north latitude, and 83° 10' and 82° west longitude.
2. *Boundaries*.—On the north, the Straits of Michilimackinac; south, Ohio and Indiana; east, Lakes Huron and St. Clair, and Upper Canada; west, Lake Michigan.
3. *Seat of government*.—DETROIT. Other towns—Pontiac, Monroe, &c.
4. *Rivers*.—Ontonagon, Monistic, Marguerite, Mastigon, Grand Baraboo, Maranac, Black, Huron, Raisin, &c.
5. There are eight counties.
6. *Population* in 1820—8,896.
7. *Area*—33,750 square miles.

and instructive" game is to proceed from Washington to New Orleans naming each place on which one's marker lands; the first to complete the tour wins. Players may at first refer to the numbered key, giving each town's situation, population and brief description, but at some point agreed upon by all, players are required to name locations unassisted. Lockwood's rather chaste and serious game is clearly intended to teach American geography.

Similarly, John Melish's card game, *A Dialogue of the Geography of the United States, Comprised in a Pack of Geographical Conversation Cards* (New York: A.T. Goodrich, 1824), was also a method of teaching geography in the guise of a game. The deck consists of 60 cards: 30 map cards and an equal number of question cards with answers printed on the verso. Questions are identical for each state or territory. The player must examine the map card for information on latitude and longitude, major rivers, cities and other geographical facts. The instructions explain that the purpose of the *Dialogue* is to "combine instruction with amusement, and from the manner in which the answer is derived from a figure, [it] is calculated to make an indelible impression on the mind, which the mere learning a thing by rote can never accomplish so fully."

Recently the Library acquired a third type of geographical game: a map puzzle titled *Game of the Star-spangled Banner, or Emigrants to the United States* (London: Edward Wallis, c.1845). John Wallis, and later his son Edward, produced cartographical games and puzzles from the end of the eighteenth century until the mid-nineteenth century. As the title implies, this dissected map was originally issued as a board game with accompanying booklet of instructions, markers, tetotum and cards. Apparently Wallis decided to create a puzzle out of the "board" of the *Star-spangled Banner* game, thereby creating another product from the same printing plate.

Wallis' United States map is both colorful and exotic. The emphasis is on flora, fauna, products and events, although cities and topography also figure in the game. Unfortunately, the Library's copy lacks the numbered key, so many of the map's intriguing images are indeed puzzling. From what is known of Wallis' games, most numbered locations represent hazards to the player who must travel the face of the map. Here he may encounter a raging forest fire in

Iowa, a slave lynching in Arkansas, bears in northern Michigan, Indians trading furs in Tennessee, alligators in Florida and the Mississippi delta, a ferocious shark cruising the Gulf coast, or huge coiled snakes scattered throughout the countryside.

The impression English children formed from such a "tour" could easily have been one of barbarity and menace. Consider the description of a farm scene in Ohio, quoted by Gillian Hill: "40. Pigs. These filthy animals are so extensively reared in the United States as to amount to a pest in some of the towns." Wallis' game was presumably intended simply to entertain, but it reflects certain British attitudes about the American scene. The contrast between the benign, educational pastimes of the Lockwoods and Melish and the *Game of the Star-spangled Banner* is marked.



### Fancy Squirrels

It is well known that cats and rats are extensively used in some countries as articles of food. The *olla podrida* of Spain and Italy, are composed in part of cats, fattened for the purpose; while rats and other vermin are regular articles of consumption in the Canton and other Chinese markets. But it is not so well known that these articles are in use in many parts of our country, principally by foreigners. Dr. T. a physician of Butler County, Penn., and a native of Holland, was extravagantly fond of cats which he fricasseed or smothered in onions. — Although as honest as steel in every thing else, it was notorious that he had slight scruples in making free with his neighbors cats, which disappeared rapidly, most of them being traced by the pelts and loose fur to the Dr's. residence. — The ladies of Woodville, near which he resided made a general outcry on the Dr's. taste as well as lamentation for the fate of their feline inmates, and wanted their husbands to interfere. These however did not think it worth while to quarrel with so useful and necessary a man as the Doctor for the sake of a few cats; he being a very pleasant and popular neighbor otherwise.

I am reminded of the circumstance by a rum-pus kicked up in the 5th street market a few days since. It seems that a farmer from Colerain

township brought in a lot of rats which he sold for squirrels a few market days since.—They brought him five cents each. The affair leaked out in the neighborhood, and a man of the same name being accused with it, it almost occasioned a fight. I should like to know who bought three squirrels; that the problem might be solved whether public prejudice deprives us of an addition to the existing luxuries of our Cincinnati markets.

*Cincinnati Miscellany.* January 1845.



### Bathing

In present day America, where a daily bath or shower is considered to be almost a social obligation and fundamental human right, it is hard to imagine what life must have been like in the days before indoor plumbing and bathrooms, particularly in urban areas. Most people did wash themselves to some extent with pitchers, basins, and towels. But until the nineteenth century, total immersion or exposure to running water was an experience restricted to those very few persons physically fit enough and living close enough to a convenient stream or lake, providing also of course that the water was sufficiently warm to bathe in. John Quincy Adams, while President of the United States, 1824–28, took a daily morning dip in Tiber Creek, in front of the White House, but it was a luxury few city dwellers enjoyed.

Christopher Hughes (1786–1849), Baltimore-born career diplomat, served as secretary to the American Peace Commission in Ghent negotiating the end of the War of 1812, and as chargé d'affaires in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and the Netherlands for almost thirty years before retiring in 1845. Somewhere along the way, while in Europe or perhaps in New York on his return, he seems to have encountered a modern-style bathtub and shower and decided he wanted one in his own home. Among his papers, which are housed at the Clements Library, is a letter of Henry C. Rabineau of New York, describing what it would take to install a bath/shower.

Rabineau came from a family which had been in the bathhouse business in New York for years. His father operated public salt water baths for forty years, and the son ran a warm

## RABINEAU'S SALT-WATER SWIMMING BATHS

AT THE  
BATTERY AND DESBROSSES STREET, N. RIVER.

At the Battery Dr. Rabineau daily attends, offering his advice founded on the experience of 40 years.

WARM SEA BATHS

At the Foot of Desbrosses Street, North River.

WARM CROTON BATHS

AT THE  
ASTOR, IRVING, AND CARLTON HOTELS.

It is hardly necessary to go into the merits of bathing, as every one knows its value and importance in regard to health.

salt water bath "at the foot of Descrosses Street, North River." Public baths of this sort were located at shoreline and used untreated water.

It was only with the advent of elevated reservoirs and systems of waterpipes, or small steam pumps which could raise water to cisterns in roofs or in attics, that indoor plumbing and bathrooms were practical. As was true with many of the household conveniences we now take for granted, it was the advent of the American hotel, such as the Tremont House in Boston or the Astor House in New York, that introduced modern conveniences. The construction of Croton Aqueduct at the beginning of the 1840s had insured New York a dependable source of pure water under pressure, and Rabineau had gained experience installing bathtubs at the Astor House at about the time Hughes made his enquiry.

We do not know whether Christopher Hughes ever built his shower and bathtub. If so, it probably would have been one of the very first to be found in a private residence, and Rabineau's letter makes it obvious that as of 1845, a bathtub was considered a "special order" that had to be constructed, piece by piece. Clearly, this is one aspect of daily living, where society has made definite progress in the past century and a half—at least as long as we continue to have sources of water!

New York Novr 1st 1845

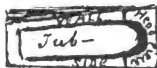
Dear Sir

I have just rec'd. a letter from you bearing date Oct'r. 30th. in reference to the purchase of a Bath Tub suitable for your Bathing Room. The letter is directed to my Father but intended

for me (I open his letters during his absense from the city) as he is not connected or acquainted with the warm Bath business, having confined himself strictly for the last 40 years to the plunge and showers of the pure salt sea.

I understand percisely what you want, having your room before me, but there are some little difficulties in the way so far as *speed* is concerned that I must acquaint you of immediately. In the first place I shall be obliged to procure the necessary sheets of copper of a certain thickness and have them tinned with *pure tin* and hammered into the metal and polished. They must then be sent to the Plumber for working which in all will require about one weeks time at least. The framing and carpenters work added will occupy a day or so longer. Priming and painting and allowing for time to dry will consume two more days, so you see at the least calculation it would take nearly two weeks before I could fit you out in the real Astor Style. At present I know of only one man who has the apparatus and can be depended upon for tining with pure tin and whether he will undertake to tin with the pure article such a limited number of sheets of copper I am not able to answer but think he will. He follows the business of tining altogether and is constantly engaged, but the mixture used unless specially ordered is one half tin and lead and which is used in all such work as Bathing Tubs for sale or common use. You can hardly tell the difference except by use, as the tining unless pure, hammered and polished will wear off in a short time and leave the copper exposed which destroys the looks of the Tub and to my notion one half the comfort of the Bath. This mans kettles are filled with this half and half stuff which must be well cleaned before he can use them for pure tin. I merely mention that I may meet with some detention in that quarter as he may have some jobs on hand but I will see him at an early hour on Monday when I will write you on the subject. I shall order the frame for the tub made immediately and go on with the other arrangements for if you shoud conclude that it would consume too much time and would delay you too long it will not make any diffrence to me, as I can use the fixtures etc. at the Astor House, or Desbrosses St. warm Baths. The price of the tub will be from \$30 to \$35. The Tubs at the Astor House cost me \$30 by the quantity and I suppose I can get you up one for about the same

price altho to be certain I say \$35. That includes all but the water cocks and outside panel work which together with the painting I would advice you to have done after the Bath is put up for fear of damage in transporting. Any carpenter can fix it with a little instruction. The head piece must be cut from 1 1/2 inch stuff and fitted close to the wall and the peices running lengthways made to cover as neat as possible all the top raw edge of the copper flush to the inner edge of the Tub and run over with a round edge to the outside panel work projecting from one to two inches as fancy dictates.



Very Resp'y Your obt sert  
Henry C Rabineau

Since writing the above I have rec'd yours dated 31st inst. enclosing the note from Mr. Stetson to yourself, as also the dimensions of the Bath Tub as taken by Mr. Johnston (my cousin) in charge of the Astor Baths. His dimensions as I understand them I believe are correct but by another might be misapplied. The Tub however he choose for a pattern will not suit you as well as the one I shall adopt, there are some trifling fault which I have lately discovered and which I shall hereafter remedy in fitting up Public Establishments. Speaking of Shower Baths I confess you bother me a little unless you order the *Croton*. Please explain to me in your next how you intend to raise the water (cold) above the Bath Tub. Have you a cistern above, or do you wish a small pump. *West's portable Showers* at 50cts a piece are capital arrangements for a Tub. You can easily imagine what they are from the price. By lowering them in the water and placing your finger on the air hole you have perfect command of the water till ready. His *Large Patent Portable Showers* at \$20 are the best in the market, but they take up a great deal of room and are not the article you describe, the one you wish if I understand you correctly is to be placed over the head of the tub or nearly so and a pipe to lead to it with stop cock etc. at command. You can write however and explain more fully in your next if you need a pump. You can raise the water by the boiler. The Facets [faucets] can be procured plated or brass as you desire, the



additional expense but trifling. Please direct your letters to the Destrosses St. Warm Sea Baths as I will receive them a day sooner.

Res'y HCR

To Christopher Hughes Esq.  
Baltimore



## *The Flavorful Weed*

A number of states have recently considered passing laws which would require warning labels on smokeless tobacco, which some health officials are calling a "chemical time bomb."

The use of snuff having found favor among the current generation, who choose to "dip"—to place an amount of it between their teeth and lips—some medical observers are predicting an epidemic of mouth disorders. The addictive nature of snuff has also been emphasized.

One aspect of "the flavorful weed's" addiction which to date seems to have escaped the attention of our new generation of tobacco prohibitionists is the amount of time the habit consumes. Men and women of the eighteenth century tended to prefer ingesting snuff through the nostrils rather than the mouth, probably more time consuming than present methods, but the statistics given below certainly can be applied to some degree to tobacco users in general, perhaps especially pipe smokers.

That the arguments pro and con concerning the deleterious effects of ingesting this substance are not new reminds us of the following "Essay on Snuff-Taking" written by the Earl Stanhope, and reprinted in *The American Magazine* (New York, 1788).

"Every professed inveterate and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes.

"Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances consumes a minute and a half.

"One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing fifteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten.

"One day out of every ten amounts to thirty-six days and a half in a year.

"Hence if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it."

Stanhope added comments on the expense of snuff, snuff-boxes, and handkerchiefs, and suggested "that this luxury encroaches as much on the income of the snuff-taker as it does on his time; and that by a proper application of the time and money thus lost to the public, a fund might be constituted for the discharge of the national debt."



## *The Ewing Papers—Part Four*

The fourth installment of the letters of Louisa and Mary to brother Maskell Ewing (1807–1849) has little of the dramatic, but the usual wealth of social gossip, personal detail, and exuberance to provide an entertaining glimpse into life in Philadelphia in 1830. Maskell Ewing, a topographical engineer with the U.S. Army, was stationed in Washington during the entire year, essentially waiting for Congress to fund various surveys and public works projects. The Ewing Papers at the Clements Library contains almost none of his correspondence, but a vast collection of social invitations dating from that year indicate that he spent much of his time going from one party to another.

Back in Pennsylvania, the girls seem to have spent a good portion of their time in Philadelphia, staying with their friends the Edward Lowbers and pursuing an active social life, mostly among neighbors of the Lowbers in Pine St. Their mother, who was not well, remained at home at Woodstock. The girls took two trips during the year, in June to Baltimore where they met Maskell, and in October to Greenwich, New Jersey, to visit Ewing family relatives, with a side excursion to Cape May.

1.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Dr. Lowbers, 81 Pine Street  
Philadelphia Jany 25th 1830

Dear brother,

On tuesday last we came down to the city to make a visit to our kind friends in Pine street

[the Edward Lowber family]<sup>1</sup> . . . as for visiting we have done none of that as yet, as we have been getting our hats done up. They are the black velvet ones we had last winter altered into bonnets with blue strings and bows in the face, blond lace round them, and large velvet flowers. They look wonderful dashing and handsome. It was my intention to have had a large feather, but the handsomest ones were all taken and as flowers were more worn we concluded on having them.

Yesterday we went to the new church, corner of Walnut and Twelfth street, and took possession of Uncle Hunters new pew. We had an excellent sermon from Mr. McAuley.<sup>2</sup> After church we called to see Mr. Gaskells family. They are very handsomely fixed and insisted on our staying to dinner. We declined and on our way home were overtaken by Mrs. E. Twells son, William, who came home with us and dined here. William Lowber was with us. In the afternoon we went to hear Dr. Ely but did not like him, in the evening to hear Mr. Hawks an episcopal clergyman who has lately come to St. James church.<sup>3</sup> He is an excellent preacher and fine orator. We spent one evening at cousin Moores. They are all well and enquired very kindly for you. Aunt Patterson, dear old lady, said she hoped you would keep you[r] health, for you were a sweet fellow, she liked to look at you. I suppose you rimended her of papa and he was her only brother as it were, for Uncle David never was so kind to her.<sup>4</sup>

Mrs. Twells is to be married the 18th of February. She has asked me to be bridesmaid, but if I can get off I will not be, as it will cost more money than I shall like to spend for finery. Another thing, I dont know what mama will say. I have written to her but have not yet received an answer to it. . . .

They are all well at home and recieved your paper saying the Topographical bill had passed. I am happy to hear it for your sake as I think you will have more ready cash which is the main thing.<sup>5</sup> The turbins the ladies were you want to know the name of is Toke—they are not so much worn here as they were I believe. . . .

Tuesday—Last evening we spent with Mrs. Twells. She had quite a company: Mr. Shoemaker, his sisters, and brother—the last I think one of the most foolish young men I ever was in company with in my life. Very homely and forward, he offers his heart to every lady he is ten minits in company with. He did not to me for I

was disgusted with him and behaved very stately, only polite. He told me he thought I was the most stately young lady he had met with for some time. I told him I did not like such flurting. He said he flirted with ladies because they liked it. I told him I did not, and he not taking a fancy to me went to the other side of the room. I have made up my mind not to be bridesmaid as I should have no pleasure in his company—there was some more relations—I did not fancy any of them. The Miss Hains, Miss S. Miller, and ourselves were the only genteel ones in the room in my opinion excepting Mrs. Twells and her brother and the Mr. [Francis] Shoemaker she is going to be married to. He is quite a pleasant man.

On Sunday morning there was a fire in Lombard street, the Engines going to it. When one of them got to the corner of Spruce and third street, a young quaker gentleman by the name of Thomas who was going to meeting took hold of the rope to help pull. His foot slipped, he fell, and being the last one, the Engine ran over his neck and broke it. He was carried into an Apothicary shop and I understood was dead—how dreadful it must have been to the men who were attached to the Engine when they saw him. . . .<sup>6</sup>

## 2.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila Feb'y 10th 1830

My dear brother

. . . we often wish you were here to share our sports. There has been some fine sleighing and is still. Yesterday Dr., Sarah, and myself rode out to the falls of Schuylkill. There we stopped at the hotel, got some mulled cyder. I then told the doctor we were not far from Mr. Lees [Lea?]. He said if I would like to go he would take us there, so we left the hotel full of people, some dancing over our heads untill I feared the cealing would come through, and proceeded to Mr. Lees. There we were recieved with the greatest kindness by all—found Albert in the parlour, he is able to walk without his crutches, only a cane, and is in hopes he will get well. We staid there about fifteen minutes and then returned to the city.

This morning we were shopping all the morning, getting dresses for Mrs. Twells wedding, which is to be next tuesday night, and this afternoon Mrs. Lowber and I went with the doctor



Naval Asylum, Philadelphia

out sleighing down by the Navy yard out towards Gloster point. Finding the snow rather thin we were obliged to turn off and go round by pointbreeze marine hospital—so into the city. When we got into town we went down to the doctors store for William. The school had just let out and the boys were very troublesome. About fifty of them undertook to snow ball us, but the doctor drove so fast we only recieved three balls, one apiece. The doctor keeps a horse and sleigh. He is very fond of sleighing and while it lasts I expect he will go every day, but as we are preparing for the wedding we will have no time to go. I wished sister to go today but she was not disposed to try it.

A young lady friend of Mary Lowbers brought a fortune teller she had made for me to make one like it. There is a large piece of pastboard with characters going from the center where a little woman stands dressed like a Gipsy with a wand in her hand. You turn the pastboard round and wherever her wand stops that is your fortune. Her head is a shelpark, the end of which is her nose, and two glass beads gummed on for eyes, the rest of it painted, then a close bonnet put on. It looks just like the face of an old woman, sharp nose an[d] chin. If I had got it sooner I would have made one and sent you on but there will not be time for me to make it.

Mr. and Mrs. Pleasanton are to be in Washington. She is said to be very handsome and will be very rich, as she lives with a maiden Aunt and bachelour Uncle who are both very rich, and as she is the only niece of course will get the cash. What is a good joke, her Uncle would have had no objection if Mr. Pleasanton had asked him, but they wanted to make a talk, and she knew her Uncle would forgive her. Mary Picton was my informant. . . .

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Feb. 10, 1830]

Dear brother

. . . Mrs. Twells is to be married next tuesday. She intends having a very dashing wedding, about forty. I expect we shall have a complete squeeze, for you know her room is quite small. We have been out to day shopping. Sarah L. and Louisa treated themselves to very handsome dresses which are to [be] made tomorrow by Miss Roberts, the mantuamaker who made that handsome silk dress of Louisa's. The one she has got now is straw color with bars of sattin. The dress is thin. Sarahs is pink crape. I intend making the one I wore to Mrs. Halls wedding do, as I could not see any thing I liked, not wishing to get like Louisa's, which was the only pretty thing we saw, but what was too expensive. I wish we could have afforded to send you on something pretty and useful, but this wedding runs off with our cash as there are a great many little eceteras such as belts, flowers, gloves, &c, all of which must be handsome and of course expensive, for mean finery is of all things the meanest.

We send on the handkerchief you left behind. I wish your friend Mr. Berrian would do me a piece for my Album. If he has leisure suppose you give him a hint and Mr. Perkins can bring it on. Our books are rather larger than the common sized letter paper. If he will you can get him a sheet the size.

We have been out very little since we came to the [city?]. The weather and walking [have been very] bad. I think your city mu[st] indeed be gay, such immense crowds. It is well they go so early and break up soon, or it would soon wear the ladies out. Here it is the fashion to go at nine and ten, the last that comes are the most genteel, and at two break up. This would not do for every night in the week as you have it. I have one piece of advice to give which is do not put Cologne water on your head as it will make you as grey as a rat in a short time. This I heard the other night. I should think it was not good for the skin either, and you know you must not *spoil your beauty* before you get that promised portrait taken. . . .

3.

Mary P. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock Febry 26th 1830

My dear brother

Your very agreeable letter of the 17th I received at Woodstock where I have been for the last week. Sister Louisa is still in the city and forwarded your letter to me. The Friday after the wedding I came home. The Monday previous to the wedding I was told Uncle was at the door in the carriage. I went out to see him and was told that Ma was very sick and wished me to return home with him. I was much alarmed, being sure Mama was worse than Uncle was willing to tell, also knowing how desirous Mama always is to give her children pleasure and how very unwilling she would be to call me home at such a time, the very day before the wedding, unless she was very ill. I had a very anxious ride up and was agreeably surprised to find Mama walking about her room nearly as well as ever. Sister Elinor was with her. She told me Uncle had not been off half an hour before she regretted having sent for me as she felt so well.

The next day just as we were sitting down to breakfast Uncle came down and insisted on my returning to the wedding and as I was already and somewhat of a disappointment, Mama so well, I concluded to go. Mr. Curwen took me in Uncles horse and gig. We arrived at Dr. Lowbers just as the Dr. was stepping up his own steps to take his dinner. There was a great hue and cry, "here's Mary, here's Mary." I was soon surrounded by the whole household and most devoured with kisses, Louisa greatly relieved as it assured her Mama was well. After dinner we all went up to our room where was a fine fire. Our dresses were all arranged in order to put on and as the afternoon wore short we had to bustle about quite smart to be ready by  $\frac{1}{2}$  past seven. We had several spectators to see us dressed. Mrs. Chancellor sent Mrs. E. Twells children in her carriage to see us. The young lady who made our dresses came to help dress us and see how we looked. All agreed we looked very dashing. The Dr. said I looked like a princes (an Indian one you will say). I assure you your sister L. looked very dashing, her dress was elegant, none handsomer in the room (the bride and attendents excepted), none more attended on. Sarah and Mary L[owber] looked sweet and William went to a barber and had his

head dressed Ala'mode. The Dr. procured an elegant carriage, coachman, and footman, very handsome lamps and glittering with plating, a most comfortable and elegant conveyance, none handsomer there. I rather think Branch St. never displayed such a range of carriages before at any private house in it. As the night was damp all had to ride. At eight O'clock, all the company having assembled, the Bride and Groom with their attendants entered looking very elegant indeed. She was most splendidly dressed, I never saw a[s] handsom a dress, white satin with white lace over embroidered in satin, a rich veil very tastefully arranged on her head, and white flowers on silver wire, the groom white casimere pants, silk stockings, pumps, white vest, with sky blue silk under vest and blue guard chains same color as inner vest, blue coats, bridesmaids dressed similar to the bride only not as elegant, bridesmen like the groom. After the ceremony which Dr. Delancy performed tea came in, then the elegant immense cake. Bogle the celebrated waiter attended—he knows his business so well all passed off in style.<sup>7</sup> We had elegant refresh-



Robert Bogle

ments, no expense spared, Ice creams, oysters, chicken salad, olives, sandwiches, &c, &c, in abundance. Mr. Delancy was under an engagement and had to go immediately after tea. Mary Biddle said she would be parson, got the brides ring, and ran thro' all the dreaming cake. A more torn down romp I never saw. Her mirth is

boisterous beyond bearing. She did not get spoiled in Washington, for she was always beyond controul from a child. In vanity she might, for she is fully conscious of all the beauty she has. She is certainly very pretty, but knowing her temper I never could think her as pretty as some do. At eleven the company retired, all I believe fully satisfied with themselves and the entertainment. There were thirty seven, not counting her children. They seemed to enjoy it as much as any one. Little Johnny went up after the ceremony, kissed his Mama, and said he congratulated her, shook hands with Mr. S[hoemaker], and wished him much happiness, wrote bride papers for the ladies. He said he was delighted. I hope they may continue to be so. At ten O'clock wine was handed and all took a glass at the request of a groomsman who went round. After all was helped one of the groomsman rose on a chair and announced a toast from Mr. James Stokes of Germantown—"The Happy Pair, Long may they live, Happy may be, Blest with content and from Misfortune free." This was drank by all the company. Her father was not present owing to his not going out in winter.<sup>8</sup>

On thursday night she received her friends, every thing again very elegant. One hundred called dressed out as for a party tho' they only staid a short time, walked round the room after making their curtsies and bows, and then walked off. We however did not do so but staid and enjoyed ourselves. The next morning I (with Louisa and Sarah) called to bid "good bye" to the bride. They were all setting in state, attendants and all, to receive company, any who had not called the evening before.

In the afternoon (Uncle, who had come in in the carriage for me) I came home as sister E. had to go home and I thought it not prudent to leave mama alone. I found sister here with all her children—quite a family for us—ten in number. On saturday afternoon she went home and mama and I were left alone. We are also to be left without a cook as since my return our Irish girl has taken a notion to town. She will go to be with her brother, the only relation she has in this country, and next monday she leaves us. When we can supply her place I know not.

On wednesday young William Thomas was buried. His death was occasioned by hard drinking. His brother in law William Cleaver who married Jane is in the same lamentable way, and was very much shocked when he

heard of his death, it seemed to him an awful warning. He was so agitated, when he got into the gig to attend the funeral he had to be helped and had not proceeded far before an awful shriek from his wife stopped the procession. He had fallen down in the bottom of the gig in a frightful fit. Dr. Anderson was instantly called.<sup>9</sup> They took him back to the house. In the afternoon they removed him to his father in laws where he now is, Mr. Levering says he heard at the turnpike gate not any better, in extreme agitation of mind. . . .

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[Feb. 26, 1830]

My dear brother

I see sister has given you an account of the wedding and as she has almost filled it up I cannot say much, but I have been to see Wests picture of "Christ Rejected." It is now exhibiting in the State house and will remain there for sometime.<sup>10</sup> It is an elegant thing but not so large as the "Coronation of Napoleon" which you and I went to see at the Washington Hall. It represents Christ dressed with a white robe and crown of thorns, his hands bound before him, and holding a staf over his shoulder. Next to him is Pontius Pilot who is interceeding with Caiphas the Jewish priest to save the life of Christ but he in all his robes with great rage depicted on his countenance refuses. On the fore ground is the cross and the executioner telling some boys with great unconcern what he is going to do. Magdaline has thrown herself across a cross and is pleading for his life. John is supporting Mary the mother of Jesus who looks perfectly resigned though deep sorrow is on her countenance. They say her likeness is taken from Mrs. Siddons. There are more females and a great number of people more than I can describe. I wish you would come on and see for yourself. Now if you could come to us to be at Sarahs party which will be on Friday night it would be delightful. Tonight we go to a party at Miss Shoemakers, tomorrow at Mrs. Platts, on Thursday night there is to be a Concert at the musical fund—it is to be the "Creation" and I expect the doctor will take us. I often wish you were stationed here so we could enjoy ourselves together. On Friday I took tea at Mrs. Mackleys and saw Dr. Plumbsted. He shewed us the most elegant collection of shells and minerals I ever saw. I wish you could see them. They have just called me to breakfast therefore I must close.

## 4.

Louisa Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Phila Monday March 16th 1830

My dear brother

I will now endeavour to give you some account of the way in which I have spent my time. The first party I was at after the wedding was given by the Misses Shoemaker.<sup>11</sup> Sister Mary had left the city but Sarah Lowber, William, and myself went. It is about two squares from here, therefore we thought it was not worth while to get a carriage. We went at eight O'clock. There was about sixty persons. The first of the evening was rather stiff but about half past ten the violins and tambourine struck up and then we had some pleasure for of all things a party without music is the dullest. I danced every dance until half past one O'clock.

At twelve there was an accident happened which made quite a disturbance through the rooms. Mr. Sml. Welsh was dancing with a young lady and ran a pin (which was bent up in the carpet) into his foot. It was with difficulty he drew it out and was obliged to go immediately home. His brother left the room with him but returned again.

At half past twelve I proposed coming home but I could not get William and Sarah started, therefore it was past one before we left the room, William and I, Sarah and Mr. William Welsh. When we came out of the front door we found the pavements covered with snow over shoe top and, no carriage provided for us, we were obliged to walk home. Here we found Mrs. Lowber ready waiting for us with some hot toddy and a good fire to undress by which we did in short order and got into bed.

The next day we were rather stupid and as we were engaged to a party that evening at Mrs. Platts, in the afternoon we went to bed as if it had been night and never got up until after five, then for dressing again. I am *barber general*. Having so much to do I have become a very expert hand.

At eight O'clock we had an elegant carriage, driver and footman, and drove off in style to Mrs. Platts where we had a most splendid party. There was about one hundred (they live in Arch Street, the house Mr. Janeway built for himself and afterwards removed to Pittsburgh).<sup>12</sup> The rooms were elegantly furnished and very light. There was no music which was not quite so pleasant but Prominading was all

the fashion. Mr. McLanahan was there and to our astonishment both the Mr. Welshs were there. Mr. Sml. said he took such good care of his foot that he felt no bad effects from it. We had refreshments in elegant style. There was two waiters went round with two pyramids of ice cream and a dish of jelly on each in this form if I can give you a drawing of it. The[y] were the



"this was a coiled fish but I cannot draw it correctly."

handsomest ornaments I ever saw in ice cream. There was candy oranges and a variety of sugar ornaments I do not know the name of. Towards the last was what gentlemen like most—oyster and chicken salad, porter, hot punch, and then the large cake. After that we took our leave. I went with Mr. Saml. Welsh and Sarah with William and made our adieus. We got home at half past twelve.

The next Friday we were invited to Miss Hoods, one of the bridesmaids, but as we were not much acquainted with her and Sarah not wishing to keep up the acquaintance we declined going.

The following monday Sarah [Lowber] had her party. There was between sixty and seventy. I made some wax flowers and ornamented the parlours. They were all wishing here that you would come on. Mrs. Lowber said he would be the most agreeable beaux in the room. You are a great favourite here I can tell you. Among the young gentlemen who were here that evening was Rancier [Rensellaer?] Van-Wick. Mr. Perkins was also here. The latter told us the former had been fighting a duel for a very foolish reason. Now I want you to let me know when you write what it was about as Mrs. Lowber was quite worried she had invited him but she had never heard of such a thing and when she asked him if his lameness was occasioned by a fall he said "Yes." That is all we knew of it until Mr. P. told us. He was very much pleased with his visit to Washington and

your attention to him. He speaks of [you] in great praise. His brother regrets not knowing you, as he did not see half Abraham did.

We had a violine and tamborine played by Mr. Johnston and his son.<sup>13</sup> About twelve O'clock the doctor asked Mr. Johnston to play on the piano. He did so and played a comic song about the three men that went a hunting. You have heard papa sing it, but Johnston had much more to it. I will give you what I recollect.

"All night they hunted, nothing could they find, but the moon a sailing, sailing with the Wind. One said it was a moon, the other said nay, the third said its a Yankey cheese and half cut away. The next thing was a Pig in a pen. One said it was a pig, the other said nay, the third said it was an Elephant and its trunk cut away. Next thing they saw was a frog in a well. One said it was a frog, the other said nay, the third said its a canary bird with its feathers washed way. Then on they went a hunting, and nothing could they find, but an owl in an ivy bush and that they left behind. One said it is an owl, the other said nay, the third said its the 'Old boy' and all three ran away."

This was the last of the songs and sung to the tune of "Poor Paul Pry," therefore you can try it, but be sure to begin every verse with "On they went a hunting."

On Wednesday evening Sarah and I were at a party at Miss Bucks, they are neighbours corner of third and Pine Streets, a german family.<sup>14</sup> They were all the foreigners in the city collected, consuls from all parts. Mr. Bush asked me if I spoke French, Sapanish, German, or any foreign language. I told him 'no.' Because, said he, there are so many foreigners who cannot speak much English here I would introduce to you if you speak any language. There was waltzing in true style. I got separated from Sarah and got into the other parlour where the piano was. I was standing alone when the youngest Mr. Percival (one of the neighbours in this row) came up to me (and although he had not been introduced to me, yet he had seen me on the doctors steps) and said Miss Ewing, I see you have got near the piano, I suppose you are fond of music.<sup>15</sup> I told him I was. Just then as that room was small they came and carried it into the other. He asked me to take his arm and walk into the other room. I did so. He was very polite and attentive to me in getting a seat near the piano, and Sarah Lowber seeing me came

forward. The eldest Mr. Percival came up after the waltzing had stoped and took a seat by me. He I had been introduced too at Dr. Lowbers party and his sister who is an elegant looking woman and waltzes very handsomely. We had a long talk together. Then the two Mr. Welsh's who had been to another party and just come into the room came up and spoke to us. I told Sarah we had the handsomest beaux' in the room and the most agreeable. About twelve the doctor came for us and we took our leave, much pleased with our entertainment. The next night Sarah went to Miss Waynes, but I declined going as I did not think it would be very agreeable, no[r] was I wrong, for they were not much pleased, neither she nor William. On Friday last Miss Mary Miller gave a party out at the Buck. Neither Sarah nor I went but both sister, Mr. Curwen, Miss Benedict, and Allen were there. I suppose you will recieve a letter from sister telling you of it as neither Sarah nor I went.

If I had thought when I first came to town I should have staid so long I would have got a guittar and took lessons. By this time I could have played very well. The best pattent screws they ask only twenty two dollars for, but Mama is at present low of cash or I think I would have got [one] and learned the first rudiments so that I could have practiced at home. If I should live until [next] winter I think I will try it. . . .

5.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock April 12th 1830

My dear brother

. . . I will now give you the finishing account of my visit in the city. The last party I was at was given by the bride to finish off—it was on the 23 of March—Sarah, William, and myself went. As the evening was very pleasant we walked. I wished much to ride and proposed it but the doctor said he would pay no more hack hire for Sarah this year so I said no more for, although I was willing to pay half, I did not choose to pay all. Therefore we walked.

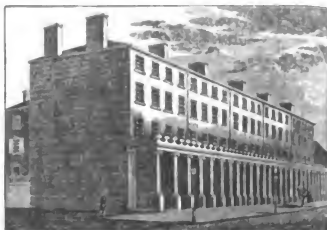
When we got there, after taking off our cloaks, we went down into the parlour where Mrs. Shoemaker [formerly, Mrs. Twells] recieved her company. After talking some time with her she asked me if I had been into the back room where there was tea, coffee, and the bridesmaid's to attend. I told her I had not. She

then introduced me to Mr. Biddle who handed me into the tea room and after helping me he went away, much to my pleasure I assure you for I did not admire him at all. After I was done, finding Sarah Lowber was upstairs, I went there and found the front chamber prepared for dancing, a Miss Biddle mistress of ceremonies. The floor was chalked, a vase of wax flowers and two candles on the mantle. Between the windows was a board with holes in to bow out and candles put in them. The board was then wrapped with evergreen. As the room was small they had benches put round. About ten O'clock the music struck up. I danced every dance until the clock struck twelve, when I proposed going, but Sarah and William were not willing to go as it was the last dance they expected to be at. I sat still for two dances. The third one Mrs. Shoemaker, Miss Wayne, Mr. Welsh, and myself danced up in one corner. After that was over Sarah said she would now go as it had struck one. William was not very willing. Therefore as Sarah and I was supplied with beaux, the two Mr. Welsh's, they told him he could stay and they would see us home safe, so we bade Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker good night and left the room, when we went to the foot of the stairs, after putting on our cloaks, there we found William with the two gentlemen, so we had three gallants to see us home, where we arrived at quarter before two. I think I hear you say "bad hours you keep in Phila." That is true, we understood they did not all leave there before three O'clock.

On Friday Mrs. Lowber, Sarah, and I went sociably and took tea at Mrs. Welshes—there were two Miss Smiths, Mrs. Lapsley, Mrs. W.[s] daughter, Miss West, and Miss Evins—the last is a niece of Mrs. W[elsh]—a very pretty agreeable young lady which I should like to have introduced you too.<sup>16</sup> I there heard one of the best musical boxes I ever heard. The eldest of the young gentlemen drew it in a raffle—there was two put up and he got one—it plays "La Dame Blanch" in three parts elegantly. We spent a very agreeable evening and got home about ten.

On Sunday morning as I was going up to church I met Mr. Curwen who told me Mrs. Hall was very ill, not expected to live, and he had been sent for. I went immediately up there and found her much worse than I expected, they did not think she would live from one hour to the next. Finding I could be of no service I

[went] to church at the corner of twelfth and Walnut. After church I went again, she was still alive, but they were blistering her head. I staid about a quarter of an hour, then went to Mr. Cooks where I dined. After church in the evening I went again to see how Mrs. Hall was but there was no change. I then went down to Dr. Lowbers so tired I could scarcely move. The next morning I called with Sarah on some of my acquaintances, and about twelve went up to see how Mrs. H. was, but was told before I reached the house by the house being shut up she was no more.<sup>17</sup> The family were in the greatest affliction. I sat with them for an hour and then went home.



Blight's Houses, Colonnade, Row, Phila.

In the afternoon Sarah, William, Miss Evins, and myself walked up to Mr. Blights new house and went through it. They were moving in. I expect when it is furnished it will be more splendid than any thing in this city can turn out.<sup>18</sup> It would take a sheet of paper to describe it to you. There I will leave it until you come on, which I hope will be before long. . . .

6.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Thursday July 1, 1830

Dear brother

. . . After you left us in Baltimore we felt very much lost I assure you, talked about you all breakfast time. After that we dressed and went to the Cathedral. There we found all the pews locked and no person there excepting some common looking persons. The doctor asked one of them if we could not see the painting. He said after church we could, but they were not uncovered until then, so we walked through it and then went to St Pauls. I sat in Dr. Alexan-



Catholic Cathedral, Baltimore

ders pew—Mrs. A. came just after I got there and was very polite, her sister Miss Merriman also.<sup>19</sup> After church she walked to the door. There I introduced sister, Dr. and the girls to her. She gave us a very polite invitation to tea, told us Mrs. Boyce was to be there—she had gone to Haver de grass and would return that afternoon. We accepted the invitation and Miss M. went with us to the Cathedral. When we got there the doors were fastened. The Dr. asked a woman in the house near if we could see the chapple. She said yes and took us in. After we had seen the pictures, which are splendid and gave much satisfaction to all, we went round, and the woman explained all to us.<sup>20</sup> We went out and the doctor handed her 50 cents for her trouble. She said it was customary for visitors to pay 25 cents apiece, but as it was Sunday he might give what he pleased but that was too little, so he handed her another 50 and she said that would do. We had a talk about it afterwards and think it very wrong to pay on Sunday any thing. Just after we left there it looked very much like rain so we made the best of our way to Barnums [City Hotel] and had just got our hats off when it began to pour with rain. We had an elegant dinner and wished more than once you were there. You remember I said I was fond of lobster the day before, and to be sure we had an elegant one, and sister had remarked how refreshing ice creams would be after so warm a walk, and when the desert came on table we had elegant ice creams. It rained until five O'clock when we dressed and went to take a walk. Called to see old Mr. and Mrs. Brown, took S. and M. with us, as the doctor had gone out before. Mrs. Brown was better. Sister went up stairs to see her, and she sent for me to come up which I did. Just then Mr. B. and Mr. George B. came in. The latter invited us to

walk in and see his wife. We did so and was very politely received, gave us some port sangaree, and invited us to stay to tea, but as we were engaged at Dr. Alexanders we declined. Mr. G. Brown then went round part of the city with us and we returned to Barnums, from there went to Dr. A's. There we were met on the steps by the Dr. and Mrs. A. Saw Mrs. Boyce, Mr. and Miss Merriman, and Mrs. Nesbit. We staid there until near nine oclock when Mrs. N. asked if we had seen the Unitarian Ch. We said we had not and at last come to a conclusion to go. Our party and Mrs. Boyce went. We got there just as the clergyman had taken his text and about the *last preacher I ever did hear*—forlorn enough—but the church is elegant. I suppose you have seen it. We got back about ten and after packing up our concerns we went to bed. The next morning William awoke us at half past four. When we came out of our rooms it struck five. I told William to go and ask if there was a letter came by the Washington stage for us. He went and returned saying he had asked in the bar and office and there was none, so we did not get your note. At six we left Baltimore, Cpt. [Claytor] was happy to see us back and asked what we had done with our other beau.<sup>21</sup>

"Oh," said sister, "Cpt., he did not find us agreeable, so he left us."

"Impossible, Madam, imposible," said he. We had quite a merry conversation.

After he left us he went to the doctor and said "upon my word, Sir, your one of the happiest men in the world to have charge of such charm-

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march 15

ing agreeable young ladies."

We got to the canal quarter before eleven. There he bade us good buy, said he was sorry to part with such agreeable company, and hoped soon to see us again. We arrived in Phila. quarter before five. Just before we landed we had a very heavy rain and hail storm but no rain through the day but very warm. We took a carriage at the wharf and rode home, found Mrs. Lowber looking out for us. In the evening Mr. Welsh came in and we talked over our jaunt.

The next day sister and I went out shopping, bought ourselves black silk dresses, and looked for some others. In the afternoon I called at Mrs. Welshs, and Mrs. Evens and sister went with me to see Aunt Patterson. She enquired for you and said it gave her much pleasure to see you, short as the time was, for you reminded her so much of papa when he was your age she loved to look at you. We sat there half an hour and then returned, when Sarah, sister, and I went round to Mrs. Mercers and sister treated us to ice cream. At tea Sarah told her papa, so after tea some time the doctor came in and said "Girls, go put on your hats, and take a walk with me to *Parkinsons* and I will treat you," so we did and had each a glass of ice cream, took a walk in Washington Square, and returned home . . .<sup>22</sup> I tried my Aeolian harp on board of the barge and steam boat but I have not had time to learn it yet but think I shall be able to make some head before the fall when I hope we shall see you. . . .

7.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock July 20th 1830

My dear brother

. . . On Saturday last we had a mantumaker here making your sisters look quite fashionable. She brought us letters from Sarah and Mary Lowber requesting us to come down on Saturday last and go with them on Monday to Cape May, but we had written to them the day before saying we could not as mama told us if we went to Baltimore we must not expect to go any place else this summer. We have not heard from them since, so presume they went on Monday and at this time are enjoying the sea breezes if there is any, but for the last three or four days it has been the warmest weather I almost ever felt. The thermomiter has been as high as 98, which you know is very high for this climate. Now I

hope dear brother you will not expose your self to the heat or night air. By that I do not mean you should stay in the house all the time but only walk early in the morning or evening.

How has that spot got which was on your face? We feel quite anxious to know for Mr. Sargent about two months ago was shaved at a barbers in the city. Just after a small spot came on his chin as large as a sixpence. He took no notice of it and it increased. He then tried something simple such as salt and water viniger and a cent, but all to no purpose. He then sent for doctor Harris.<sup>23</sup> By this time it had spread all over his chin. The Dr. did not say what it was but tried every thing he could think of and then told Mr. S. he had better go to the city and try some of the physicians in the city. He went down with Mr. and Mrs. Sargent on Saturday last and this morning I rode down to hear how he was. Mrs. S. and her brother came up last evening and were just starting as we got there. They told us he was in great pain and had been cuped, bled, leached, and bled. They are in hopes it was a little better, as it had now got to runing, what the doctor has been trying to get it too for a week past. He is in great agony and so weak he can not leave his room. Dr. Thomas Harris and Dr. Deweys (William P. Dewees) are his physicians and he is not out of danger. You see from what a small spot so much danger can come. I dont wish you to feel hurt but cannot help feeling anxious about that spot on your face. Do write me word how it is. I have not spoken of it nor will I to any one but sister and mama. Therefore burn this and no one will know any thing more about it, but do answer me if well or not.

Miss Eliza Gaskell has been dieting all summer for beating at her heart and tightness in her head. On Monday morning at three O'clock Uncle was wakened with a knocking at the door and then the bell rung. He asked who was there and Mr. Hall answered him that Miss Gaskell was sick. They had gone for Dr. Spackman, who is up at Mr. Rudolphs, and he had ordered her wine whey immediately, and knowing Uncle had some old wine he had taken the liberty of coming over to get some. Uncle told him he was happy to let him have it, and after breakfast Uncle came down and told us mama went over and learned that from dieting so closely she had become so reduced she felt quite alarmed. They are now getting her to take nourishing food in small quantities. This morning she is

better. We were there and saw the Dr. He told us Catherine and her babe was at Mr. Rudolphs and would be glad to see us. We intended going over but not while the weather is so very hot. I have just been looking at the thermometer, it is one O'clock and 99, almost blood heat. I am really so warm I can scarcely write. I dont know how you stand it so far south. Let me know how warm it is with you. About a week ago Uncles girl sent us word she heard there was a girl to be had above the Eagle so sister and I started. After seeing the girl and engaging her to come we went up to see cousin Matilda [Moore], intending to stay to dinner, but just before we got there I observed a table set on the piazza and told sister I expected it was harvest day, but sister said they had the farm rented out, therefore they must have company. When we arrived cousin came out with a dreadful long face, said they had twenty reapers, and made a great fuss. After fretting for some time she said "come, take off your bonnets, I can try and give you some dinner after the men are done." We told her no, we would not stay, it was too much trouble. She said to be sure they were very busy, but as it was just dinner time she hated to let us go away [with]out our dinner or [so]mething to eat and asked us to take a piece of pie. We were determined not to give her the least trouble, for if she made such a fuss after her being down here the day before we went to Baltimore when she knew how much we had to do, it was too bad. Upon my word I was real mad about it. We did not go for what we got to eat, but you know she asked us to go up after our return and tell her what kind of a jaunt we had. Just as we left there all the men came in to their dinners and Mr. Latta was with them. He called out, "ladies, where are you going this time a day?" "Oh," said cousin, speaking out, "they are frightened to see so many men."

Think I, that is high enough to make Mr. Latta believe that. I have seen enough men not to be frightened at the sight of them, but it is in the nature of some people to fret, and cousin is one of that kind. Thank goodness I am not one of that kind. Let me be ever so busy, Ill try to give my relation a welcome with a smile. . . .

I have been practicing on my Aeolina and find its quite easy to learn. I do not know whether I shall ever play with skill, but I can play by note almost all the tunes in the book. It is very sweet music, but some of the tunes are not set exactly like the thing because it will not

sound the notes—for instance in "home sweet home," where it ought to be high it is low, for the first part of the tune goes on the highest notes, but some of the tunes are very good.

8.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Monday night, past ten O'clock  
and all have gone to bed

Woodstock Octr 18 1830

My dear brother

. . . Cousin Belford met us in Phila. and on Saturday we started in company with him and cousin Matilda Moore at sun-rise. We crossed the ferry to Camden where we took the stage (which was rough enough—they may talk of their Jersey roads being very good and easy to ride on but there carriages are so rough it does away all the good of the roads and I was quite stiff the next day). We breakfasted at Woodbury and arrived safe at four O'clock in the afternoon at Uncle Ewings door where we were met by Aunt Ewing, cousin Sally Watson (papas oldest sisters daughter), and Rachel Fithean (Aunts granddaughter). Uncle came in just after and all were as kind as it was possible to be. They asked for you and have a great desire to see you, Aunt Hunt in particular, who asked if you looked like your father? I told her you did look more like him than any of us. "Oh, the dear fellow, how I should like to see his sweet black eyes," said she. Then looking up at me, she said "you have not got black eyes, but your Old Aunt loves you for all, for your tall like your father was and you look like your mother who is a sweet woman and I love her as if she was my own sister."

On Sunday we went to church and I sat on one side of the church with cousin Rachel, and mama on the other with cousin Belford. Aunt Hunt says she saw mama and not seeing any one with her but cousin B. she thought I was not there, but when I came in with Rachel she thought to herself can that be her, I cannot see her face, but shes a fine looking girl, but still she did not know it was me. After church I went round to mama and found Aunt speaking to her. Mama introduced me to her. She looked at me then, kissed me and then looked again. She turned round to mama and said "her eyes are not black, she dont look like her father." We then walked out of the church and went to see

papas grave. The tombstone is a very handsome one.<sup>24</sup> I believe you have never seen it. I hope you will be able to visit Greenwich before long and hope you will be as much gratified as I was. The next morning Aunt came to see us before we were up and staid until the next day. I laughed more that day than I have for a long time. She is full of fun. On tuesday we were invited to Mr. Seelys to tea. They live very handsomely. He married a sister of cousin Moore, and Matilda went with us and staid there. There is two young ladies, Mr. Seeley, and a housekeeper. Mrs. Seeley has been dead some years. They have a piano and one of them plays. Mr. S. plays very well on the violin. The next day we took a ride round the neck where grandpapa used to live, in the morning, and in the afternoon went over the creek to see a granddaughter of Uncle David who is married and lives on the banks of Cohansey on the other side. It is a very pretty place and there on the creek side I saw a small crab they call fiddlers, something quite new to me. The next day we spent with cousin Mary Fithian, the next with cousin Sally Bacon—they are Aunt and Uncle's) only children. They each have nine children apiece and cousin Mary has three grand children. She is about the age of Sister Elinor.

Mama told cousin B. if he could get a carriage, horses, and driver she would pay for them and we could go to Cape May. Cousin said he could and would go with us. Therefore on Monday morning Mr. Flanagan drove to the door at six and we three got in with him and drove off. We stopped at Bridgetown and told Mr. and Mrs. Elmer we would be back there on Wednesday evening. We then proceeded through woods and sand to Millvill, there we watered the horses, then went on to Port Elizabeth where we dined. Left there at two and arrived at Mr. Homes, fifteen miles from Cape Island, at six o'clock, having gone forty miles through very deep sand in some places. Mrs. Homes came out to meet us and was very kind. She was a Miss Leaming and an old friend of sister Elinors. We went in and were told Mr. Homes had gone with his two sons fishing. They did not return until nine o'clock at night. At seven we had supper and mama enjoyed the fresh fish, sheep head, blue fish, and goodies. I am no fish eater, therefore they were no treat to me. The next morning the same for breakfast and at nine we left there for the Island. We

stopped at cold spring, four miles from the Island, in a salt marsh and took a drink. We then went on and arrived at the sea at half past eleven, rode along the strand, and was dreadfully frightened for fear the sea would come over us. It touched the horses and they reared twice. I then begged to get out and we all looked for shells some time. Mama was tired, so she got in to the carriage and rode to Hughes house. Cousin and I looked for shells, we got some but none that were very pretty. We then went to Hughes. All the company had left, so we went all through the house, dined there, and at two O'clock rode along the strand to the light house. There Mr. H., cousin, and myself went to the top, walked round, and had a full view of the sea and Bay. Mama went part way up and looked out of the window. We left there at half past three, rode through the woods where the large pine trees hang with long sea green moss, some of which I brought home. We arrived at Mr. Homes at dusk, staid all night, left there next morning at seven, dined at Port E., and at Millvill went to see the glass works. Saw them



making bottles of all kinds and covering demi-johns with willow.<sup>25</sup> Left there and arrived at Mr. Elmers just before sunset. There we staid until the next Monday, visited every day. Went to see the button manufactory, saw it from the rough bone to the polished button. On Monday Mrs. Elmer, her daughter, and cousin Miss Elmer went with us to Mr. Seley's and spent the day. They expected us and invited Aunt Hunt to meet us and some more of our relations, but none but Aunt came. Cousin Matilda had left there that morning for Phila. They had written for her to come home as her sister was sick. She got the letter on Thursday. There was no mail until monday and when she got home her sister was well. We spent a very pleasant day and in the afternoon cousin Belford came in Uncles carriage, we bade farewell to our Bridgetown friends, Mr. and Mrs. Seleys, and drove to

Uncle Ewings. There we were met by all the family with the greatest kindness. The next day we took tea with cousin Mary F.[s] daughter, who is married. The next day, Wednesday, all our relations came to bid us good buy, and on Thursday morning at six we left there in the stage and arrived in Phila. at four O'clock. . .

9.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

Woodstock 4th November 1830

. . . On Sunday last was Holloween, the night some people think they may do as much mischief as they choose. Uncle says on Monday morning as they were riding along they saw a large farm waggon on the roof of a barn. Some mischievous persons had taken it to pieces and carried it up piece by piece, and put it together up there. They also saw at a store door just before day light a stuff paddy put so as soon as the store keeper opened his door it would fall in on him. The moon shone very bright and they had a fine chance to play tricks. . .

10.

Louisa E. Ewing to Maskell C. Ewing

[November 29, 1830]

My dear brother

. . . Our neighbour Mr. Leadom met with a great loss about two weeks ago. His second son by his last wife, a boy of fourteen, was packing corn fodder on a rick. Mr. L. was looking on and saw it begin to bend. He called to the boys to clear themselves, for the rick was falling. This boy jumped towards the waggon but did not jump far enough, but lit on the spikes at the side, and one of them run into his stomach, so they were obliged to lift him off. His entrils came out. His father put them in and sent for the doctor. He was in great pain for a week and then died. The family are in great distress. He was the most active boy at work Mr. L. said he ever saw and a fine rosy cheeked healthy looking boy as I ever saw.

Sister and I went to the city one day and returned the next. The night we were there Dr. Lowber, Mary, and I went to the Musical fund concert. The Dr. is a subscriber and is entitled to two ladies tickets. Sister Mary gave up to my going. She cannot be called at all selfish for I find if there is any pleasure which only one can join in she always gives up to me. I was gratified

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY  
OF PHILADELPHIA.



THE Members of the Musical Fund Society are respectfully informed that the  
**TWENTY-FIRST CONCERT,**

for the benefit of the Fund, will take place at their Hall, in Locust street, on **THURSDAY** evening, the 18th inst. on which occasion the Directors of the Music have engaged the valuable assistance of Miss TAYLOR, Miss STERLING, and Mr. HEWIG; Mr. CUDDY has also kindly volunteered his aid. Leader, Mr. HUPFELD.

**PART I.**

Overture, La Moette di Portai, full Orchestra, . . . . .Auber.  
Air, The Arab Street, Mrs. S. Chapman, . . . . .Barnett.  
Solo Violin, Mr. Hupfeld, Rondo d'Emma, . . . . .LA Fonte.  
Aria, Miss Taylor, "Si m'albendone," Mercantile.  
Fantasia Flute Mr. Cuddy, . . . . .Nicholson.  
Overture Fiorella, . . . . .Alice.

**PART II.**

Concertino Clarinet, Mr. Hewig, . . . . .Von Weber.  
Aria, Miss Taylor, "Alma Grande," . . . . .Gulielmi.  
Solo Piano Forte, Miss Sterling, The Downfall of Paris, . . . . .Moschella.  
The Spanish Hymn, Mrs. S. Chapman, Miss Taylor, and Messrs. J. C. Laws, T. Carr, and R. Cross, with choral additions by, . . . . .B. Carr.  
Overture Griselda, . . . . .Faer.  
The Concert will commence at seven o'clock precisely.

Carriages will set down heads west, and take up heads east.

The general rehearsal will be held this afternoon, at 2 o'clock, to which members will be admitted by exhibiting their tickets at the door.

A committee for the distribution of Member's and Ladies' tickets will attend at the Hall this morning, from 10 until 2 o'clock, and on the day of the concert, from 10 until 5 o'clock.

A limited number of tickets will be for sale at the principal music and book stores, and at the Hall.  
Nov 17-31

beyond all measure, for a Mr. Cuddy, a gentleman from England (I believe), played more elegantly on the flute than I ever heard or thought it could be played. I wish you could have heard him. His high notes were exquisite—I think Mr. Houston cannot surpass him. There was a Miss Sterling played on the piano, and I never heard a piano played with so much execution before. Her fingers went so fast you would have thought they were moved by some machinery. She played the "Downfall of Paris" with variations—it looked to be very difficult—a great deal of running up of the keys with both hands. Mr. Hufelt, the great teacher of Music,

played very handsomely on the violin. there was some songs but Mary Lowber and I came to a conclusion we could sing them just as well. Talking of songs, I have been learning one "Alice Grey." Have you heard it? It is quite a pretty, easy song. Have also learned the piece of music with variation which Mary L. played and you thought so handsome.

We have had our gig newly done up at the coachmakers by the Eagle. It looks very handsome but the stupid fellow brought it home yesterday through all the mud down the old road instead of coming the turnpike. I expect he thought he would have to pay the toad seven cents which we would rather have payed five times over than had the wheels so muddy.

You remember seeing Mrs. McCauley at Mrs. Gaskells, a small very lively young lady? She was buried week before last.<sup>26</sup> She told her sister at her death not to lead such a life of gayety and thoughtlessness as she had—she was a very worldly woman it is true and quite pretty.

I have been making some wax flowers which are to nature handsomer than I ever made before. I got some elegant embossed bristol paper for fire screens while in town and hope they will be done some time before spring, but I have so much work on hand I cannot tell when I shall begin them. . . .

## NOTES

1. Edward Lowber (b. 1784) graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1804 and received an M.D. in 1807. He apparently combined medical practice with operating a drug store at 144 N. 3rd St. His home, at this time, was at 81 Pine St. *University of Pennsylvania, Biographical Catalogue . . . 1749-1893* (Phila., 1894), 42; *Desilver's Philadelphia Directory . . . 1831* (Phila., 1831).

2. The 10th Presbyterian Church, on the N.E. corner of 12th and Walnut Sts., was completed in December, 1829. Its first pastor was Thomas McAuley, from 1829 to 1833. Alfred Nevins, *History of the Presbytery of Philadelphia* (Phila., 1888), 217, 324-25.

3. Ezra Stiles Ely (1786-1861), a Yale graduate, was pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church. Francis L. Hawks (1798-1866) served briefly, 1829-30, as an assistant to Episcopal Bishop William White at Christ Church. He had a long and notable career as a clergyman in Connecticut, New York, Maryland, North Carolina, and Louisiana, as historiographer of the Episcopal Church, and as first president of the University of Louisiana. J.H. Brown, *Cyclopaedia of American Biographies*, 7 Vols. (Boston, 1897-1903).

4. Aunt Patterson was Amy Hunter Ewing Patterson, sister of the writers' father Maskell Ewing and wife of Robert Patterson (1743-1824), professor of mathematics and Vice Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, Director of the

Mint, and President of the American Philosophical Society. Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone, eds., *Dictionary of American Biography*, 20 Vols. (N.Y., 1928-36).

5. Maskell Ewing (1807-1849) was at this time a topographical engineer in the U.S. Army, stationed in Washington, D.C.

6. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Jan. 26, 1830) reported that while responding to a fire in Lombard St., between 2nd and 3rd, on Sunday morning between 8 and 9 A.M., the fire engine accidentally ran over the head of Edwin Thomas, giving him what was thought to be a "mortal injury." The paper of February 25, 1830, reported that Thomas was still alive but "in a very deplorable condition." The accident itself occurred at 3rd and Spruce Sts. when the streets were covered with ice. Thomas had attempted to assist the firemen by taking hold of the side of the engine and had slipped, falling under the wheel.

7. Maria Twells, widow, and daughter of James Stokes of Germantown, was married on Feb. 16, 1830, to Francis Shoemaker, merchant, by the Rev. William H. DeLancey (1797-1865). DeLancey, an assistant to Episcopal Bishop William White and Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, 1828-33, later became the Bishop of Western New York. The reception was provided by Robert Bogle, a widely acclaimed Black caterer. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Feb. 18, 1830); D.A.B. (for DeLancey); Joseph Jackson, *Encyclopedia of Philadelphia*, Vol. 2 (Harrisburg, Pa., 1831), 382-86.

8. James Stokes (1754-1831), born in England, emigrated in 1776 and came to Philadelphia in 1780. He made a considerable fortune as owner of the Old London Coffee House, later retiring to Germantown. In addition to Mrs. Twells, another daughter married Charles Biddle. Townsend Ward, "The Germantown Road and Its Associations," Parts 7, 8, *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, 6 (1882), 276, 383-84.

9. Dr. James Anderson (1782-1858) practiced medicine in Delaware County and Lower Merion Tp., Montgomery Co. John W. Croskey, *History of Blockley* (Phila., 1929), 169.

10. Benjamin West's "Christ Rejected" is now part of the collection of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

11. This party was undoubtedly held at 126 4th St., where Francis Shoemaker lived with other members of his family until his marriage to Mrs. Twells, when he moved to her residence at 27 Branch St. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1828, 1829, and 1831.

12. The Rev. Jacob J. Janeway (1774-1858), minister of the 2nd Presbyterian Church, did move to Pittsburgh to become professor at Western Theological Seminary. He had formerly resided at 185 Mulberry (also known as Arch St.). William Platt had resided nearby, at 201 Mulberry, but the Philadelphia Directories do not indicate that he moved from that address when Janeway left town. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1828, 1829, 1831, 1833; Nevins, *Phila. Presbytery*, 179-80.

13. Francis Johnson (1792-1844), Black cornet player and composer, was the premier society orchestra leader of Philadelphia in the 1830s. H. Wiley Hitchcock, et. al., *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music* (N.Y., 1986), Vol. 2, 578-79.

14. Charles N. Buck, who resided at the N.E. corner of Pine and 3rd Sts., was a merchant and Consul General of Hamburg, Germany. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1831.

15. The Ewing girls apparently encountered sons of Joshua Percival, merchant, who resided at 89 Pine St. *Desil-*

ver's *Phila. Directory* for 1831.

16. John and Samuel Welsh, merchants, resided at 91 Pine St. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1829.

17. Mrs. Sarah Hall, widow of John Hall, age 69, died on April 6, 1830, at her home at 54 S. 12th St. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Apr. 10, 1830).

18. In the late 1820s, the open spaces between the older settled areas of Philadelphia along the Delaware and Schuylkill Rivers began to be rapidly developed. George and Charles Blight, wealthy merchants, commissioned the architect, John Haviland, to design a row of residences, somewhat similar to those which were being built in the fashionable suburbs of Britain and in Boston, New York, and Washington. "Colonade Row," on the South side of Chestnut Street between 15th and 16th Sts., contained ten residences, the westernmost being the Blights'. An 1832 article in *The Casket* described this mansion as "on a scale of magnificence unexampled. The interior of this dwelling is decorated with East India ornaments. . . ." Unlike Europe, though, row housing never appealed as much to wealthy Americans as separate and somewhat unique houses, even in the cities. Colonade Row, rather than being the model for fashionable domestic architecture, became more a precursor of middle-class and working-class housing in the later part of the century. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1828, 1829, 1831, 1833; *The Casket* (Phila., 1832), 405.

19. Dr. Ashton Alexander, who resided on Fayette St., one door east of Calvert. *Matchett's Baltimore Director . . . 1831* (Baltimore, 1831).

20. Baltimore, home of the first Catholic Bishop in the United States, was the center of American Catholicism in the early nineteenth century. The cathedral, designed by Benjamin Latrobe, was one of the great examples of monumental architecture, visited by all travelers in the city. It contained two massive historical paintings donated by the Kings of France: Guerin's "The Decent from the Cross," and Stuben's "St. Louis Burying his Officers." *Picture of Baltimore* (Baltimore, 1832) 126-29.

21. Capt. James Chaytor, who lived at the North end of Chatsworth St., commanded the steamboat *Carroll*, which at this time made a daily morning trip from Baltimore to Chesapeake City for the Union Line, conducting Northern travelers to the Western terminus of the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal and meeting Southbound travelers in the early afternoon for conveyance to Baltimore. Travelers crossed the Delmarva Peninsula in canal boats and were met by another steamboat at Delaware City for the trip to Philadelphia. *Matchett's Baltimore Director* for 1831.

22. George Parkinson, confectioner, had his shop at 174 Chestnut St. In the following decades, Parkinson's Restaurant on 8th St. and Parkinson's Garden on Chestnut, above 10th, conducted by members of the family, were among the most noted dining establishments in the city. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1831; Jackson, *Encyclopedia of Phila.*, Vol. 2, 387-89.

23. Dr. Thomas Harris had an office at 9th and Spruce Sts., Dr. William P. Dewees at 10th and Walnut Sts. *Desilver's Phila. Directory* for 1831.

24. Maskell Ewing (1758-1825), father of the writers, had died suddenly while visiting his family in Greenwich, New Jersey, where he had grown up, and he was buried there.

25. Milville, New Jersey, at this time had two glass factories, Burgin's and Pearsall's. They employed 75 to 100 workers and were primarily engaged in making bottles. Thomas F. Gordon, *A Gazetteer . . . New Jersey* (Trenton, N.J.,

1834), 180.

26. Mrs. Sarah McCauley, wife of Daniel S. McCauley, age 26, died on November 12, 1830. *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser* (Nov. 13, 1830).



### Southern Speech Patterns, ca. 1827

Adiel Sherwood (1791-1879), New York born graduate of Union College, moved for health reasons to Georgia in 1818 and became one of the forceful educational and religious leaders in the South through the Civil War period. He was ordained as a Baptist clergyman in 1820 and during the 1820s was an itinerant missionary throughout Georgia, not only starting and encouraging churches, Sunday schools, and Bible societies, but observing and taking notes on the geography, people, and institutions of his adopted state. *A Gazetteer of the State of Georgia* (Charleston, S.C., 1827) provided the first detailed description of the area.

As with generations of outsiders travelling in the South, Sherwood was fascinated by the speech patterns of Georgians, and to his 1827 *Gazetteer* he appended a list of "provincialisms," which gives modern linguistic historians a very early document of the antiquity of certain pronunciations and slang expressions. The appendix is reproduced here in its entirety.

#### Provincialisms

The following list is not inserted, because we are the only people who coin and use words without regard to accuracy; but with the hope that seeing them printed, we shall forbear to drag them into service. It will be seen by reference that many of our provincialisms are borrowed from England. There is no section of country, but has more or less of them.

*This long, or that long*, for so long.

*This far*, for so far.

*Tote*, for carry, bear.

*Raised*, for brought up, educated.

*Smart chance*, for good deal, large quantity, large company, great number.

*Reckon*, for presume, or suppose.

*Disremember*, for forget, want of recollection.

*Monstrous*, for very, as monstrous great.

*Mighty*, for very, as mighty well, &c.

*Proud*, for glad, as I should be proud to see you.

*May be he cant*, for an affirmation that one can do, or perform a thing.

Whole heap, for many, several, much, large congregation.

Misery, for pain, as misery in my head.

Done said it, for has said it.

Done did it, for has performed, or done it.

Pleasantry, for pleasure.

Et, for ate.

Fauch, for fetch, or bring.

Holpe, for help.

Beast, or crittur, for horse.

Go by, for call, or stop at.

Truck, for medicine.

Truck, for produce, cloth, or almost any thing.

Like I do, for as I do.

Onct, for once.

Scrouge, for crowd.

Tight scrouging, for difficult.

Right good, for very good.

Get shut of, for get rid of.

Mout, for might.

Pertend up, for better, more cheerful.

Wrench, for rinse.

#### Erroneous Pronunciations

Maracle, for Miracle.

Presbattery, for Presbytery.

Impotent, for important.

Jemes, for James.

Tower, for tour pr. toor.

Alabam, for Alabama.

Kaintuc, for Kentucky.

Marci, for Mercy.

Sarment, for Sermon.

Textes, for Texts.

Oxens, for Oxen.

Ruff, for roof.

Starrs, for Stairs.

Bar, for bear.

Stare, for Star.

Drownded, for Drowned.

von Welling's *Opus-Mago-Cabbalisticum* (Hamburg, 1735). Since the bookplate itself is dated 1726, presumably Bentzel adopted it as his regular mark of ownership in the years after his immigration. The translation of the plate was kindly provided by Aaron Fogleman, doctoral candidate in the University of Michigan Department of History.



Nimm dieses Buch mit auf die Reiß  
Nach Pensylvanien / und gibst Preis  
Den höchsten Gott der wird erhalten  
Die Reisende mit Jung und Alten.

NB.

Flech vor der Sünd wie vor einer Schlangen.

Bornide den 11. May 1726.



Johann Georg Bentzel

Take this book with you on your trip  
to Pennsylvania and give praise  
to God on high who will protect  
travellers young and old.

NB.

Flee from sin as you would from a snake.

Worms, May 11, 1726.

#### Emigrant Bookplate

Early American bookplates have long attracted collector and scholarly interest. The Clements Library recently acquired a highly unusual one—a bookplate printed in Germany containing specific reference to the anticipated emigration of the owner to Pennsylvania. The plate appears, pasted in a fine copy of George

#### Riding in Style

At the end of the American Revolution, British merchants, deprived of the American colonial market for almost a decade, flooded the new nation with manufactured goods.

James Douglas, a London merchant, specialized in shipping luxury goods to American merchants. A large folio volume covering the period from April 15, 1784, to July 31, 1790, provides minute details on shipments sent to New York, Cape Breton, and Charleston, South Carolina. On October 19, 1784, he entered a lengthy invoice of goods shipped by McClure & Douglas on board the *Castle Douglas*, for Charleston in account with James Gregorie. Among the miscellaneous cargo of cloth, hardware, crockery, china, music and musical instruments, furniture, tools, porter, and beef, was a magnificent carriage built by Arthur Windus.

From the full description printed below, one would imagine that it turned many a head on the dusty roads of South Carolina.

To a New Handsome Charriot Made with the Best Seasoned Timber & painted a fine dark Ground Colour, with Large Handsome fur Mantles on the doors & ends Pannels with Arms & Crests, lined with a fine light Colour'd Cloth, Trim'd with The best Caffoy Lace with the Best Plate, Glass's Oval Glass Behind with patent Veneation, shades, Wainscot Box under the seat Carpet &c—Cover'd with The Best neat Leather & highly Japan'd put on with strong plated Mouldings Plated Clasp & plated Joints, The body hung upon a neat Strait Perch Carriage Suitable to the Body with Lofty Springs Iron Screw'd Axeltrees with Wrought Iron pipe Boxes high wheels with high Rais'd hind footboard & high pump handle hind Standards Neatly Carv'd with a high Box & full Gather'd Hammer Cloth Trim'd with two rows of deep pavy (?) Colour'd fringe with Gimp head, & footmans holders The same &c, The whole of the best Materials & Workmanship To a Neat strong pair of harness with Bridle bits & run's neatly Stich'd with Whips & the Furniture & Buckles plated with Silver of best Strong Toun plating &c—



### Recent Acquisitions

#### BOOKS

- Mather, Cotton. *The Resolved Christian*. Boston, 1700.  
Aristotle's *Last Legacy*. Philadelphia, 1792.  
Early edition of the earliest sex manual pub-

- lished in America—a strange mixture of old wives tales and common sense.  
Pleasanton, Augustus James. *The Influence of the Blue Ray of the Sunlight*. Philadelphia, 1877. Nutty theory of ex-Civil War officer that light filtered through blue window glass could cure most physical and emotional ailments. Printed entirely in blue ink!  
Welling, George von. *Opus Mago-Cabbalisticum et Theosophisticum*. Hamburg, 1735. Mystical/magical study from a colonial Pennsylvania library, containing a marvelous printed bookplate.  
*The American Eagle Magazine*. Vol. 1, Nos. 1–2. Complete run of short-lived literary venture of Henry Schoolcraft.  
*The Address of the Citizens of Detroit to Major William H. Puthuff*. Detroit, 1815. And, William H. Puthuff. *Answer to the Address . . .* Detroit, 1815. Thanks to commander of 2nd Rifle Regiment, stationed on Canadian side after American reoccupation, for respect of citizens' rights.  
“A Letter from Mr. John Clayton, Rector of Crofton at Wakefield in Yorkshire, to the Royal Society, May 12, 1688, giving an Account of Several Observables in Virginia,” in Edmund Halley's *Miscellaneous Curiosa*., Vol. 3. London, 1708. 74pp. natural history of Virginia based upon memory of 1686 visit by a highly observant amateur scientist.  
LeGal, Eugene. *The School of the Guides*. Richmond, 1862. Confederate military manual.  
Buchanan, W. Jefferson. *Maryland's Hope*. Richmond, 1864. Desperate plea for Maryland to join the Confederacy.  
Churchman, John. *An Explanation of the Magnetic Atlas*. Philadelphia, 1790.  
*The Memoirs of John Ker of Kersland*. London, 1726. 2 Vols. Memoir and political advice of Scottish-born British spy in Europe, with many thoughts on strengthening the American colonies and settling frontier areas.  
Blundeville, Thomas. *Mr. Blundeville, His Exercises*. London, 1636. 7th edition of important early cosmography and guide to navigation.  
Daniell, Thomas. *A Picturesque Voyage to India*. London, 1810. Magnificent colorplate views of East India Company trade to China.  
Lescallier, Daniel. *Vocabulaire des termes de marine anglais et françois*. London, 1783.  
Martin, Samuel. *An Essay on Plantership*. Antigua, 1785. Scarce West Indian imprint on

- managing a plantation.
- Bayley, Daniel. *The New Universal Harmony*. Newburyport, 1773.
- The Mirror of the Graces: or, The English Lady's Costume*. New York, 1813. Early book on fashions, with charming colored plates, published while at war with great Britain!
- Milligan, George. *A Short Description of the Province of South-Carolina, with An Account of the Air, Weather, and Diseases*. London, 1770.
- Zimmermann, Eberhard Augustus Wilhelm von. *Essai de comparaison entre la France et les Etats-Unis*. Leipzig, 1797. 2 Vols.
- Frossard, Benjamin Sigismund. *La cause des esclaves negres et des habitants de la Guinee*. Lyons, 1789. 2 Vols.
- Page, Frederic Benjamin. *Prariedom; Rambles and Scrambles in Texas or New Estremadura*. New York, 1845.
- La Barre, Antoine. *Description de la France equinoctiale*. Paris, 1666. Description of Cayenne, with a particularly fine, large map of the colony and neighboring territory.
- Clark, Louise. *General Lee and Santa Claus*. New York, 1867. Unusual, illustrated pro-Southern children's book explaining that Lee ordered Santa not to cross the lines and deliver presents while Confederate soldiers lacked necessities in the trenches.
- Life of General Narciso Lopez; Together with a Detailed History of the Attempted Revolution of Cuba*. New York, 1851. Details of execution of American mercenary soldiers in abortive coup.
- Burroughs, Stephen. *Memoirs*. Vol. 1 (Hanover, N.H., 1798); Vol. 2 (Boston, 1804). Hard-to-match set of first edition of classic picaresque autobiography of an early American criminal.
- Pye, Thomas. *Canadian Scenery; District of Gaspé*. Montreal, 1866.; William Hunter, *Hunter's Ottawa Scenery*. Ottawa, 1855.; William Hickman, *Sketches on the Nipisanguit*. London, 1860. Three of the great plate books of Canadian views.
- James, Thomas Horton. *Rambles in the United States and Canada During the Year 1845*. London, 1846. Other than a brief view of Oregon, an unrelieved, hostile picture of New York City society, with contents summaries such as: "Americans adulterate everything—Eat like Wolves—Men have no Shoulders, Females no Bosoms," etc.
- Official Report of the Niger Valley Exploring Party*. New York, 1861. Report by the brilliant Black scholar-jurist-military officer and diplomat Martin Dulany of explorations in Africa.
- Sagra, Ramon de la. *Cinq mois aux Etats-Unis*. Paris, 1837. Fine, detailed travel account, New England to Washington and west to Niagara, with fine engravings, including one of an early American house trailer!
- Smith, Hamilton. *Cannelton, Perry County, Ind.* Louisville, 1850. Promoting a would-be town.
- DeWitt, Simeon. *The Elements of Perspective*. Albany, 1813. Drawing manual by noted mapmaker.
- Morris, Eastin. *The Tennessee Gazeteer, or Topographic Dictionary*. Nashville, 1834.
- Weston, Richard. *A Visit to the United States and Canada in 1833*. Edinburgh, 1836. Marvelous descriptions of folk customs, politics, and religion in very rural New York and New England by a Scotsman who searched out unhappy immigrants from his native land.
- Ussellinx, William. *Sweriges Rigkes General Handels Compagnies Contract*. Stockholm, 1625. Beginning of American trading initiative by Swedes which eventuated in settlement in Delaware in 1638.
- Mills, Robert. *A Treatise on Inland Navigation*. Baltimore, 1820.
- Kansas City Illustrated*. Kansas City, 1876. Wonderful tinted engravings.
- Hayes, E. L., comp. *Illustrated Atlas . . . Upper Ohio River Valley*. Philadelphia, 1877. Somewhat imperfect copy of a wonderful viewbook of industries, towns, etc., in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and West Virginia. Can anyone supply us a perfect copy?
- Blanchley, Thomas R. *Naval Expositor*. London, 1750. Dictionary of naval terms with fine marginal illustrations.
- Cooke, E. W. *Sixty-five Plates of Shipping and Craft*. London, 1829. Beautiful copper engravings of naval and commercial vessels of the era.
- Elements of Geography Made Easy*. Philadelphia, 1825. Hand-colored maps and school-house scenes.
- Laura*. Philadelphia, 1809. Novel, by "A Lady of Philadelphia."
- Brown, Charles Brockden, ed. *The American Register*, Vols. 1-5. New York, 1807-9.
- Summers, Thomas O. *Art of Printing*. Nash-

- ville, 1861. Apparently just pre-Confederate imprint of Methodist Printing House.
- Major General Magruder's Report of his Operations on the Peninsula. Richmond, 1862. Defense of his retreat before McClellan.
- Adgate, Andrew. *Selections of Sacred Harmony*. Philadelphia, 1790.
- La Bastide, Martin de. *Memoire sur un nouveau passage de la mer du Nord*. Paris, 1791. Early proposal for a canal linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.
- Nicholson, Francis. *An Apology or Vindication of . . . His Majesty's Governor of South-Carolina*. London, 1724, and *Papers Relating to an Affidavit Made by His Reverence James Blair, Clerk, Pretended President of William and Mary College and Supposed Commissary*. London, 1727. Personal justifications of the highly capable but hot-tempered governor of a half-dozen American colonies regarding disputes in South Carolina and in Virginia at the beginning of the century. The second pamphlet provides fascinating tidbits on the early history of the College of William and Mary.
- N., N. *Short Account of the Present State of New England*. London, 1690, and C. D. *New England's Faction Discovered*. London, 1690. Two pro-Andros attacks on the obstinacy of Massachusetts Bay, embodying all of the negative stereotypes of New Englanders which would live on for two more centuries.
- Gatford, Lionel. *Public Good Without Private Interest*. London, 1657. Very scarce and interesting pamphlet on Virginia during the period when there is little printed documentation, advocating a variety of well-reasoned reforms such as sending a better class of governors, clergy, and immigrants, American coinage, free trade and import duties to pay public expenses, tobacco inspection, justice to the Indians, and the establishment of towns.
- Gerbier, Sir Balthazar. *A Summary Description, Manifesting the Greater Profits Are to be Done in Hott than Could Parts of the Coast of America, with Advertisement for Men Inclined to Plantations in America*. Rotterdam, 1660.
- Virginia Company of London. *A True and Sincere Declaration of the Purpose and Ends of the Plantation begun in Virginia*. London, 1610. Description of the first three years of Jamestown's history, encouraging new settlers, particularly skilled tradesmen, to emigrate.
- Bugg, Francis. *News from Pennsylvania; or a Brief Narrative*. London, 1703. Mean-spirited attack on William Penn.
- Waterhouse, Edward. *A Declaration of the State of the Colony . . . in Virginia*. London, 1622. Primary account of the 1622 massacre accompanied by broadside listing necessities for new settlers—including a suit of armor!
- Brief Account of East-Jersey in America Published by the Present Proprietors. London, 1682, bound with *Proposals by the Proprietors of East-Jersey . . . for the Building of a Town on Ambo-Point*. London, 1682.
- Washington, Booker T. *The Future of the American Negro*. Boston, 1899. Presentation copy signed by Washington.
- Cotton, John. *Some Treasure Fetched out of Rubbish*. London, 1650.
- Eliot, John. *A Further Account of the Progresse of the Gospel Amongst the Indians in New England*. London, 1659, with Abraham Pierson's *Some Helps for the Indians*. London, 1659. 9th of the famous Eliot Indian Tracts, including bilingual text. Acquisition of this completes the Clements Library's set.
- Shillibeer, John A. *A Narrative of the Briton's Voyage to Picairn's Island*. Taunton, Eng., 1817. Important account of early British contact with Bounty mutineers, including interesting, highly unfavorable portrait of U.S. Admiral David D. Porter's effective harassment of British shipping during War of 1812. Charming copperplate engravings.
- Vaughan, Benjamin. *Remarks on a Dangerous Mistake . . . Boundary of Louisiana*. Boston, 1814. Argument by noted Anglo-American diplomat that New Orleans was not part of Louisiana on the basis of historical-diplomatic precedent.
- Thompson, Thomas. *A Letter from New Jersey*. London, 1756. Scarce and informative portrait of New Jersey by SPG Anglican clergyman who had served parishes in the colony between 1745 and 1751.
- MAPS
- Ritchie & Dunnivant. *Map of Virginia*. Richmond, 1858.
- Chapman, Silas. *Sectional Map of Wisconsin*. Milwaukee, 1857.
- Hills, John. *Plan of the City of Philadelphia*. Philadelphia or London, 1797. Magnificent, large-scale survey of city while capitol of the United States.

Plas, Chevalier de. Two partially finished Ms. charts, one of Cape Breton, the other of the St. Lawrence, 1755.

Navarez, Joseph. "Archipelago de Carrasco," and Jacinto Caamano, "Puerto de Gaston," and "Puerto de Floridablanca." Three of what would have been a large collection of Ms. charts from naval exploration of the NW American coastline in 1793.

Byres, John. *Island of St. Vincent*. London, 1794.

Brig. Gen. John G. Parkhurst Collection.

Collection of 16 maps, most of them printed at Sherman's headquarters in the field during the Atlanta Campaign, several of them "sun pictures." 1864.

Mount & Page. *Gulf of St. Lawrence*. 1754; *Chart of River St. Lawrence*. 1759; *Newfoundland*. 1760. Mounted on 18th-century rollers, probably for shipboard use during Seven Years War.

Byfield, Henry. Two of three sheets (eastern and western ends), apparently manuscript, of survey of Lake Superior. 1825. Gift of Ira Schultz of Adrian, Michigan.

## NEWSPAPERS

*The Daily Journal*. Wilmington, N.C., 1860-65. 625 issues in three bound volumes of Confederate paper.

*The Connecticut Courant*. Hartford, 1790-93, 1802. Complete runs of weekly paper.

*New York Tribune*. Sept., 1841-Dec., 1843. First two years of weekly edition of Horace Greeley's notable paper, replacing the *Log Cabin* and *New Yorker*.

## MANUSCRIPTS

### A. Collections and Bound Items

Peace Society, Windham Co., Connecticut, Ms. records, 1826-39.

James B. Price Letters, 1815-32. 35 letters of a physician from Philadelphia who set up practice in Louisiana, 1821-32, describing conditions, public health, and his business and family situation to a sister back in Pennsylvania.

Lars Sellstedt Papers. Small collection of correspondence and ephemera of Swedish-born sailor turned artist of Buffalo, New York. Best letters date from 1849-50 to his fiancée, from New York and the West Indies, at the time he first became a full-time artist.

Hacker Papers. 277 letters of brothers Phillip Hacker (5th Michigan Regt.) and Rohloff Hacker (2nd Michigan Regt.), both killed in 1863. Exceptionally fine Civil War correspondence, donated in honor of the wishes and in memory of George F. Hacker of Ft. Wayne, Indiana, by his children.

William L. Aughenbaugh Journal, Sept. 8, 1862-Aug. 19, 1863. 5th Ohio Infantry. Especially good description of Battle of Chancellorsville.

Additions to existing collections: James M. O'Connor Papers (6 ALS. from Henry Carey, 1823-24); Nicholas Low Papers (13 ALS.); Melville Papers (undated memo. re. Ohio Indians and 5 items re. guardships in India, 1787); Fenno-Hoffman Papers (Charles F. Hoffman ALS., 1835).

### B. Individual Letters and Documents

Christopher Gore to John Lowell, Waltham, Mass., Apr. 4, 1822. Critique of Alexander H. Everett's *Europe* (1822), which included a portrayal of the British navy which annoyed Gore to the point of his writing a rebuttal. Gift of Duane Norman Diedrich, Muncie, Indiana.

William Penn, ALS., New Castle, Eng., Aug. 18, 1708.

William Nelson Pendleton, 20 pp. memoir re. role of the artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. Prepared for Robert E. Lee after the war, when he was considering writing a history.

Samuel K. Harryman, ALS., Robertsville, S.C., Feb. 1, 1865. Inclosing superb pencil sketches of homes of Dr. Cheves (Jan. 1, 1865) and Dr. Seabrook of Hardieville (Jan. 17, 1865) which had been used as headquarters of the 3rd Div., 20th Corps, of Sherman's army. Both homes were left in ruins.

Muster Roll, 51st Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, May, 1862, recording efforts to regroup the regiment after the Battle of Shiloh.



# THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

- Cover: "A View of the Battery and Harbour of New York, and the Ambuscade Frigate." Drawn by John Drayton, eng. by S. Hill, Boston, in John Drayton, *Letters Written During A Tour thru the Northern and Eastern States of America* (Charleston, S.C., 1794), opp. p.20.
- Page 2 "Five-Points, 1827." *Valentine's Manual* (N.Y., 1855), opp. p.112. Litho. by McSpedon and Baker.
- Page 4 "Tea-Room." *Yankee Notions* (N.Y., 1852), v.1, n.4, p.122.
- Page 10 "The Rowdy's best Friend." *Yankee Notions* (N.Y., 1852), v.1, n.11, p.322.
- Page 15 "View of Broadway, 1834." *Valentine's Manual* (N.Y., 1859), opp. p.264. Litho. by Geo. Hayward.
- Page 19 Engraving by Henry Meyer from an original Picture by John W. Jarvis. Clements Library Print Collection.
- Page 29 Benson J. Lossing *The Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812* (N.Y., 1869), p.521.
- Pages 32-38 *Historical Epitome of the State of Louisiana . . .* (New Orleans, 1840).
- Page 40 Frontispiece, Gabriel Harrison's *John Howard Payne . . .* (Phila., 1885). Engraved by G. R. Hall from a Daguerreotype by Brady.
- Page 45 *Daily National Intelligencer*. Washington, D.C., April 19, 1850.
- Page 48, 50-52 Author's Collection.
- Page 56 Clements Library Map Collection.
- Page 58 *Doggett's New York City Directory for 1849-1850*.
- Page 59 Christopher Hughes Papers. Clements Library.
- Page 62 *Atkinson's Casket* (Phila., Dec., 1832), opp. p.553.
- Page 65 Ewing Papers. Clements Library.
- Page 67 *Atkinson's Casket* (Phila., Nov., 1832), opp. p.405.
- Page 68 *Atkinson's Casket* (Phila., Aug., 1832), opp. p.361.
- Page 68 *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Phila., April 2, 1830, p.1.
- Page 71 *Conversations on the Art of Glass Blowing* (N.Y., 1836), p.9.
- Page 72 *Poulson's American Daily Advertiser*. Phila., November 17, 1830, p.3.

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